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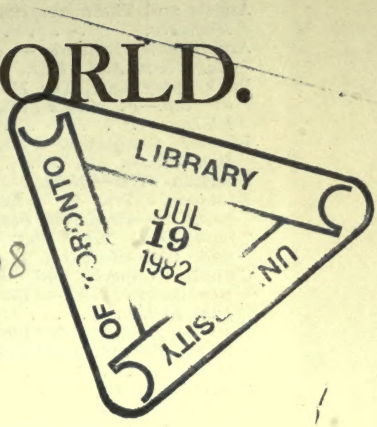

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ANGELS AND THEIR MINISTRIES.

BY HELEN MORIARTY.

ST. FRANCES of Rome describes her Guardian Angel, whom with earthly eyes she was permitted to see, as having the stature and aspect of a little boy of nine. We, denied the clearer visions of sanctity, must picture for ourselves these heavenly visitants, our guardian angels, as well as those other "sons of God" who, as the Almighty told Job, greeted the creation of the world with "shouts of joy." However, the Bible itself has shown them to us in manifold form; and down through all the ages since, writers of an inspiration not indeed divine, but yet wonderful and reverent, have given the whitest pages to their dreams of the angels, painters their richest canvases and most glowing colors, while into the fadeless beauty of imperishable lines poets have set those radiant figures, whose stories as found in Holy Writ are so full of sweetness and refreshment.

To the childish heart, to the mature, to the world-weary spirit, these stories are of increasing charm. One who has been nourished on them in childhood finds no tale in after-life, however enthralling, that holds half the thrill of those first glimpses of the angels—the Angel Raphael walking with Tobias, or of Jacob and his immortal slumber, with the blessed spirits ascending and descending that wondrous ladder of clouds. Angel figures wavered through our first awakening intelligence and knelt with us at our mother's knee. We were sure of their bright wings even before we beheld them, with

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unquestioning eyes, bowing low before the Tabernacle, and the floating incense was not more existent than their flitting airy forms. In truth, angels are most real to children and very close to them in their innocence. This is easy of comprehension since Our Lord Himself said of the little ones: "Their angels do behold the face of My Father Who is in heaven."

In the Old Testament angels are represented as beings of a higher nature than man, gifted with superior intelligence; as a celestial court surrounding the throne of God; as messengers of God sent to earth to guide, instruct, reprove and console; as agents of infinite justice and mercy, themselves entirely without passion and prejudice.

In the New Testament they become still more familiar as agents, and we find them in countless numbers, messengers of the Most High, sympathizing with human need and suffering, rejoicing over repentant sinners, attending on prayerful souls, and conducting the just to their eternal home in heaven.

Origen tells us that the angels "preside over the elements, the animals, and the celestial bodies." This idea was even supported by the pagans, as witness Apuleius, who stated that God uses celestial agents to rule the universe. Poetically the Koran says that "the prayers of daybreak are borne witness to by the angels." They are "the enlighteners of our souls," according to St. Augustine, "the protectors of our bodies, the wardens of our goods;" and God has given them to us as our messengers too, for St. John of the Cross, the great Spanish mystic said: "The angels, the shepherds of our souls, carry our messages to God and bring us His back." In Jacob's blessing upon his grandsons: "The angel that delivereth me from all evil, bless these boys," we find authority for begging their blessing upon our work and upon ourselves.

From the passage in Daniel where we read of the Archangel Gabriel engaged in dispute with the prince of the Persians, the Fathers of the Church conclude that every nation has its tutelary angel; also St. Basil proves from the Scriptures the existence of national as well as individual guardian angels. Spirits without number guard each church as well as the Church universal. "The celestial powers," says Eusebius, "guard the Church of God." St. Hilary represents the angels as surrounding the sheepfold of Christ; and St. Gregory of Nyssa compares them to that tower mentioned in the Canticle

of Canticles to show us that these blessed spirits protect and defend the Church against the powers of darkness.

As for the human creature, beset on all sides by weaknesses, pitfalls and temptations, what is more consoling than the belief, sanctioned by the Church though not defined as a dogma, that he has a celestial guide, ever ready to help, and comfort, and save; one whose gentle province it is always to aid him in resisting the malice of the evil spirit, for it is written: "The angel of the Lord shall encamp round about them that fear Him and shall deliver them."

The Fathers of the Church are not agreed on the question as to whether or not each one of us is blessed with this heavenly guidance. Some have said that only the just are favored with a special angel, others, however, contend that each human being has an angel guard who never leaves him, or at least, leaves him only when he sins. St. Basil assures us that an angel always attends on each faithful soul, unless banished by evil actions; and no less an authority than St. Thomas Aquinas gives out the comforting statement that no sinner is entirely abandoned by his guardian angel.

In the Psalter from which the Canonical Office is taken, we find frequent mention of the angels, and there is a commemoration of them in the Preface and in the Canon of the Mass; but for many years no special day was set aside to do them honor. In time a feast day, the second of October, was assigned by the Church to one phalanx of the heavenly orders, the Guardian Angels; and finally the whole month of October was dedicated to the angels, as heavenly messengers and ministers of grace and mercy.

The theologians divide the angelic host into three hierarchies, and these again into nine choirs, three in each hierarchy, according to Dionysius the Areopagite, in the following order: *First,* Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones; *Second,* Dominations, Virtues, Powers. *Third,* Princedoms, Archangels, Angels. The order of these denominations is not the same in all authorities. According to the Greek formula, St. Bernard, and the *Legenda Aurea,* the Cherubim precede the Seraphim, and in the well-known hymn of St. Ambrose they have also the precedence: "To thee, Cherubim and Seraphim continually do we cry." But the authority of Dionysius is usually the one accepted, since he, as the convert and favorite disciple

of St. Paul, would have been made acquainted with all that the Saint saw when he was transported to the third heaven.

The first three choirs receive their glory immediately from God and transmit it to the second; the second illuminate the third; the third are placed in relation to the created universe and to man. The first hierarchies are counselors; the second, governors; the third, ministers. The Seraphim are absorbed in perpetual love and adoration immediately around the throne of God. The Cherubim know and worship. The Thrones sustain the seat of the Most High. The Dominations, Virtues, and Powers are the regents of the stars and elements. The last three orders are the protectors of the great nations on earth, and the executors of the will of God throughout the universe.

It will be seen, therefore, that though the term angel is properly applied to all these celestial beings, it belongs in a more particular manner to the last two orders who are brought into immediate communication with the human race. The word, angel, is derived from the Greek, and means literally "a bringer of tidings." Thus the title might fitly be given to any messenger, that is to say, to any bearer of news, good or bad, though fortunately for the sweetness and light associated with it, the word, so beautiful in its spiritual significance, has never been brought down to ordinary uses.

Angels are invariably represented in human form, usually with wings, and because they stand always in the presence of Him in Whom time and change have no place, are endowed with imperishable happiness and immortal youth. Invariably too they are presented in the guise of men. This fact came up for discussion on one occasion in the presence of Madame de Staël, who was asked why she thought this was done. "Because," was her instant reply, "the union of power with purity constitutes all that we mortals can imagine of perfection." Age, therefore, has no relation to these heavenly creatures. As Leigh Hunt said, it is impossible to conceive of an elderly angel, and a cherubim of sixty-two is quite unthinkable! Though to be sure in many, if not most lives, there are those of rich and generous years whose consecrated service entitles them to the sublime appellation, albeit their only visible wings are those of love and devotedness.

In addition to their duties as winged messengers of God, the angels have another important function—to hymn eter-

nally in heaven the praises of the Most High in harmony with the music of the spheres. There is an ancient tradition among the Jews that after the creation of the world the Almighty asked the angels what they thought of the work of His hands. It was, they agreed, so perfect, so vast, that only one thing was lacking—a clear mighty and harmonious voice to fill incessantly all corners of the world with sweet sound in praise of the Creator. At once, the legend has it, God set the spheres in motion to produce this harmony.

Beyond all these choirs, however, and nearest to the throne of grace, are the seven angels who stand always in the sight of God. These are, in the order of precedence, first, Michael the archangel whose name signifies, "Who is like unto God?" He is the Captain-General of the hosts of heaven, and he it was, who victorious over the rebel angels, became the instrument of God in casting them down to eternal perdition. Him, God has endowed with high privileges, and as it is his duty to receive immortal souls into heaven, he is to be especially invoked at the hour of death. By many he is thought to be the Guardian Angel of the Blessed Sacrament, and it is said, so revealed himself to St. Eutropius, the hermit. He is regarded as the shadow of the Almighty. He is usually represented, as befits his office, a very splendid and militant figure in armor.

The second of the seven is the gentle Gabriel, the wonderful angel of the Annunciation, and the trumpeter of the judgment day. His name signifies, "God is my strength," and he is the shadow of the Son. By virtue of his visit to our Blessed Lady, he became her guardian, and to his care is also assigned the sacrament of baptism. He is the inspirer of prayer and the lover of sacrifice; and we see him usually represented with a trumpet, or a lily which he holds in his right hand.

Raphael comes next, radiant and gracious as we know him in his care of the youth Tobias, one of the sweetest of Biblical stories. He is the chief of all guardian angels, the patron of guides and lovers, eyes to the blind, health to the sick—as his name signifies, "the medicine of God." Milton calls him:

> The affable Archangel
> Raphael; the sociable spirit that deigned
> To travel with Tobias.

Raphael is regarded as the shadow of the Holy Ghost.

These are the only ones, we learn, whom the Church venerates by name, and the only ones, except Uriel, that are named in the Scriptures. Uriel, the fourth of the seven, is mentioned in the Fourth Book of Esdras, from which book, though it is not recognized as canonical Scripture, has been adopted one of the Introits of Easter Week. However, in a Council held at Rome in 745 it was decided that the faithful might accept the names and attributes which tradition had given to the other three. Uriel is the angel of confirmation. He is appropriately called the strong companion, and is often pictured as holding a drawn sword in his right hand, his left full of flames.

The other three are known under different names. Some authorities give the name of the fifth as Sealtiel, that is, the praying spirit, said to be the angel who appeared to Hagar in the wilderness. By others he is supposed to be Chamuel, one who sees God, reputed to be the angel who wrestled with Jacob. He is, in any case, the patron of priests and holy orders, and is depicted in art with bowed head and downcast eyes.

Sixth in order we have Jehudial, or Jophiel, the beauty of God, the remunerator, who was said to be the preceptor of the sons of Noah, and the angel whom God said He would send before the children of Israel to lead them out of Egypt. He protects the seeker after truth, and he it was who guarded the tree of knowledge and afterward drove Adam and Eve into exile. Appropriately, therefore, his charge is the confessional.

The last of the seven is called Barachiel, the helper, the angel who rebuked Sara when she laughed. Sometimes his name has been given as Zadkiel, signifying the righteousness of God. He is the guardian of the married state, and him we see in Christian art with the lap of his cloak filled with roses. The names of all terminate in *el* which signifies God.

The first three of the seven have always been the chief messengers of the Most High.

Angelic visions brightened Tasso's days in his lonely prison, and Petrarch beheld them in his dreams of Laura. To Dante angels were dear familiar guides, and in his travels he sees and describes them as perhaps no other pen has done, when, as we read in the second Canto of the *Purgatorio,* he was dazzled by the angel who approached—"winnowing the air with his eternal plumes" he called the vision the "Bird of God," a title, as Ruskin says, which is perfect in its sublimity

and sweetness. In Canto VIII. of the *Purgatorio* we read again of the two angels, whose vesture significant of hope was "green as the tender leaves but newly born;" and later of one who spoke

> In tone so soft and mild
> As never met the ear on mortal strand.
> With swan-like wings dispread and pointing up—

and he has painted for us a picture of the angelic choirs unsurpassed in all imaginative literature.

The refining and uplifting influence, as well as the spiritual charm of these angel presences, in the life and literature of a people is acknowledged even by those who have no actual belief in them as guardians and mentors; as witness Wordsworth when he mourned the passing of the angels before the iconoclastic sweep of the reformers in England:

> Ye too must fly before the chasing hand—
> Angels and saints in every hamlet mourned!
> Ah, if the old idolatry be spurned
> Let not your radiant shapes desert the land!

And Mrs. Hemans:

> Are ye forever to your skies departed?
> Oh will ye visit this dim world no more?
> Ye whose bright wings a solemn splendor darted
> Through Eden's fresh and flowery shades of yore.

The "solemn splendor" was not absent from English literature, however. Shelley, who is "gold-dusty with tumbling amid the stars," who "dances in and out of the gates of heaven," as Francis Thompson tells us, could follow where

> The soul of Adonais like a star
> Beacons from the abode where the eternal are.

And Keats—

> I was taught in Paradise
> To ease my breast of melodies.

He, poor unbeliever, must have caught some far vision of ethereal wings to lift his verse so sweetly into the realms of celestial brightness. But it was Cardinal Newman and Father Faber more than any others who brought back the angels to English life and letters. Father Faber wrote of them in such

an intimate manner that one writer said of him: "Angels flit among his pages as birds amid the leafage of luscious June."

Cardinal Newman was very close to the angels. He saw them in all the phases of nature—in the wind, the rain, the burgeoning spring. "Every breath of air and ray of light," he said in his sermon on St. Michael, "every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God."

If he lives by faith and love, he says again, no Christian is so humble but he has angels to attend on him. "Though they are so great, so glorious, so pure, so wonderful, that the very sight of them (if we were allowed to see them) would strike us to the earth, as it did the prophet Daniel, holy and righteous as he was; yet they are our 'fellow-servants' and our fellow-workers, and they carefully watch over us and defend even the humblest of us if we be Christ's."[1]

In the *Dream of Gerontius* he has the Guardian Angel greet the redeemed soul thus:

My work is done
My task is o'er,
And so I come
Taking it home,
For the crown is won
Alleluia
Forever more.

And thus the Angel's most beautiful and tender farewell as he leaves the soul in Purgatory:

Softly and gently, dearly ransomed soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
And, o'er the penal waters, as they roll,
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

Angels to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou liest;
And Masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven
Shall aid thee at the throne of the Most Highest.

[1] *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, p. 204.

Farewell, but not forever, brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

Francis Thompson too had his "high gold embassage" and often, we must believe, walked with angels, albeit they were "not of Genesareth but Thames." The pen was not strange to angel ministries that wrote of *The Making of Viola,* that rarest of all heavenly lyrics, wherein the angels, echoing the Father Himself sang:

Spin, Queen Mary, a
Brown tress for Viola—
* * *
Tint, Prince Jesus, a
Dusked eye for Viola—
* * *
Breathe, Regal Spirit, a
Flashing soul for Viola!

Thus, simply and sweetly the lovely task goes on, and we watch the "roseal hoverings" fall from the wings of the child-angels on the velvet cheeks of the babe, and we see the wheeling angels bearing her down to earth, singing—singing—singing—

Music as her name is, a
Sweet sound of Viola!

Lionel Johnson makes joyous salute to the Angel Gabriel on behalf of Michael, Raphael and Uriel on his return to heaven after the Annunciation. Gabriel tells them:

I saw among the lilies dwell
Mary, our Queen, who pleaseth well
The Spirit of our God. *All hail*
Mary, our Queen! Sing, thou in mail,
Lord Michael! Sing, Uriel; thou
Clothed with the sun upon thy brow!
And sing thou *Hail!* whose pilgrims now
Shall climb the steep ways out of Hell,
Joy of poor pilgrims, Raphael!

And in an especially appealing manner Johnson sings the *Guardian Angels:*

Safely across the ocean track
O angel of my friend!
Bear him, and swiftly bear him back
My loss, his exile, end.
With white wings, mighty and unseen,
Be guardian of him still as thou hast been.

Make kind to him the Afric sun,
The Afric stars and moon;
Then when our Mayflower has begun
To prophecy of June,
Give us himself, lest summer be
Sorrow for lack of him: Ah, promise me!

Thee, O his Angel! mine implores
In tenderness to me
Far flashing toward those southern shores
Mine Angel pleads with thee,
Saying: *My charge is friend to thine;*
Guard thou him well or I have fears for mine.

The Scriptures are rich in stories and ministries of angels. These relations in the Old Testament are as wonderful as they are full of interest, but too extensive to enter into at length. We may readily recall a few: The angel who comforted poor Hagar in the desert; those who cared for Daniel in the lions' den; the three heavenly strangers who visited Abraham in his tent—a Scriptural incident which has set into the plastic literature of all times that significant phrase, "entertaining angels unawares." The angel who caught Abraham's hand and prevented the sacrifice of Isaac; Jacob, who seems to have been especially loved of God, since three times he had angel visitations: first, in his lovely vision of the aërial ladder: again, when fleeing from Laban; and lastly, when he had the hardihood to wrestle with an angel, whose blessing he later besought.

The Prophets, we are told, had daily converse with these heavenly messengers, receiving from them the word of God. To Isaias was vouchsafed a vision of the Seraphim gathered about the throne. One of them, taking a tongs, lifted a live coal from the altar, and touched the lips of the earthly beholder—from which we have in the preparatory prayer before the Gospel: "Cleanse my heart and my lips, O Almighty God, as Thou didst cleanse the lips of the prophet Isaias with a burning coal;" words full of poetry as well as of piercing penitence. In

Ezechiel we read of the Cherubim: "The noise of their wings like the noise of many waters, as it were the voice of the Most High . . . and when they stood their wings were let down."

Angels appear also in the Old Testament, as instruments to prevent evil as when Heliodorus would have seized the treasures of the Temple; and when Sennacherib sought to destroy the Holy City, angels intervened.

Most wonderful of all angel visitations, most tremendous in its significance and effects, is of course that of Gabriel to our Blessed Lady. In a little home in Nazareth, far removed from the world's activities, a gentle young maiden sits at a humble task, her thoughts so pure, so heavenly, that a fragrance as of flowers hangs about her. There is a sudden strange hush throughout the world. The music of the spheres is checked, the winds pause on the hilltops, the valleys shrink into themselves and are still, the birds cease their singing, and the trees and grasses bow as though a princely host were passing by. The maiden at her simple task feels the awesome silence, and looks up, startled. . . . It is a gracious being she beholds, with a lily in his hand. He bows before her saying: "Hail, full of grace—the Lord is with thee—" . . . Listening ages until time is no more shall find sweetness and hope in her reply: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord"—for the redemption of the world was at hand.

It was an angel who apprised Joseph of the divine seal set on his holy spouse, and angels innumerable hung over the stable at Bethlehem, while on a cold hillside beyond, the shepherds, from angel lips, received the immortal message. The flight into Egypt was directed by an angel, and it was the same messenger who told Joseph to return and take the Holy Family to Nazareth. Of the multitudes of angels who watched over Our Saviour's childhood, and youth, and young manhood, and thronged over the little home at Nazareth, Scripture tells us no word, but we know that they were there, and art has taken this belief for the theme of many lovely canvases. But Our Saviour Himself had no guardian angel—He did not require one. The angels who attended upon Him were His servants, not His guardians, taking that sense from the text: "He hath given His angels charge over Thee . . . lest perhaps Thou dash Thy foot against a stone." We know that after Satan left Him on the mountain top "angels came and ministered

unto Him;" and St. Luke tells us of the blessed angel who came to strengthen Our Saviour after His agony in the garden. At the tomb we behold the white angels of the Resurrection, and dazzling in their radiance are those winged ministers who made glorious the hill of the Ascension, and whose songs of joy resounded even to the highest heaven.

It was the special privilege and joy of the angels to watch over the Blessed Mother during the remainder of her life on earth, and to bear her body, fair and uncorrupted, up through the clouds when it was assumed into heaven, there to be welcomed by troops of other bright spirits blowing their silver trumpets, touching their golden lutes and rejoicing as they sang: "Who is she that riseth as the morning, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, and terrible as an army set in array."

In old paintings Our Saviour is sometimes pictured as surrounded by what is called a glory of angels—composed of the nine heavenly choirs, each hierarchy carefully disposed in its proper place and painted in its symbolically correct color. These glories are exquisitely beautiful, and suggest the infinite beatitude of the blessed spirits who chant forever the praises of the Most High. We too have our glory of angels, set about us by no earthly hand but by the hand of God, and laid firmly in our awakening intelligence by the pigments of eternal truth in the hands of our mother, the Church. She it is who, mindful of the gray materialism of the earthborn soul, weaves for us bright garlands spun of heaven and heaven's mysteries, garlands with which she leads us into higher spaces, charming us on and upward into the realms where angels wait and the feet of the redeemed are white about the throne of the Eternal.

Whoso reads the story of angel ministries in the Scriptures shall find therein consolation and guidance. We shall hearken to the first poet of the angels—David, the Shepherd King of Israel—and strive to follow the golden stream which he set afloat, down through the ages into all the literatures of the world, finding the light print of angels' feet on many a desultory, darkened page, hearing above discordant noises the distant flutter of their wings, and knowing for theirs the light that bids us pause on some fair and fugitive line.

Angels and their ministries have enriched and beautified literature; they have illuminated the best in art; they have purified the spirit of music, made song more sweet, and

ethereal presences have brightened some of the blackest and most tragic moments in the world's history. They have lifted for us the wings of hope, and from the dungeon of our sin-imprisoned souls have loosened and set free those heaven-implanted aspirations which it is their most cherished joy to bear back to Him Who gave them. Angels brood softly over the babe in its basket, guide the indecisive steps of childhood and spread their bright wings over the innocent and the unwary. They watch with those who mourn, weep over the hardened sinner, and wrestle with the forces of evil. They are with us in life, and in death they do not desert us, contending with the powers of darkness for the sinking spirit. They are the ministers of judgment, leading the emancipated to the realms of the blest, or if purgatory is its portion, going down with it into that darkened region to cheer its flagging hopes with visions of what it will one day enjoy in heaven. Then, when purged of all stain, the soul is ready for the beatific vision, it is its Guardian Angel, radiant and joyous, who proudly conducts it into the presence of the redeemed.

The world has grown dark in these our later years; with desolation is all the land made desolate. War clouds envelop unhappy lands, even our own, and Azrael, the Angel of Death, has spread his sable wings o'er many a grisly battle ground. Wherever we turn man's hand is raised against his brother, and the wail of the widowed and fatherless, the maimed, the broken, and the blind, is heard above the careless laughter of a too careless world. But those to whom the ministry of angels is still the mercy of God made manifest, are fain to believe that in the midst of all this misery somewhere Jacobs of today are slumbering in fitful dreams, their dazzled eyes held by that shimmering ladder, down which, as of old, angels come, bearing balm for the stricken, strength for the weak, and the light of heaven itself for those, high of heart and dauntless of soul, who fall in our country's cause.

FRENCH WOUNDED IN THE FOURTH YEAR OF WAR.

BY ABBÉ FELIX KLEIN.[1]

THE descriptions which are to follow belong to history already ancient; to the end of 1917 and the beginning of 1918. So rapid is the march of events with us now!

The soldier wounded during the first months of the War came to us overflowing with enthusiasm, eager to express himself. His mind was full of picturesque and varied impressions and he asked for nothing better than to tell about them. Willingly he described the emotions and spirit of the moment of departure; his curiosity in the presence of the unknown, the shock of the first contact with the enemy, the dizzy joy of initial successes. He confessed the amazement and pain of the first checks and the headlong retreat which followed them. He spoke of the famous Joffre's "*ordre du jour*" when, in the battle of the Marne, the men were told to take the offensive. They stopped the enemy. They pursued him. They experienced the intoxication of a victory that gave back to France her old prestige and felt with certainty, although at first confusedly, that their battle was a decisive event in human history.

To this brillant and epic beginning succeeded a long and sombre tragedy, to this *Iliad* worthy of a Homer an *Inferno* worthy of a Dante. So we cannot wonder that the wounded of 1918 differed from those of 1914, and that their faces, like the face of the Florentine poet returning from hell, reflected the terrible things through which they had passed. The suffering of years, the eternal waiting for a decision of arms that did not come, the increasing horror of confronting weapons unknown in the early months—heavy artillery, gas, liquid fire, aëroplane attacks—left their mark upon our soldiers.

[1]The author of these notes has been intimately associated with the most important War Relief Work undertaken by American generosity on behalf of French soldiers shedding their blood for the common cause. The American Ambulance of Neuilly opened its doors in August, 1914. In July, 1917, it became the American Red Cross Military Hospital Number One. The number of wounded cared for by American nurses, operated upon by American doctors, and supported by the gifts of American contributors amounts to the enormous total of eleven thousand five hundred. The author has been the ministering priest to the wounded cared for by the Ambulance from its beginning.

Dante imagines the terrible things he recounts. Our soldiers have seen them face to face. New Year after New Year has come and gone, and found them living underground, in constant danger of unseen and unavoidable forms of death, huddled together in damp, dark holes, exposed to rain and snow and shell fire. Rarely was there fighting—as we used to understand the term—but daily death took its toll, and ill and wounded were evacuated to the rear.

Ardor they certainly retained for the assault, and heroism for confronting sheets of fire, or clouds of asphyxiating gas; but in the scientific operation which the modern battle has become, most things that are purely personal are more to be dreaded than desired, a fiery temper counts for much less than coolness, discipline, mastery of self, the spirit of abnegation and self-sacrifice. And when the battle was won, that is to say, when they had taken, not a town with a resounding name, but the ruins of a village, a treeless forest, a dismantled fort, a hill thirty metres high, the survivors still had a task before them which had lost none of its roughness or austerity. They had to organize the new position in haste, dig other shelters, undergo bombardments and reject counter-attacks, all the more violent because the enemy, supported in the rear by positions prepared in advance, was more furious than ever after defeat. Thus it continued—until now, even now, when under the irresistible pressure of the French, the English and the Americans, the German wall is crumbling. At last it will be broken, and the victorious flood of the armies of democracy will pass through. Then our invaded provinces and the sacred soil of Belgium will be freed; then the conditions of just and honorable peace among all the nations of the earth may be dictated on the banks of the Rhine—or farther, if necessary.

But to support, while we waited, the monotonous trench-life to accomplish the rapid nocturnal raids or the formidable exploits of the great days and weeks of offensive, required more than that brilliant quality of our fathers, the *furia francese* that was the synonym of overwhelming courage and the ardor which commands victory. Patience to wait, resignation to accept, tenacity to prolong efforts, deliberate and indomitable will to overcome trials, within and without and to press on to the distant goal of final victory were above all things necessary.

These qualities, summed up in one expression: "To the end!" so profoundly different from those which hitherto have passed as characteristic of our race, were the ones most noticeable in our combatant of the fourth year of the War. Youthful enthusiasm was no more; each man numbered the dangers run, each man took clear account of those to come.

Only austere love of duty can sustain a man at such a height. A schoolmaster-sergeant of Lyon, Philippe Gonnard, voices it to a friend inclined to pity him: he was ill enough to get his freedom, but wished, nevertheless, to keep at his post until he was killed: "I intend to stay at the front.... Patriotism for me is a passion. Does that mean that I am happy here far from all I love? You do not think that and I have often said I am not, in prose and verse. But from now until peace, no man of heart can be happy. If I came back, I should be still less happy, because instead of being dissatisfied with my lot, I should be dissatisfied with myself."

More or less consciously, this was the rock bottom of the character of the soldier of France after three and a half years of war: "Will always on the stretch, anguish conquered, melancholy transformed into nobility of soul—as long as literature does not portray these essential traits of the soldier," says one of our best author-combatants, "all it creates, will only be artificial and bear no relation to reality." [2]

"No matter, it is for France!" says the wounded soldier to the comrades bending over him, and if it is during an attack he tells them not to stop, not to carry him away "because it is no longer worth while," but to continue without him the noble work for which he is offering his life. Let a chaplain bring him divine help in time and he will die more than resigned, joyous and radiant in the faith of his childhood, bewailing his sins and kissing the crucifix like the French of the Middle Ages. How many times, in the horrible frame of modern war, have words been uttered, scenes enacted, agonies suffered which echoed the most sublime passages of the *Chanson de Roland!*

But, thank God, among those who fall without being killed outright, the minority are mortally wounded. Most of them are destined to get well or at least to survive: they know it, and are glad. As soon as they regain consciousness after the shock, the first idea is: "Am I really not dead?" To be wounded

[2] *L'Ame des Chefs.* By Jean des Vignes Rouges.

does not disconcert them at all. "We are here for that!" said, the other day, one of my young friends of the class 1915, who by exception has been preserved until now. The alternative, in this present War, is not to come out of it wounded, or unwounded, but wounded or dead: to escape death is all that one can reasonably ask. Men who have only been wounded once, are more and more scarce, some have returned to the front four or five times. We had at the hospital a year ago an American sergeant of the Foreign Legion, engaged at Orleans in August, 1914, who having fought in Champagne, on the Somme and in Alsace, had received three wounds, the last at the end of 1915, at Belloy-en-Santerre, when a German bomb had badly damaged his left thigh: "the last" up to that time, for he had to go back under fire and will in all probability receive a fourth wound.

Those slightly wounded have not much merit, it must be confessed, in being resigned or even joyful. After a rapid dressing at the first station they will rest several days at the hospital at the front, and then get leave of convalescence which they will pass with their families. A wound for them, who can bear a little suffering, means an unexpected holiday and supplementary permission. They are only sorry if they are hit stupidly, out of action or at the beginning of a well-prepared attack, and prevented from going on with it. Let us leave them to their good luck, and stay longer with the severely wounded, those, for instance, who have a leg or arm broken, a fractured jaw, vertebræ or ribs bruised, or are deprived of one of their senses—blind, deaf, paralyzed. We unhesitatingly acknowledge that these three last categories of wounded feel their misery profoundly, and need time to get used to it. Those, happily much more numerous, who have only temporarily or permanently lost the use of one of their limbs, generally consider themselves very fortunate. "I have the good wound!" they affect to say, meaning that the War is over for them. So at least they express themselves, not at all wishing to be admired, and trying as it were, to minimize their courage in bearing their trial.

But aside from this paradoxical attitude, they frequently speak and act in the most simple, touching way! It is common to hear one say to the stretcher-bearer who comes to fetch him: "Take my comrade here first; he is much more wounded than

I; I can wait. . . ." And that when it means lying on the ground under the bombardment, thirsty, feverish, feeling his strength ebb with his blood. Before any one comes back to get him, often he will try again, if he has a sound arm left, to fire his rifle or his machine-gun once more. Glory surrounds the epic incident of the trench where the only unwounded soldier, seeing the enemy arrive, cried out as if in delirium: "Arise, ye dead!" and the dying really rose, and succeeded, some of them, in firing once more before they fell again, and the assailants fled. A more recent and simpler deed, is also worth recording.

Returning from a bombardment of the enemy's factories in broad daylight, a French machine conducted by two men was attacked by several aviators. The observer, hit by a ball in the chest, dropped down into the *carlingue*. The pilot seeing this prepared to turn back. But hearing his machine-gun firing again, he concluded that the observer was not seriously hurt. As soon as he landed in France: "Well, what about that wound?" he asked. No answer. He bent down and saw that his companion was dead. Even in his agony he had continued to protect his comrade.

In the beginning of the War the wounded stayed a long, a very long time without being rescued, at the place where they fell, or in the shelter to which they had been able to crawl. Our stretcher-bearers of the American Ambulance found, after the battle of the Marne, many who had lain for days and nights in shell holes, at the foot of trees, in ruined barns or churches! One may guess what the mortality might be! Today, happily, it is no longer so. The field of action is more restricted and the aid is better organized.

If transportation, however, is less retarded than three years ago, it is still painful and rather dangerous. Even when a special passage has been dug before the attack for the evacuation of the wounded, all jolts are not avoided in this dark and narrow way; but in going through the ordinary passage-ways, dangerous and unseen obstacles are often encountered—crumbling earth, perhaps, or convoys going in the opposite direction. If they heeded the wounded soldier, the stretcher-bearers would go on open ground. This he frequently does, if he is at all able to get on without aid; once hit he thinks himself invulnerable—a singular illusion which has brought about many catastrophes. At the first dressing-station and at the front hos-

pital, relief begins. In ordinary times, this will be quite complete, and the wounded will not be carried to the rear until they are really able to stand the journey. But while the battle is on, they must go in the greatest haste: the worst cases are thoroughly cared for; the badly hurt who can be moved receive the attention which enables them to depart speedily; the slight cases have to be content with summary consideration. Here one sees the devotion of the nurses and the resignation of the sufferers, and better than resignation: the noble effort not to moan, the murmured prayer, the forgetfulness of self, eagerness to ask news of the fight. Among the falsities of a book a thousand times too vaunted [3] (falsities due not so much to the lie direct as to the constant dwelling on odious details, and the suppression of admirable facts), nothing is farther from the truth than the picture of a hospital at the front where one hears and sees only blaspheming and rebellious men. With most of the wounded who have spoken to me about it in our hospital, and who certainly had the right to bear witness, we proclaim loudly that if the French army had been such as the work in question paints it in this passage and in many others, the War would have ended long ago, and history would never have known the names of the Marne, nor the Yser, nor Verdun, nor the Chemin-des-Dames.

A true picture of an Ambulance at the front, overflowing with wounded the evening of a battle, I find in these lines by an eyewitness: "Some moderate complaints among the crowded stretchers: one asks for a drink, one wants relief for pain, a bed, a dressing, to be quickly attended. But let some story be told in the group, some incident come out like a trumpet-call, all faces brighten, the men lift themselves a little, the mirage of glory gives them heart again. I commemorate with piety the anonymous example of a little Zouave, doubled over on himself, holding his bullet-pierced abdomen in both hands, whom I heard gently asked: 'Well, little one, how goes it?' 'Oh, very well, *mon Lieutenant,* our company has passed the road from B—— to the south; we had gotten there when I was knocked out. "It's all right; we are smashing them!'" [4]

I, personally, received such answers from wounded who came to us from the Chemin-des-Dames, or from the fort of

[3] *Le Feu.* By Henri Barbusse.

[4] *La Fatalité de la Guerre.* By E. F. Julia, p. 107.

Malmaison. When I asked for news, my mind preoccupied with their individual sufferings, their first thought was to tell me of the victory. The ordinary French phrase for "How are you? *Comment ça va-t-il?*" (literally: How goes it?) may apply to an event or to a person. This being so, it is never of himself that the newly-wounded soldier thinks, but of what is interesting to everybody—the common success. I went to welcome a patient brought in October 26th and asked: "You came tonight?"

"Yes, Father."

"Not too tired by the journey?"

"No, not too much."

"What wound?"

"Jaw pierced by a bullet, arm broken, wound in the thigh."

"How goes it?"

"Very well! The wounded who came to the hospital at the front were delighted, we had gotten everything we were trying for!"

"You were in the attack?"

"Unfortunately no, I was wounded the day before."

"In the bombardment?"

"Yes, while we were filling up the trenches to make a way for the tanks toward the fort of Malmaison."

"That must have been pretty constant thundering?"

"Yes, but very soon we did not think of it. In the little bombardments you hear the shells coming and try to get to shelter, but, in those great days, when it is going on all the time, you can no longer distinguish anything, it is a continual noise, a kind of huge snoring. Then you are quite calm."

These are a few illustrations, a few rays of light, such as one still gets sometimes. I do not know if they will become more frequent with the new evolution of the War. They have been rare, and never followed by long expansiveness. Our wounded soldier of the fourth year of the War did not like to speak of what he had done nor of what he had seen. What may be the reasons for his silence? In seeking to interpret them we penetrate a little into the psychology of this taciturn man.

First, his impressions of the War are no longer fresh and now he would have some difficulty in analyzing them. It is

as with ourselves in a new country: at first we have a thousand things to describe in our letters; after that nothing strikes us any longer. This passage to a sort of unconsciousness is the easier for the soldier as he plays a more impersonal part in the War: a simple cell in a great organism, a simple wheel in an enormous machine, quite beyond his comprehension in its learned complication. Catastrophes happen to him but no adventures: he may be wounded, he may be killed, nothing else. This is no material for fine stories.

A deeper reason for the silence of the witness, or rather the actor, in the great drama of the War, is a very just realization of the impossibility of conveying any idea of it to those who have never been there. It is so very different from anything they know; so out of proportion to the normal life of human beings.

To these intellectual motives may be added one of feeling. The wounded soldier does not like to speak of the War because he does not like to think of it: there are too many horrors; he has had to bear too many privations, too much suffering. As soon as he finds himself out of it, he tries to turn his mind away from it as much as possible, and to shake off the impression of it, as the sick man in the morning shakes off his fevered nightmare. Later on, doubtless, when his memories have lost their keen edge, they may attract him again. All he asks for the moment is to forget. One thing especially afflicts his heart and tightens his lips: it is the thought of the comrades he has lost.

Such are the reasons why the later wounded, differing from those at the beginning of the War, shut themselves up in a silence full of gravity.

In spite of this, however, you would have a false idea of the military hospital if you thought of it as a place of mournful desolation. Doubtless our earlier patients regained their spirits more quickly, having no years of suffering behind them. But the quiet and serious resignation which reigns in the hospital of today does not exclude a certain sweetness; the wounded man appreciates the intelligent and devoted care lavished upon him, he congratulates himself and thanks God for having escaped from mortal peril, for not having fallen to the bottom of the abyss, for remounting now the slope at the summit of which he has a glimpse of the recovery of his strength and activity. If his wound leaves no serious traces,

he rejoices to live again as he did before; if it has deprived him of the use of his limbs or of some necessary organ, he consoles himself by the thought that the War is over for him and that soon he will take his place at home. His infirmities, which perhaps will weigh more heavily upon him later, he feels less here, where they are the normal thing and where it is the exception to appear intact.

It is a rest for him not to hear the voice of the cannon. And he likes the moral peace with which the wise kindness of the doctors, the devotion of the nurses, the friendship of the chaplain, surround him; he especially enjoys the many letters he receives from his family, and those which he slowly writes himself, or dictates to an amiable neighbor. Often he has friends and relatives in the neighborhood who come to see him, but what he likes best of all is the visit from his family, his mother, father, wife, his young children.

Another joy in the life of our wounded is the announcement and then the presentation of his decoration. Once, however, I saw the Cross of Honor received with no sign of satisfaction at all, but that was because it came too late, and its recipient, one of my friends, a brave officer, was about to receive another recompense in heaven. It was very affecting to see the decoration laid on that already gasping breast, without any consciousness on the part of the poor hero. His mother and wife, at least, before they buried him, could take the glorious emblem to hand down as heirloom and as instruction to his three little ones. It is a noble idea of the French Government, to give the decorations of soldiers killed by the enemy to their families—their widows, their orphans, or, if they are not married, to their old parents. During these years filled with emotion, few spectacles have impressed me so deeply as the ceremony of " taking arms " in the court of honor of the Invalides, when in this historic monument, built by Louis XIV. and now the tomb of Napoleon, a General of the Third Republic gave the emblem of the brave to women and children dressed in mourning, at the same time as to rough soldiers newly healed of their wounds and ready to return to the front.

Return to the front! . . . This is the almost invariable ending of the history of our wounded soldier of the fourth year of the War. Return to the front! Never will the heroism required for the acceptance of such a duty be sufficiently admired!

After three years of fatigue, privations, of unheard-of dangers, after one or several wounds which brought him within an inch of death, this man who has for long months felt the sweetness, the care, the calm of a comfortable hospital; has had a taste of the charms of family life once more; has little by little turned his thought away from the horrors of war, now he is sent back to the depot, from which he knows that before long he will be called again to the front! And he submits, resigns himself: what do I say? Often impatient of inaction, of the little rules which annoy his independent temper, he asks to go in advance of the call, to rejoin as a volunteer and without further delay his comrades of Champagne, Lorraine, Flanders or Picardy. He reënters his regiment as the traveler reënters his own country, and his only sadness is to find that during his absence so many old comrades have fallen, so many new comers have filled the gaps. But the welcome of the survivors warms his heart.

Although it is night—for only at night do they go into the trenches—the sky is ploughed with illuminating fireworks, with projections and projectiles, of various kinds which bursting sow quick flashes of light, and a death often as prompt. In a maze of narrow and complicated paths our friend advances without knowing where and feeling his way: nearer and nearer he approaches to enemies whose sleepless hate growls menacingly below his feet in the ground, around him on the earth, above him in the sky filled with sinister gleams. He goes his way without enthusiasm, but without hesitation, without boasting, but without fear, knowing by long experience what peril he runs, but offering himself calmly to his formidable destiny, ready to answer: "Present!" if God and his country demand his life.

What hero in all the centuries of history attains to the grandeur of our hero? Who ever defended, in a war so terrible, a cause so important to the future of the world? Who has striven so hard, suffered so much, so often passed through death? To prove himself equal to his high mission, he has had to rid himself of all egoism, renounce lucre and vain honors, sacrifice family joys; many times he has known the worst extremes of weariness, thirst, hunger and cold; he equals and surpasses in austerity the severest of monks; he practices an obedience and humility that monasteries and Thebaïdes know

nothing of, constantly ready to expose himself, as soon as he receives the order, to a terrible and invisible death. No one ever more completely obeyed the counsels of Christ: "If you will be perfect, leave your father and mother, your wife, forsake your possessions, renounce yourself, take up your cross and follow Me."

Those among these brave men who have faith, are conscious of such supernatural life and their letters—admirable collections have been published—reflect a light of authentic saintliness. The others, too, without knowing it, walk in the footsteps of Christ; at the moment of supreme sacrifice He will enlighten them with the brightness of His grace and will admit them, like their believing brothers, into the heaven promised to those who suffer for righteousness. Humanity which has never known horrors like those it is enduring now, has also never shown such moral grandeur, and it is not astonishing that in face of such great crimes and such great virtues, our soul should pause, breathless, incapable of expressing the excess of its emotion.

I cannot speak to the great American public about our wounded, without saying how much we appreciate the fact that it has followed them, with admirable solicitude, all the length of their hard Calvary. Its stretcher-bearers have helped us rescue them at the front, its ambulances have carried them to our hospitals, where they have found its doctors, its nurses to tend their wounds, its offerings of all kinds to assure their material well-being and their moral comfort. And in after-care it has not been less solicitous: teaching the blind, reëducating the maimed and giving them the costly apparatus which take the place of their lost limbs. When they could not survive, despite efforts of science and devotion, it contributed toward assuring the future of their widows and orphans.

America today gives us even her blood; she has from the first given us her gold, given her heart!

TO JOYCE KILMER.

Killed July 30, 1918; buried at the Wood of the Burned Bridge, near Seringes on the Ourcq.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

THE moon tonight looks on another mound,
  Merely another of the heaps of clod
And stones that stretch behind the battle-ground,
  Another shadow and a cross of God.

Afar, around, the giant guns are heard
  Booming their challenge to the shrinking foe;
And underground the bodies still are stirred
  With tremors that the dead alone can know.

For the great fight goes on, not yet all won,
  For all the valor folded into rest:
Blood on the morn, blood on the setting sun
  Signals the rallying forces to their quest.

And he and they, untimely hurried down
  That jostling thoroughfare of Death's domain,
Live in the shout, strike in the *mêlée* brown,
  And spread defiance from their ghostly reign.

Their hearts are hot, no coldness yet hath seized
  Their limbs, though shattered and reject they lie;
Their prayers, their dreams still live, as though it pleased
  Death that the fighter not entirely die.

And you, O friend, O brother of gay years,
  There in the moonlight stretching calm and wise,—
Lo, the lament for you!—our idle tears
  Heavy with pride and grief within our eyes!

You who put off the world and its allure,
  Its pomp and pose, to be an honest man;
You who were ten times strong, whose heart was pure,
  A Christian hero, poet, artisan!

There was a Michael in you who could slay
  The demon errors of nefarious schools,
There was a Martin who could give away
  Half of his cloak, despite the jeer of fools.

There was a Joan with mystic eyes ablaze
  To seize the cross-hilt sword and lead the fight.
Dreams of the saints and angels made your days
  And all the world around you full of light.

Child of the stolèd princes of the past,
  Brother of all the lowly in the soil,
Among the fishers were your deep nets cast;
  With the Assisian was your song of toil.

And from your heart with a seraphic flame
  Sounded a pæan of the streets and squares;
A chant of glory from obeisance came
  Making the trench into a heavenly stairs.

Long, long shall we remember you, the pride
  And unattended blessing of our throng—
"An angel unaware" was at our side,
  And we half-knowing gladdened at your song,

Listening half-attentive as we heard
  Music whose saintly purport scarce we caught,
As of the note that some enraptured bird
  Amid the storm-swept forests useless brought.

But now, with all your promise and your youth
  Swept from us to that heavenly citadel
Where reign the Light, the Love, the Joy, the Truth
  Of which your heart intuitive could spell,

We shall proclaim you man and citizen,
  Perfect and consecrate and Catholic:
The voice to sing the song of man to men,
  Poet of God's designed world politic.

We shall proclaim you model of our day
  For weakling Christian and renunciant hearts!—
Our tears—our idle tears—we brush away,
  And from your strength new strength and courage starts.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

H, my dear friends, all this—the people and all that happens to them is so meaningless! So insignificant! Pour me out some wine!" says Iakov Shalimoff in Maxim Gorki's *Summer-Folk*, in the closing words of that chaotic (but by no means insignificant or meaningless) drama of Russian life. In that brief speech Gorki, the cynic, fifteen years ago flashed a picture of the "high" Russian state-of-mind which, in the light of present day events, appears to have been pretty nearly accurate. There is, and long has been, a Russia to which "the people and all that happens to them" is meaningless and insignificant; and so that Russia calls for more wine. And in the meantime, the people?

In the meantime, the Russian people have become articulate: have established a literature.

The Russian, in his literature, no matter how he may individually incline to morbid reticence, has never been very backward about coming forward in the matter of revealing his state-of-mind. His literature is, in fact, about as reticent as the tongue of a Medea: it is like the pent-up utterance of a long suffering, long patient, man who at last breaks out and speaks the truth, the whole truth, and a little more than the truth, unburdening his soul in a veritable debauch of protest, complaint, and self-revelation.

Translations from the Russian enjoy an established popularity in England, and find an ever-growing audience in America. The Russian literary game has, in fact, been overplayed in English speaking countries. In the beginning, novelty gave to Russian literature among us an enormous attractiveness. Here was something new: a people whom we could almost reach out and touch, no longer remote from the rest of the world, geographically or commercially; yet whom we had not begun to know, whose thoughts and ideals were as strange to us as those of Mars: here they were, beginning to speak to us, showing us themselves, their inner thoughts, their aspirations;

above all their sorrows. We caught them up eagerly; and soon we came to know our Tolstoi, our Dostoevski, our Pushkin, our Gogol—he has just come forth again in the form of a new volume of tales of the Cossacks.[1] Soon we grew to know all these better even than we knew many of our own. Yet verily they were caviar to the general. Some of us, in fact, have had the temerity to be disgusted at times with the overdose of fish-eggs we were getting. Others prostrate in worship before this newest of cults, could see in Russian realism nothing but the quintessence of the literary marvelous; and in dissenters from that worship nothing but the most hidebound ignorance. But we read on, nevertheless, in search of the Russian soul.

That soul, as one finds it in such Russian literature as comes to us through English translation, whether the "classics" of Tolstoi and his contemporaries, or the most up-to-date novelists, is a very strangely childlike soul; and yet, at the same time, one that is decidedly and strangely cynical. This seems a paradox. Can a child be a cynic? The Russian is a child and a cynic. In Lappo Daniliveskaya's story of *Michail Gourakin*[2] this fact is made photographically vivid; and so is it also in Boris Savinkov's *What Never Happened.*[3] Both these novels are strictly up-to-date; yet they are as like their grandfathers of the Turgeniev and Tolstoi period, in pessimism and cynicism and melancholia, as peas in a pod. In *Michail Gourakin* we are shown a phase of Russian life similar to that so often ironically pictured by Gorki, a life of utter irresponsibility and aimless pleasure-seeking among the "ruling classes." A life out of which, nevertheless, in this case, its devotees (personified by Gourakin) are eventually shaken back to terrible realities by the shock of war. In this one point, at least, a note of hopefulness may be found; but still the picture we are made to contemplate of a people who are selfish and self-indulgent, for whom the sense of duty and responsibility does not exist, who are bent on living as they please, yet who are as unfit as children to be allowed to live as they please, is a sorry spectacle; even though we see in them also a people with whom a conscience yet remains, who still cherish ideals, and are tortured by their failure to live up to it or to realize them.

[1] *Taras Bulba and other Stories.* Everyman's Library. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

[2] *Michail Gourakin.* By Lappo Daniliveskaya. New York: Robert McBride & Co.

[3] *What Never Happened.* By "Ropshin." New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Perhaps after all this is the keynote to the Russian character? One would be tempted to believe so, from a reading of much of their imaginative literature; and Joseph Conrad, the English novelist (born a Russian), confirms this impression in his new book *Under Western Eyes*[4] which is a frank effort at interpretation of the Russian spirit, when he says: "In its pride of numbers, in its strange pretensions of sanctity, and in the secret readiness to abase itself in suffering, the spirit of Russia is the spirit of cynicism. . . . That propensity of lifting every problem from the plane of the understandable by means of some sort of mystic expression is very Russian. I suppose one must be a Russian to understand Russian simplicity, a terrible corroding simplicity in which mystic phases clothe a naïve and hopeless cynicism. I think sometimes the psychological secret of the profound difference of that people consists in this, that they detest life, the irremediable life of the earth as it is, whereas we Westerners cherish it, perhaps with an equal exaggeration of its sentimental value."

This ineffectual straining for ideals, this dissatisfaction with life, so characteristic of the born dreamer—be the dreamer an individual or a nation, was never more sharply revealed in any page of Russian literature as it is in certain passages of *The Diaries of Leo Tolstoi*[5] which have just appeared in English. Here we find Tolstoi going through the typical self-torture of the scrupulous Russian soul, continually programming his ideals and laying down his rules for a good life; and as continually checking himself up with a yardstick of perfectability totally out of proportion to his capacities. On his twenty-third birthday, for instance, we find him making this entry: "I had counted much on this period, yet to my sorrow find that I remain always the same: within a few days I have done all the things of which I disapproved. Abrupt changes are impossible. Several times recently I have shown myself weak, both in ordinary relations with men, and in danger, and in card play—and still am held back by false shame. I have told many lies."

It is not difficult to understand how a man of such a temperament, or a whole people likewise, may come to "detest life," as Conrad puts it. But there are two Russias: the Rus-

[4] *Under Western Eyes.* By Joseph Conrad.

[5] *The Diaries of Leo Tolstoi.* New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

sia of the peasant, and the Russia of the aristocrat. If they both detest life, it is for two quite different reasons: the one for the dead hopelessness of ever tasting its sweets; the other for sheer satiety. It is from this satiety that Michail Gourakin suffers; as, indeed, do the heroes of about ninety per cent. of Russian novels. But in his case, as has been said, the War saves him and this may be a hopeful note. Perhaps, in the story of this man's ultimate redemption, the author symbolizes what all Russia may yet experience, drawing from its present trial (a war of all classes rather than an internecine struggle) a more practical outlook on life, a workable ideal, a unity of purpose, in contradistinction to the chaos that went before.

But it is hard for the Western eye to detect the faintest signal of hope in *What Never Happened,* a book which, as a novel, is simply impossible, according to our literary standards. Here the chaos is in the form: it is a jumble. But it has a peculiar value as a war document, for its author (writing under the pseudonym "Ropshin") is one of Russia's most famous revolutionists, the former head of the commissary department of General Korniloff's army, and later Kerensky's Minister of War. It is closely autobiographical, and it is consequently ultra-radical. The seething spirit of Russia bubbles through its pages; but when Joseph Conrad said of Russia: "I know her well enough to have discovered her scorn for all the practical"—mark the *practical*—"forms of liberty known to the Western World," he said all that can be said of M. Savinkov's document.

Dreaminess, a "chronic moral invalidism," the genius that reaches beyond the abnormal in the direction of the insane, and which turns and returns upon itself until morbid melancholy and the neurotic are achieved: a sadness that is oppressive in its hopelessness, these characteristics of Russian literature are found even in such a matter-of-fact book as M. V. Veresaev's *In the War.*[6] This is the chronicle of a surgeon's experience in the army but unlike similar writings of French and English participants in the great conflict, it is heavy with melancholy, totally unrelieved by any outlook of optimism. The dark side alone is seen and pictured: it is insisted upon, and worse still, it is exaggerated. Take his vodka if you like, but the Russian will not be denied his melancholia, his pessimism, his cynicism.

[6] *In the War.* By V. Versaev. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

This melancholia steeps the pages of Russian writings like a dampness of a dew. A Russian anthology,[7] for instance, has recently been published in English—a book which presents readings from some twenty-five famous Slavic authors; a book which may, indeed, be taken as fairly representative. The gleam in it, when there is a gleam in it, is like winter sunlight, chill and blue. Here we have Tolstoi and Turgeniev supposedly at their best; Pushkin, Dostoevski, Andreyev—the whole array—with new ones added, such as Volynski, for the first time seen in English dress. But the whole effect is still one of cynicism and morbid hopelessness.

When the Tsar fell last year, and the famous woman revolutionist Ekaterina Breshkovsky[8] returning in triumph from her exile in Siberia, addressed the populace at Moscow, she said this: "At every station and crossroad there is only one demand—it is the groan of the people for literature, books, reading." Yes; but not, we pray, too much of their own hopeless literature. That is altogether too morbidly introspective, too self-analytical, to be healthful. What the Russian needs is something to lift up his eyes, to turn them away from a too close scrutiny of himself. More of Gogol, yes: there is wholesomeness in that robust spokesman of the Cossack; and more of what Poland has possessed in Michiewicz; or in Sienkiewicz, with his Shakespearean virility. What could not a Russian Sienkiewicz accomplish for Russia, in these trying days and the worse days that are to come, in giving his people ideals, the inspiration of a unified national purpose, a clear vision, a wholesome outlook on life, instead of a morbid insight into it! These are the things that Russia needs to temper her exaggerations, to enliven her heavy-spiritedness, to clean her mouth of the bitter taste of cynicism. Perhaps the disintegration of the present, in time bearing fruit in the whole-hearted amalgamation of the future, will give it her. Perhaps, in Russian literature, we will yet come to hear that note of *song* which bespeaks the sweetness of life tasted, not held away from frustrated lips; nor yet cloying the palate of ineffectual desire.

[7] *A Russian Anthology in English.* New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
[8] *The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution.* Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

THE MORAL ASPECT OF THE BANKRUPTCY LAW.

F. REGIS NOEL, LL.B., PH.D.

HIGHER civilization demands for the individual civil liberty and equal opportunity; society needs the untrammeled efforts of every honest man. A practical system for the relief of bankrupts, because of the conflicting character of the ends to be accomplished, must inevitably complicate the task of the State. Such system should be an harmonious combination of the maxims of law, the rules of ethics and the principles of social-economics. It should be the result of the legal rights between man and man as tempered by Christian principles and the prerogative of society to receive the benefit of the labor of every member. The laws of bankruptcy should not be designed solely either for the interest of the debtor or of the creditor, or, indeed, for their combined interests. The claims of justice and the commercial development of the nation also must be considered.

The common welfare is the foundation and object of the doctrines of bankruptcy relief derived in *foro interno,* or conscience, as well as in *foro externo,* or the courts. The bankrupt occupies a peculiar and debatable position in the eyes of legists and moralists. A fraudulent bankrupt is not to be considered as entering into this discussion, since he deserves no indulgence from society, but should be exposed to criminal prosecution and imprisonment. We are concerned only with those who fail to pay their debts, not those who fail to avoid paying them.

To release a debtor from encumbrances, or even from prison, is no impairment of a contract. Imprisonment is not an express or implied condition and release is simply a suspension of a legal sanction for the violation of the terms of the contract. In the absence of fraud or criminal negligence, the bankrupt, although not guilty, is not wholly innocent, for the creditor has rights which must not be violated even if adversity be the cause of the bankrupt's condition. His claims are a part of his property, but his rights are partially offset by the paramount rights of the community. A private right must always give place to

a general good. But this law also operates for the creditor's advantage, for, if the insolvent debtor remain under the burden of debt, the fund will gradually be more diminished, perhaps depleted, while the creditor will procure nothing more, except in the case of the conscientious man who, in any event, would make restitution. By relieving the debtor, the community is benefited by his experience, greater precaution and renewed industry. In spite of his misfortune a debtor continues to enjoy rights co-equal with the creditor. Therefore the State is called upon to administer, differentiate and protect the rights of the debtor and those of the creditor.[1]

God wills human society, but civil society cannot be maintained without authority to protect and enforce the definite individual rights of those composing it in a manner conformable with the best interest of the group. To do this is the first duty of the State. Its second duty is to determine and maintain indefinite rights. In the fulfillment of these duties the State has the right by the natural law to pass any positive law which really favors the common good by the protection of some private right. The norm of interference with private rights is the public good. The relation of the debtor and creditor is a relation of contract entered into with the fullest intention of the parties thereto to accomplish that which they promise. Is the authority of the State competent to interfere with the relation of contract, and if it is, to what extent can it absolve a debtor from his debts?

According to what theologians call "natural justice," the debtor owes the full amount which represents that which he has received, and he is obliged, *coram Deo,* to pay it. If he is unable to pay in full, assuming the equal circumstances of all the creditors, he should pay *pro rata* as much as he is physically able to spare, and, if afterwards he prosper and is in a position to pay the balance, he must do so. To this rule, in the absence of some superior general good, all the doctors agree. It is understood that in case the bankrupt does not become able to discharge the debt, he is not culpable, unless he assumed it

[1] Legal recognition of this doctrine, which equity loves, is thus summarized from *In Re Witkowski,* 10 N. B. R., 209: "The purpose of a bankruptcy law is to place within the possession of a creditor that to which he may be entitled within the shortest possible time, and at the same time if the bankrupt has made a fair and honest surrender and complied with the requisites made of him, to give him a speedy release and let him begin again to provide an honest living for himself and those dependent upon him and again become a useful and active member of society."

knowing that he could not fulfill the obligation. Physical or moral incapacity will be a valid excuse as long as it lasts, for if he cannot make restitution without reducing himself to beggary, and those depending upon him to wretched circumstances, it will be sufficient if he have the desire to restore what belongs to his creditors.

For the common good, however, the State has authority to interpose and set aside the rules of "natural justice." By virtue of this power bankruptcy laws have been established, which relieve the debtor who has complied with all the legal requirements and protect him against the courts and invocation of authority for the exaction of additional payments.[2]

Is this law just? Moral theologians agree that it is, for it is necessary to and promotes the general welfare. Considered in the specific case, it has the appearance of a discrimination in favor of the debtor by removing a disability which would impede him throughout life, and against the creditor by depriving him of his claim. Such consideration is not thorough. Our Government chooses from the population a certain number of young men and gives them the advantage of training and education at the Military Academy at West Point and the Naval Academy at Annapolis. What is the object sought? It is not the improvement of the individual *in se!* The greater good which such young men will be fitted to accomplish for the nation is the purpose of these institutions. The State is

[2] "It may be safely held that the civil power has authority under certain circumstances to enact such a law as would release the debtor from the obligation of full payment, while that obligation might have remained if the law did not exist." Slater, *Manual of Moral Theology*, with American notes by Martin, I., 440. "If the legislative body of any nation confining itself to matters subject to its jurisdiction enact a measure whose effect will be to promote the public good, there is no sufficient reason to deny it such authority. . . . There can scarcely be a doubt that the civil authority can release a bankrupt from all future liability if it chose to do so. Especially in trading communities it may be for the public good that an honest but unfortunate trader should be able to begin again, without being weighted with a heavy load of past debts. If the law releases a bankrupt debtor from all future liability, the rate of interest will soon accommodate itself to the circumstances." *Ibid.*

In arguing States' rights, Calhoun held the contrary view: "If by discharging the debts be meant the releasing the obligation of the contract, either in whole or in part, then neither this Government nor that of any of the States possessed such a power. The obligation of a contract belongs not to the civil or political code, but the moral. It is imposed by an authority higher than human, and can be discharged by no power under heaven, without the assent of him to whom the obligation is due. It is binding on the conscience itself. If a discharged debtor had in his pocket the discharges of every government on earth, he would not be an honest man, should he refuse to pay his debts, if ever in his power." *Works*, III., 512.

permanent and takes measures for its protection. Upon the same theory lepers are isolated, tuberculosis sanatariums are established and the care and education of orphans are recognized as duties of the State. In order to accomplish the public good, in bankruptcy relief as well as these other matters, some individuals obtain a mediate advantage.

It is established that the State can relieve debtors to whatever extent is necessary to achieve the purpose of the common good. Now arises the question in regard to which moralists divide into two schools. Both schools agree that the State could, if it were considered necessary for the common good, relieve a man not alone from legal bonds but also free him in conscience. The first school says that the State's purpose is accomplished by relieving the bankrupt *in foro externo*, and it is not necessary to extend the relief to the ease of the conscience, and hence the State has not the actual power to do so and the obligation remains after the legal discharge, if the bankrupt ever becomes able to pay it. It maintains that the State has exhausted its powers when it permits courts *legally* to discharge all debts and claims, and that its function ends when the debtor's physical and social progress is no longer materially impeded. Its members say that a *Cessio Bonorum*, whether voluntary or ordered by the court upon the petition of the creditors, does not of itself and independently of the forgiveness of the creditors or other considerations, relieve the debtor of the moral obligation of making full payment out of his future acquisitions, if he becomes able to do so.

Against, or rather qualifying this view, Ortolan, a legal authority, observes: "The release from debt is always classed as a donation in Roman law," [3] and he refers to the law *Cessio Bonorum*. Macleod, the economist, states that, "The release of a debt is in all cases equivalent to a gift or payment in money." [4] Most theologians do not consider it so, unless it is expressed or clearly implied. They deny that the public good is not completely accomplished unless the debtor's conscience is also relieved, and assert that the bankrupt is bound in conscience to pay a debt which he no longer legally owes.

Lemkuhl expresses the opinion of practically all the theologians that, "the insolvent laws of England or of any

[3] *Explication historique des institutés de Justinien, liv.* II., 543-557.
[4] *The Theory of Credit* (London, 1889), I., 280.

other country cannot, of themselves, discharge *the conscience* of the debtor from further liability for his debts.[5] Slater observes: "In most countries, as in America, it seems that the law only grants the bankrupt exemption from future molestation on the part of his creditors; it does not free him from moral obligation to pay his debts in full if ever he becomes able to do so."[6] Archbishop Kenrick published his work on moral theology shortly after the enactment of the law of 1841. In his observation on this law he preferred the opinion that the Congress did not intend to liberate the conscience of the debtor, and he held as probable the opposite opinion.[7] Konings, another well-known American theologian, was somewhat in doubt and refrained from giving an opinion on the question.[8] Most theologians, perhaps nineteen out of every twenty, hold the opinion that, in the ordinary case, without extenuating circumstances and without serious inconvenience to himself and those dependent on him, he is bound *coram Deo* to pay the balance of the debt.[9] The law simply destroys the legal contract.[10]

This opinion seems to be supported by the natural feeling of the bankrupt and the attitude which society and the State assume toward him. Bankrupts are prone to feel guilty, just as any other debtor feels, until the debt is satisfied.[11] A strong presumption that the State has not the power to afford relief beyond the legal discharge arises from the fact that the European States withhold privileges from the bankrupt until he has paid his debts in full. Tanquerey states that this is the case in

[5] *The Casuist*, I., 172.

[6] *A Manual of Moral Theology*, I., 538. In England, *Cessio Bonorum* was known as "The Lord's Act." Story, II., 48.

[7] *De Justitia*, n. 207. *Ceterum quum probabile sit Congressum dominto usum ut obligationem etiam conscientiæ tollat, etc.*

[8] *An cessio bonorum a solutione integra liberet? Mor. Theol.*, n. 861.

[9] Doctor Thomas Bouquillon held this view. *cf. Theologia Moralis Fundamentalis*, Paris, 1903.

[10] *Nemo tenetur restituere cum suo valde majore detrimento, quam sit creditoris commodum. . . . Bonum inferioris ordinis restituendum non est cum detrimento boni superioris æque gravis.* Kutscher, *Doctrine of Restitution.*

[11] "If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor sneaking, pitiful excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for, as Poor Richard says, *The second vice is lying, the first is running into debt;* and again, to the same purpose, *Lying rides upon debt's back;* whereas a freeborn Englishman ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. *'Tis hard for an empty bag to stand upright!"—Poor Richard's Almanac.*

France,[12] and Bulot nicely states the theory of the French law that article 1270 of the Code defers but does not extinguish the debt.[13] The civil law of Belgium is the same,[14] and according to Bucceroni, it is the same in Italy.[15] This interpretation also prevails in Spain.[16] Also, this fact demonstrates that the laws were not made for the individual but for the common welfare.

Although generally commercial in spirit, from the early days of the practice in the sixteenth century until the present time all the great theologians of Europe have held the view that the moral obligation is not removed. Lugo wrote that the consensus of opinion of his contemporaries was that the obligation cannot be extinguished by the ordinary law.[17] St. Alphonsus and Busembaum held the same view, as well as Ballerini.[18]

To cite these few authorities is sufficient. The preponderance of opinion of different moralists, formed in different countries and times and derived by different courses of reasoning, is to the effect that the obligation to pay the remainder of the debt is not removed by the operation of the usual bankruptcy law.

The second school contends that the State can completely eradicate the debt, even in conscience. Doctor Crolly, formerly a professor at Maynooth College, and an eminent theologian, in his work, contends that the laws of England entirely exonerate a debt both in the court of law and in conscience.[19] Martin, in his American note to Slater's work, reveals himself a disciple of this doctrine. His first argument is that incomplete discharge would be a curtailment of the power of the State and the purpose of the law.

He writes: "This end is more effectually attained if the act is extended to liberate the debtor from the moral obligation of making full payment, and there is expediency for such extension." Next, he argues, there is nothing in the wording of the act of the United States which prescribes legal release only,

[12] *In Gallia statuitur debitorem non liberari nisi secundum ea quæ solvit, ita ut, si nova bona acquirat, teneatur ea dimittere usque ad integram solutionem. Synop. Theol. Mor.*, III., n. 674. *"Aucun banqueroutier, failli ou débiteur insolvable ne pourra être admis dans les assemblées primaires, ni devenir ou rester membre soit de l'assemblée nationale, soit des assemblées administratives, soit des municipalités."* C. 5 fruct. an III., art. 13. C. 22, frim. an. VIII., art. 5, Instr. 8, mars 1848, art. 4.

[13] *Comp. Mor. Theol.*, I., 659.

[14] Genicot, I., n. 604.

[15] *Instit. Theol. Mor.*, I., n. 1466.

[16] Ferreres, *Comp. Theol. Mor.*, I., n. 719.

[17] *Vera tamen et communis doctorum sententia negat extingui obligationem restituendi*, etc., disp. 21, sec. 3, n. 40.

[18] *Quod si (bonis cedens) tamen postea redeat ad pinguiorem fortunam, tenetur adhuc restituere.* Lib. IV., n. 699. Ballerini, *Opus Theol. Mor.* III., 451.

[19] *De Just. et Jure*, III., n. 1232.

the act discharging all provable debts except such as are excluded by it. Then he applies one of the interpretive rules of canonists: *Ubi lex non distinguit, nec non nos distinguere debemus.* His next proposition is based on the nature of consciences and is inconclusive. He says that seventy-five per centum of the bankrupts of our country are non-Catholics, who, unrestrained by the institution of confession, "pay no attention to obligations of conscience of this kind, being occupied solely with escaping penalties for the violation of civil laws." The twenty-five per centum, who are Catholics, he thinks, have more highly developed consciences and are thereby bound to pay the residue.[20] In order to be equitable, giving like advantage to Catholics and non-Catholics, the law should be interpreted to release all, or none, in conscience, and since some will not continue bound in conscience, the law should be construed as conferring plenary release.[21]

Martin states further: "If the bankrupt law be so interpreted that the moral obligation remains, the civil authority would appear to be protecting dishonest people in their dishonesty, since it would virtually say to such bankrupts, 'You need not pay the balance of your debts.'[22] . . . It is plain that the civil authority would thus be acting against the purpose for which both itself and the bankruptcy law were instituted and therefore beyond its power." He states that he has reason to believe that Sabetti and Konings, if writing today, "would hold the debtor's obligation extinguished, either on the ground of full remission being granted under the Act, or by the consent of the creditor." [23]

The conclusion of the *Casuist,*[24] based on Marshall's decision in Sturges *versus* Crowninshield,[25] which Martin also uses, is a glaring *non-sequitur.* A close study of Marshall's reasoning shows that the discharge to which he referred was a legal discharge only, when he said: "The insolvent laws of most of the States only discharge the person of the debtor and leave his obligation to pay out of his future acquisitions in full force." These State laws were based on the Roman law, *Cessio Bonorum,* which exempted only the person of the debtor from imprisonment, and, if philosophers or theologians adopt *Cessio*

[20] *Manual,* 440 *et seq.*

[21] The reference from Martin must not in any way be construed as indicating the opinion of the writer on this point.

[22] *Ibid.,* 442. [23] *Ibid.,* 447. [24] I., 174. [25] 4 Wheaton, 122 *et seq.*

Bonorum as the basis of their reasoning, they cannot conclude that the debt is morally obliterated.

Martin suggests a circumstance which would remit the obligation even in conscience. This is the virtual remission of the debt by the creditor on account of modern business methods and conditions. Business men are presumed to enter into an implied agreement that in the event of a *bona fide* failure the assets are to be accepted in full settlement. These catastrophes are calculated for, and terms made with such contingencies in view. A wholesale firm computes its probable losses from failures in a specific period and distributes it in the price of goods sold on credit, which may be viewed as a premium paid for credit. Thus all the debtors pay a proportionate share. Were there no such contingencies, rates and prices would undoubtedly be lower. If an honest retailer fail, the wholesale house or manufacturer gets his assets, and his fellow-buyers and the bankrupt have long before made up the deficit. If the bankrupt owe any one, it is his fellow traders, but they are too numerous and the amount too slight in the individual case to become the subject of consideration.[26]

There is weight and merit in the contention of the second school that the law should be applied so as to obliterate all liability, if it is considered as a matter of argument; but it is to be feared that adoption of its view would be morally corrupting—a result not desired by theologians, legislators, business men, or anybody. That it is inexpedient is proved by the success and adequacy of the prevailing interpretation.

A few eminent teachers assert that in accepting dividends out of the assets, the creditors remit the debt. Of course, these arguments, or any which go to quiet the conscience, do not apply in cases of private debt, such as money borrowed from one not in the business of making loans, or in the case of a personal charge owed to a dressmaker, etc., who takes no security against losses. Some rigorists go so far as to consider future acquisitions, talent, industry and integrity, as well as present possessions, the basis of credit and within the conditions of the contract at its making. Others have thought that an undischarged bankrupt or one who has not paid the deficiency

[26] Sabetti, in his *Moral Theology for the United States*, holds that: *Attamen si quandoque ex rerum adjunctis apparet creditores velle omnia condonare, vel alicubi ita fieri commercium ut ratio habeatur inter mercatores probabilis futuræ cessionis bonorum, non videtur tunc cur imponenda sit obligatio in perpetuum.* Note. 463.

should not be permitted to contribute to the support of the Church or to public charity. They consider that he cannot do so in Christian honesty.

A summarized consideration of the development of the Federal bankruptcy system reveals that the origins of its numerous doctrines are found scattered over the civilized world throughout a period of twenty-five centuries. From a legal procedure adopted for the benefit of the creditors it has been transmuted into a commercial policy abounding with utility and profit alike for the debtors and creditors of the entire community. The legal, moral and social-economic principles which inspired the Constitutional Convention in providing for the system, the legislators in producing it, and the courts in defining and interpreting it, have been, in a measure, explained. Ample powers for the purposes of the system are delegated to the national Government by the Constitution. The crown-jewel of this legislation is its capacity legally to discharge the bankrupt from the payment of his provable debts, and to enable him subsequently to enjoy with tranquillity the fruit of his labor.

The history of this law is evidence of man's humanity to his fellow-man. While all concede that as long as men barter, bankruptcy will be one of the evils of society, it is now regarded not as a crime, but as a misfortune, not as a disgrace, but as a malady which needs the soothing remedy of sympathy and encouragement.

There are many unanswerable reasons applying at all times and in all conditions and stages of government which prove that a bankruptcy system should be a permanent part of the national legislation. In beholding the excellent laws for the relief of insoluble debt in the United States, a line in Franklin's *Farewell Address* to the Constitutional Convention recurs as applicable to this growth from that Constitution to which he referred. He said: "It astounds me, sir, to find the system approaching so near to perfection as it does." [27]

[27] Elliot, *Debates*, V., 554.

A CONVERT SCIENTIST AND HIS WORK.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

THE development of the history of science in recent years shows us how many men there were in the olden time "who," to use Professor Saintsbury's words descriptive of the old Scholastic philosophers, "whatever they could not do, *could think.*" One of the old-time scientists who has been brought into prominence by the modern historical movement is Nicolas Stensen, the Dane.

Admiration for Stensen has grown with knowledge of his work, for besides the discovery of the salivary duct named after him,[1] he was the first to teach definitely that the heart is a muscle and not a mystic fount of emotions. He has come to be considered also one of the most important founders of modern geology. Quite literally, indeed, it may be said that he anatomized the ground work of Tuscany and showed the constituent parts of its hills and mountains and valleys and their relations to each other and their mode of origin as clearly as anyone ever demonstrated the parts of the human body and their embryology. It is simply marvelous to look at his diagrams and realize how thoroughly he understood the various processes which had brought about the configuration of the land and how he worked out and explained them. No one had ever attempted anything of the kind before and yet when Stensen completed his work, there was little left to be added in after time. His little book on the subject, the *Prodromus,* "remains one of the most noteworthy contributions to the science of geology and especially the geology of Italy." As von Zittel remarked in his *History of Geology and Paleontology,* it "already contained the kernel of much that has been under constant discussion during the two centuries that have passed since his death." Von Zittel even suggests that most of the questions Stensen raised, have not been settled yet in spite of the advance in geology.

[1] His name in a Latinized form, Steno, is attached to the salivary duct that leads from the parotid gland into the mouth.

The International Congress of geologists that met at Bologna, some forty years ago, before closing its sessions adjourned to Florence to hold a memorial meeting in honor of Stensen, and to place a laurel crown on the tomb of the man who "had reached surpassing distinction among geologists and anatomists."

Since then his reputation has continued to grow until now his prestige in the scientific world is firmly established. Stensen did distinguished original work, still recalled with grateful appreciation, in two sciences as far removed from each other as anatomy and geology. He deserves besides a place of honor in crystallography. His interest in biology was deep and his studies in fossils have won for him a reputation in paleontology.

A little more than a year ago the University of Michigan honored the Danish scientist by selecting one of Stensen's works, his well-known *Prodromus* or "Dissertation Concerning a Solid Naturally Contained Within a Solid," for republication as Number XI. in its Humanistic Series. The publication consists of an English version of the work with an introduction and explanatory notes in which Stensen's merits are emphasized, and he is classed as one of the great observers in the history of science. As Professor Hobbs says in his introduction: "We must attribute it largely to the closeness of his observation of nature and to his discriminating judgment that Stensen was not lured into wild speculation as were so many in his time." He goes on to say that "one of Stensen's statements might well be printed in large letters and placed upon the walls of our laboratories and lecture rooms as a warning to those who undertake scientific investigation." The statement referred to is: "The nurse of doubts (I should prefer to translate Stensen's words 'the fosterer of uncertainties') seems to me to be the fact that in the consideration of questions relating to nature, those points which cannot be definitely determined are not distinguished from those which can be settled with certainty." Professor Hobbs' comment will find an echo in many hearts: "How much trouble would be saved, if today scholars had this point oftener in mind."

Professor Hobbs pays him the further compliment of saying: "Stensen is the pioneer of the observational methods which dominate in modern science" and "if we ex-

cept Leonardo da Vinci, who like Steno was a Florentine by adoption and who antedated him by a century and a half, there was *no writer upon natural science before the eighteenth century that in accuracy of observation, in cogency of reasoning, or in discrimination of judgment might be compared with the learned Dane.*" [2]

That is, indeed, praise from a modern professor of science, and yet no one who knows the details of Stensen's work could think for a moment that it was exaggerated. Stensen has come into his own during the twentieth century. When I wrote his life for the *Ecclesiastical Review* some fifteen years ago, many were inclined to think that I must be exaggerating the significance in the history of science of this anatomist of the seventeenth century who, in the midst of his distinguished scientific work in Italy, had become a convert to Catholicism, was ordained priest and eventually was made a bishop to give him the opportunity to fulfill, if possible, his hopes of winning back to the Church his Danish fellow-countrymen.

For it is an outstanding fact in Stensen's life that, although a Dane and brought up in the midst of the most bitter prejudice against the Church, he went down to Italy, lived there for years and became a devout Catholic.

The most brilliant scientific thinker of his time, he was one of those wonderful men who are able to take the step across the boundaries of the known into the domain of the unknown, and to trace a pathway there for other men to follow. Only a genius is ever such a pioneer. An immense new field of knowledge opened up to him in the science of geology of which he was the founder, yet he never permitted speculation to lure him from the solid ground of actual observation and absolutely necessary conclusions from such observation. Whenever he touched a subject he illuminated it. His work on the heart illustrates this very well. When he first dared to announce that this organ, to which all the world had been referring their emotions and their feelings and their profounder knowledge, was just a muscle pump and nothing more, a storm of indignation broke over him. But he stood unmoved in the midst of it and calmly went on with his work.

In every department of science the same calm force of intellect was noteworthy. While laying the foundation of

[2] Italics ours.

geology in his *Prodromus* he discovered two most important principles of crystallography: the striking peculiarity of light refraction that distinguishes the crystal from amorphous substances such as glass, and that fundamental law of crystallography, the constancy of interfacial angles. The experimental verification of this law was delayed for nearly a century and a half until the invention of the reflecting goniometer in 1805, yet clearly Stensen not only grasped the principle of the law but he succeeded in obtaining, with the crude instruments at his command, an experimental verification of it. He even solved the mystery of the so-called "phantom crystals," and blazed the way for the development of the new science. Its scientific evolution did not take place until Abbé Häuy took up the work a century later, but Stensen deserves a place of honor among the crystallographers.

This intellectual genuis, clear-headed, thoroughly conservative, broadly educated, of charming character, found it impossible to stay out of the Church once he came to know her as she really was, as the result of his years of life in Italy. He was still a young man when his conversion took place, and still looked forward to going back to Denmark, where, being a Catholic would be a decided handicap to his career. In fact, not long after his conversion he was summoned home to Denmark by his king, and felt it incumbent upon him to inform His Majesty of his change of belief before returning, in order to be sure that the king would be willing to receive him as a Catholic. His royal highness had offered Stensen a pension in reward for his scientific discoveries of which he had heard, but on condition that he should come back to Copenhagen and give to his native country the prestige of any further scientific work he might accomplish.

The story of Stensen's conversion is extremely interesting because it shows that a man's heart must be touched, rather than his intellect, to bring about this great change of views. He was a zealous, thoroughly convinced Lutheran, and had even written an answer to some of Bossuet's arguments against Lutheranism. His mental attitude was therefore rather strongly confirmed, and his conversion, as might be expected, did not come about easily.

In Florence his position as physician to the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, brought him closely in contact with the

Sisters in charge and frequently into the apothecary shop attached to the hospital. As a result he came to know very well the religious in charge of the department, Sister Maria Flavia, the daughter of a well-known Tuscan family. She soon learned that the distinguished young physician, at this time scarcely thirty years of age, who was such a pleasant gentleman, was a Lutheran. First by prayer, and then by friendly suggestions, she began her attempt to win him to the Catholic Church. Stensen, who seems already to have been well-disposed toward the Church, and who had always been distinguished by a wonderful purity of heart and simplicity of character, listened very graciously to the naïve words of the dear old religious, who might very well have been his mother.

She began very simply by telling him one day that if he did not accept the true Catholic faith, he would surely go to hell. He listened to this without impatience, and she reiterated it a number of times, half jokingly perhaps, but much more than half in earnest. As he listened kindly, she suggested that he must pray every day to God to let him know the truth. This he promised to do. One day, while he was in the apothecary shop, the Angelus bell rang, and she asked him to say the Angelus. He was perfectly ready to say the first part of the Hail Mary but was unwilling to say the second part, as he did not believe in invocation of the Blessed Virgin and the saints. Then she asked him to visit the Church of the Blessed Virgin, the Santissima Nunziata, which he did. Encouraged by his compliance, she suggested that he should abstain from meat on Fridays and Saturdays. This he promised to do, and actually did do. The religious thought it was time then to suggest that he should consult a priest.

Another good woman and good friend of his, Signora Lavinia Felice, seeing how interested he was in things Catholic, succeeded in bringing him to the notice of a prominent Jesuit in Florence. As his friend, Sister Maria Flavia, had recommended the same Father to him, he followed her advice all the more readily, and before long his every doubt was solved.

Almost more interesting than the account of Steno's scientific work, are the traditions that have come down to us with regard to his charm of disposition and the many friends that he made. From very early years he was noted for his religious disposition, his gentleness, and his kindness to others. He him-

self tells that he was in poor health in childhood and accordingly associated much more with his elders as a rule, and had very little liking for sports. He liked religious topics and preferred serious talk (I am quoting his own words) to the frivolous chatter of younger companions. He says further "in my journeys, also, I kept away as much as possible from idle and dangerous people and sought friendship with those who had won repute through their upright life and learning." It is not surprising that he became the favorite pupil of his instructors at the University of Copenhagen. Some of them like Thomas Bartholin, whose name is well known in anatomy, and Borrichius (Ole Borch), were favorably known, at least in the academic world of the West of Europe, in their day.

His conversion to the Church was welcomed particularly by his scientific friends. Viviani, the pupil and biographer of Galileo, wrote enthusiastically of it to Magalotti the distinguished Secretary of the *Accademia del Cimento,* declaring that this was the only thing that his very dear friend Stensen had lacked to make him adorable. Stensen choose December 8th, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, as the day of his final reception into the Church, because he felt that his conversion had been largely due to his prayer to the Blessed Virgin and he wanted to become a Catholic under her special patronage. The Rosary became a favorite devotion of his. In this he had as companions such men as Galvani, Volta, Ampere, Laennec, and Pasteur.

It is rather amusing to have his editor at the University of Michigan rather apologize for Stensen's conversion. He confesses, however, that "he was deeply religious by nature and there can be no question about the sincerity of his conversion." Apparently anyone who lets any religious influence of a formal character get into his life must be apologized for and this is particularly true if he has a scientific mind and has displayed signal ability in solving scientific questions. As a matter of fact, however, Stensen was surrounded in Florence by men who were devout Catholics and whose names are only less distinguished than his own in science. Among them, as one of his particular friends, was Francesco Radi, the Italian poet, physician and naturalist, who has an enduring place in the history of observations made with regard to the question of spontaneous generation. There was no place in the world of that time

where there was more ardent devotion to knowledge of all kinds, literary, scientific, philosophical, than in Florence, and the prominent men were practically all devout Catholics closely in touch with the clergy and especially with the Jesuits, whose members were among the most distinguished scientists of the time, but also with the higher ecclesiastics, and even the Pope himself.

As a matter of fact Steno had gone down into Italy because he could obtain there better opportunities for the study of anatomy than anywhere else in Europe. We have heard much of Papal opposition to anatomical study, but when Vesalius, the great father of anatomy, wanted to secure opportunities for dissection which he had been able to obtain so grudgingly in Louvain and with so much difficulty in Paris, he went to Italy. There, not only did physicians and surgeons have permission to dissect, but practically every artist of the Renaissance dissected. Some of them made many hundreds of special anatomical studies. Leonardo da Vinci's sketches of these have been recently recovered and published. Stensen went to Italy because of the scientific opportunities to be enjoyed there, greater than in any other country of Europe, until at the beginning of the nineteenth century, France became the home of graduate scientific studies, and later, Germany became preëminent.

Stensen's biographer says that "the brilliant young Dane seems in fact to have had a genius for friendship." He went to Italy with the highest recommendations from some of the most distinguished scientists in Western Europe, and it is not surprising that he was well received and at once provided with abundant opportunities for the pursuit of his special studies. What is noteworthy, however, is that the Italians always seemed ready to welcome foreigners and showed no chauvinistic tendency to keep their opportunities to themselves, or to hamper in any way the efforts of strangers. Stensen was actually appointed physician to the Grand Duke, with a house and pension, within a few months of his arrival in Florence. He was also given, as we have seen, a position as attending physician in the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova. And his experience was no different from that of Vesalius who came from the Netherlands more than a century before.

It is rather surprising, in the light of all this, to have the

first paragraph of Professor Hobbs' foreword to the *Prodromus* echo the erroneous old-fashioned notion of the supposed opposition of the Church to science, and to state that "in reading the *Prodromus* one should remember that the essay was written near the middle of the seventeenth century when scientific observation was hardly thought of." "Scientific observation was hardly thought of" when Italy had already developed the sciences of anatomy and physiology and had attracted Vesalius and Harvey; when Regiomontanus had been invited there to correct the calendar, and Copernicus had made there the announcement of his great theory and then returned to Germany to work it out and to dedicate his great book to the Pope! Scientific observation hardly thought of, indeed, when Galileo had made giant strides in the knowledge of the heavens, the Jesuit astronomers Scheiner and Cysatus had made their wonderful observations on the sun and on comets, Father Cysatus actually discovering a curvature in the orbit of comets, and Father Riccioli having introduced the lunar nomenclature in use even today, while his colleague and brother Jesuit, Father Grimaldi, drew up one of the first maps of the moon worthy of the name!

Has Professor Hobbs never looked at any of our histories of medicine to see what was accomplished before Stenson's time in real scientific advance, that he can announce that "all knowledge concerning the cause of the natural phenomena was generally supposed to have been given by God directly to man and the message was strictly guarded by the Church?" What nonsense a man can talk when he talks out of a depth of ignorance—or inadvertence.

Harvey was only one of a group of Englishmen who during the sixteenth century studied in Italy and looked back gratefully on their experience. Linacre who did so much for English medicine, and Caius who introduced dissections into England are noteworthy examples, though many other names might be mentioned. Denmark, Belgium, Holland, France, Spain all owed the initiative of fine work in original scientific investigation to Italian masters, either directly or indirectly. Indeed, remarkable as he was, to talk of Stensen as the pioneer in scientific investigation in the sense of being the first to make great original observations, is to ignore three or four centuries of scientific development.

GLASTONBURY OF THE GAELS.

BY ELEANOR HULL.

I DREAMED a dream, and this is the dream I saw. I saw a marsh, fourteen miles inland from the sea on the western shores of Britain, south of what we now call the Bristol Channel, stretching far and wide and dotted with islands. Out of this swamp rose the heights of Brent Knoll and the Tor, one seen far out to sea, the other more conspicuous from the land side.

The Tor [1] was no doubt fortified from early times and surrounded by a wooden stockade as a place of refuge for the inhabitants of the surrounding islands. Here and there lake villages arose whose memorials we find today in the pre-historic boat, the three paddles belonging to some ancient coracle, the pottery and other remains recovered from the Glastonbury morass. The hearths that formed the centre of the wattled hut-dwellings still remain, though these fragile buildings themselves have disappeared.

Over a thousand years before the age of Christ, the Kymric people fixed their settlements in the midst of this watery land, where they felt safe from surrounding enemies. It may have been these early inhabitants who began the great camps and intersecting roads that made of Bath, Glastonbury and Ilchester the chief centres of the West. They traded with the Phœnicians in corn and cattle, tin and silver, lead and woven cloths. But the Romans, carrying their conquering arms through Gaul to Britain, rudely broke the southern trade with Glastonbury, and transferred it to Kent and the southeastern coast.

The Claudian conquest (43 A.D.) planted Roman camps in every part of western England. Bridges spanned the rivers, Roman villas adorned the rising slopes, great straight roads of wonderful permanence were driven from caster to caster. One of these led along the southern slopes of the Mendips to Old Sarum near Salisbury, another from Bridgewater passed

[1] Gaelic *Tur*, a tower or height.

through Wirral Hill to Glastonbury. On the great main road the Romans built a splendid city of pleasure, now Bath. Even in Celtic times, the *Aquæ Solis* or "Waters of the Sun" of the Romans had been a place of resort. Celtic traditions clung round Bath. Sol or Sul was the name of the Celtic divinity to which its natural heated waters were devoted before ever the Roman patrician and his lady took their pleasure there. Had not the marvelous virtues of these springs cured the royal swineherd Bladud of his leprosy?

Close to Glastonbury are the ruins of one of these Roman villas. The discovery of Roman pottery and molds for making Roman coins would seem to prove that near this now isolated district was once a centre of busy interchange of traffic and a mint where money was coined. Old William of Malmesbury describes it as "a certain island surrounded by woods, thickets, and marshes on the confines of the kingdom, called by its inhabitants *Ynys-vitrin* or *insula vitræ*. But the "Glass Island" as it has usually been translated, or Glasstingabyrig, is more probably so-called from the Celtic word *glas* (meaning gray or green), alluding to the color of its soft turf or perhaps of its shallow translucent waters.

In the "old Charter of the Blessed Patrick" believed to have been given to the abbey by Ireland's patron saint and quoted by William of Malmesbury, it is described thus: "There is on the confines of Western Britain a certain royal island, called in the ancient speech Glastonia, marked out by broad boundaries, girt round with waters rich in fish, and stagnant rivers, fitted for many uses of human indigence, but dedicated to the most sacred of deities." But an old Celtic or British legend gives us another origin for the name. "There came," it says, "from the Northern part of Britain into the west twelve brothers and held several kingdoms there." The name of the last of these brothers was Glasteing, who followed his sow through the midland Angles, from a spot near a place called Escebthorne, as far as Wells, and from Wells through a pass impenetrable and watery, called Sugewege or the "Sow's Way," following her pigs till he found her beside the church we are writing of, suckling her little ones under an apple tree; whence it hath come down to us that the apples of yon apple tree are called Ealdeyrcene's apple or the "Old Church" apples; the sow also used to be called "Old Church" sow, be-

cause while all other sows have but four feet, she had eight. Thereupon this Glasteing, when he had reached that island and saw that it was rich in many good things, came and dwelt in it with all his family and finished his course of life there. This hath been copied from the ancient books of the Britons.

Old Chronicles tell us that apples were very rare in those parts when first Glasteing's sow found its way to Glastonbury; so rare that Glasteing called the place *Inis Avallon* or Apple Island, a name grown fragrant since Glasteing's day not only with the actual smell of apple orchards which stretch from the Severn shore to Wiltshire, but with the tales of Arthur's deeds and Arthur's death; for in the Vale of Avallon King Arthur lies, waiting " to be healed of his grievous wound."

Round the " Old Church " of Avallon a mystery grew up. Who had built it, and why, men knew not. And at last their wonder took shape in this way: " The earliest Angles," wrote St. Augustine in a letter to Pope Gregory the Great, " first followers of the Catholic Law, God guiding them, found in Avallon a church not built by art of men, but prepared, it is said, by God Himself for the salvation of mankind; which church the Heavenly Architect Himself declared—by many miracles and mysteries of healing—He had consecrated to Himself and to Holy Mary, Mother of God." And elsewhere we read: " The church of which we write, frequently called the ' Old Church ' by the Angles because of its antiquity, built first of rushes, from the very beginning breathed out and spread abroad throughout the entire country a mysterious odor of Divine sanctity, from the cult of a great devotion, rude though it may have been. Hence the confluence hither of all kinds of people along all the paths of the sea; hence the great show of rich treasures deposited there; hence its constant succession of religious and literary men." Singular, indeed, that the building of this little church, nucleus of the greatest and most influential foundation of western England, " Rome the Second " as it came to be called in after days, should be so lost in mystery.

All men knew, was that the Angles found a tiny wattled or rush-built oratory, belonging to some earlier tradition, yet bearing testimony " to the cult of a great devotion, rude though it may have been." But in after days, when the noble structure that King Ina of Wessex built upon the spot took the place of the primitive church of wattles, the size and existence of the

old church were not allowed to drop out of memory. Upon a pillar in St. Joseph's Chapel there hung until the sixteenth century a brass plate with an inscription giving the history of the "Old Church" and its exact proportions. When Bishop Godwin read the inscription in 1500 he describes it as very ancient but not impossible to make out.

The measurements of the venerable wattled church are the exact limits apportioned by St. Patrick, according to a very old tradition, for the dimensions of an oratory of the larger size; the smaller oratories being often not more than fifteen feet. Even the "Great Stone Church" of Derry, whose size so astonished people as late as the twelfth century (1164), was only eighty feet long. Wherever the Irish or "Scottish" [2] hermit went, his first act was to erect an oratory, built of the wattles or rushes of the country, with his own cell beside it. When St. Finnian or Finan was sent to succeed Bishop Aiden in the episcopate at Lindisfarne, "he built a church after the manner of the Irish (Scots), made, not of stone, but of hewn oak and covered it with reeds." [3] So late as the twelfth century the same simple manner of structure seems to have been in common use in Ireland, for, when St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, who had spent some time abroad, began to erect a church of stone at Bangor, in the North of Ireland, a great uproar arose! "What has come over you, good man," the people cried, "to introduce such a building. We are Irish (Scots), not Gauls, and want no such novelties. How do you think you can find the means, or live long enough, to finish it?" The "Oakhouse" (*derthech*) long preceded the *Damhliag mor* or great church of stone all over Ireland, and held its ground with great persistence where wattle and wood could be obtained; and it seems to have been the only form of Irish or "Scottish" church known in Britain. It is likely that some humble Irish pilgrim erected that first primitive wattled church at Glastonbury whose existence gave rise to such wonder in later days.

All round the western coasts of Britain and Scotland or Alba can still be found the cells of wandering Irish hermits who

[2] Scotland was originally the usual name for Ireland, and its people continued to be called Scots up to the fifteenth century. The Irish emigrants to North Britain, then called Alba or Caledonia, took the name with them, and it gradually took the place of the older name. To prevent confusion, it was dropped in Ireland.

[3] Venerable Bede, *Eccl. Hist.*, Book III., ch. 25.

left their native land to serve God better, as they thought, in solitude. Some set out as a penance for crime, as St. Patrick sent Macuil forth, "in a boat of one hide, without rudder or oar" to dwell in whatever land Divine Providence should lead him to. Macuil, who came ashore in the Isle of Man, afterwards became the apostle of that island. Close to Glastonbury arose in after time a yet more famous and learned monastery, founded by an Irish hermit. The great foundation of Malmesbury sprang from the primitive cell and oratory of the Irish Maeldulf, who about the middle of the seventh century adventured across the sea. This Irish monk was the instructor of the famous Aldhelm. On landing on the coast, he established himself in a thickly wooded part of Wiltshire, building his cell beneath the walls of the British castle of Ingelborne. To gain the necessaries of life he gave instruction in philosophy, for the knowledge of the wandering Irish hermit far surpassed that of the people among whom he came. In return for his gifts of knowledge they gave him gifts of food and clothing, and gradually he gathered about him a little band of followers who named the simple monastic establishment Malmesbury (*i. e.*, Maeldulfsbury), after their master.

Though the name of the founder of the sister house of Glastonbury has been forgotten, we can well guess in what manner he came to *Ynys-vitrin,* the "Green Isle" of the Vale of Avallon. Like many another of his countrymen, he had adventured himself forth on the stormy Irish Sea, to drift to some shore, "he recked not where;" knowing, as the *Voyage of Maelduin* quaintly says, that "whithersoever the Lord would guide him, He would guide." The first pilgrim monk to Glastonbury did not long remain alone. Other Irishmen followed in such numbers that part of the "twelve hides of land" granted to the monastery by the pagan king Arviragus, "free from all rent or tax for ever," became known as *Parva Hibernia,* or "Little Ireland," from the multitude of Irish pilgrims who resorted thither.

Why, indeed, should Irishmen not visit Glastonbury when, according to a very old tradition, St. Patrick, St. Benignus or Benen, his successor, St. Brigit and St. Columcille or Columba had all visited this favored spot? "It is most certain," says a writer who had been reading the account of William of Malmesbury, and who added a note on the margin, "that St.

Patrick, the Apostle of the Irish, ended his days amongst us, and was the first abbot of our monastery."

Those who believe that the bones of St. Patrick lie under the great stone recently deposited in the graveyard of Down Patrick in Ulster, or at Saul (Sabhaill), his early church near by, will be ready to dispute the right of Glastonbury to claim him as its first abbot, and they will refuse to credit the statement that he lies buried among those Irishmen who made their home on the east of the Irish Sea. The doubt seems to have existed even in Glastonbury itself, for old William tells us that "the question kept recurring whether St. Patrick had ever been at this place as monk or abbot." The doubt seems to have reflected the historian's own state of mind for he adds that "this monk (most likely he speaks of himself) had asked the question repeatedly," and had not been satisfied of the truth of the tradition until "it was confirmed to him in a vision."

It is not impossible that St. Patrick should have spent some time in this district of Britain; there are large portions of his life unaccounted for, and he lived in an epoch when great incursions of the Scots or Irish, with the Picts, were being made into South Britain after the withdrawal of the Romans. Nor is the belief that Irish Christian pilgrims had settled there before the time of St. Patrick difficult, if we accept the now usually held belief that there were some communities of Christians in Ireland before the coming of St. Patrick. The best authorities would point to the southeast of Ireland as the part where pre-Patrician Christianity existed, if at all, and that is the very district from which Maeldulf and the Glastonbury hermit must have come. But while not impossible, it is unlikely that the settlement at Glastonbury was so early as the fifth century. The date of Maeldulf of Malmesbury is fairly well fixed, and it is more probable that the first oratory at Glastonbury was erected at about the same period, that ardent period of Irish Christianity when the sea swarmed with boats carrying Irish monks to Britain and further afield to distant spheres on the continent of Europe.

But the Irish tradition was wonderfully persistent. William of Malmesbury occupies four chapters of his history of the abbey with St. Patrick, three with St. Brigit and St. Columcille. He speaks of the supposed Charter of St. Patrick to the abbey, recounting his discovery of an old oratory almost in

ruins at the top of the Tor, to which the saint climbed with great difficulty with two brethren from Wells, Irishmen both, penetrating through the thick wood with which the oratory was surrounded. The church was dedicated to St. Michael, the warrior archangel, into whose charge all high points were confided. It was believed that he alone was able to drive away the hosts of demons with which such heights were supposed to be infested. The St. Michael's Mounts of Cornwall and Brittany are examples of a widespread practice.

The homily in the Irish *Lebor Brecc* says that the grave of St. Patrick is unknown. But Glastonbury has its own opinion on this point. We are told by the chronicler that after converting the Irish to the Christian faith, the saint "returned to Britain and tarried thirty-nine years in the island of Avallonia, leading there the best of lives; and he rested in the old church, at the right side of the altar, for many years, for ten years, namely, up to the time the said church was burned, when his body was gathered into pyramidal stones beside the altar towards the south, which out of veneration for the saint was afterwards nobly clothed in gold and silver by the diligence of the housemates." The mention of these pyramidal stones beside the altar is interesting. They are supposed to mark the place where King Arthur was buried, but they probably contain other bones. It is interesting to note that there are no less than five notices of the "Old Church" or *Vetusta Ecclesia* before the coming of St. Augustine to Britain in 596. This Celtic church had had a long history before the story of Anglo-Saxon Christianity begins.

The history of the growth of the abbey does not specially concern us, but it may be briefly sketched. Ina, King of Wessex in 708, was its first great benefactor. He pulled down the ruined buildings of the earlier church dedicated to the Virgin and built a new church to the honor of Christ and of the Apostles, SS. Peter and Paul. He adorned it with a costly chapel garnished with twenty-six thousand and forty pounds of silver and erected an altar enriched with two hundred and sixty-four pounds of gold, besides ornaments and gems, and presented to it treasures of every sort and relics gathered from every part of Christendom. He gave it a charter with great immunities and a large gift of land. He gave large benefactions also to Wells. He sent letters to Rome with "an entreaty

that the Pope should take Glastonbury under the protection of the Holy Roman Church."

The foundation seems to have escaped the general devastation of the Danish wars, if it is true that relics were brought here for safety from Northumbria. This is the more strange, as Glastonbury was in the very district where for so many years young Alfred the Great lay in hiding. Close by in a series of battles culminating at Edington, Alfred swept the Danes out of Wessex; at Wedmore in the Vale of Avallon the English-born Danish leader, Guthram,[4] made peace with Alfred and received his chrism-loosing with Alfred as his sponsor at the font.

The English-Dano kings were friendly to Glastonbury. The great Cnut (Canute) came here to pray at the tomb of his most formidable opponent, Edmund Ironsides, and even Harthacnut built a shrine for the Irish saint Benignus.

The monastery rose to the height of its power under the rule of the famous St. Dunstan, who was its abbot from 944; for over thirty years. He was, we are told, "the mainstay of the glory and safety of the English." He died in 988, and left the great abbey, which had grown up in a somewhat irregular manner under the simple Irish system, a more thoroughly organized Benedictine monastery. The splendid buildings erected by his successors in Norman times, Turstan, Herewin, and Henry of Blois, only gave outward expression to the reconstruction of the internal monastic life.

But in 1194, during Henry II.'s reign, a terrible fire ravaged all these buildings, and it was after their clearance that the foundations were laid of those exquisite structures of which alas! only the lovely outlines remain today. Henry II. conscious that he had appropriated the revenues of the see for his devastating wars, believed the outbreak of the fire to be the condemnation of heaven upon his impiety. With all haste, he sent his chamberlain, Ralph Fitz-Stephen, to rebuild the shattered house. It was dedicated in 1186 by Reginald, Bishop of Wells.

We must not forget, as we step inside the beautiful remains of the Church of St. Mary, more commonly known as St. Joseph's Chapel, that we are standing on the very spot where, at some date before English history begins, was planted the *Vetusta Ecclesia,* the ancient wicker oratory of sixty feet long,

[4] Called in the Norse Chronicles, "Guthram the Englishman."

built by the first Irish pilgrim to Glastonbury. The plaited wattle church was now replaced by a structure of squared stone, "with no possible ornament omitted." The sculptured door of rich design, the arcaded walls and the elegant corner-turrets, of which two still remain, prove the truth of this statement. The south door led out to the monks' churchyard, filled, if legend be true, with the bones of wondrous men: Joseph of Arimathea and his son Josephus, King Arthur and his golden-haired, sad Queen, whose bones were happily discovered to add glory to the new erection, kings, queens and bishops in long array. Afterwards some of the most notable of these were gathered into the two pyramids of which we have spoken and placed beside the high altar. Once this chapel of St. Joseph stood apart, but a Galilee was added to connect it with the Great Church of SS. Peter and Paul, to be "magnificently completed," as King Henry said, "by myself and mine heirs." Henry died before the noble structure he had designed was more than just begun. It was not till one hundred and nineteen years later, in 1303, that it was dedicated, the work of enlarging and adorning not being "magnificently completed," as Henry wished, till 1374.

Outside its Irish and ecclesiastical history, two great moving traditions form the glory and the romance of Glastonbury. They are the tradition of St. Joseph of Arimathea and the tradition of King Arthur. The one is Christian in origin, the other is pagan. It is a curious commentary on the power of a place like Glastonbury to combine diverse ideas into one harmonious whole, that these two traditions, so unlike each other—the story of the Jew who buried Our Lord in his own new tomb near Jerusalem, and the story of the Celtic chieftain who in twelve battles in the West drove the Romans from his native borders—should have become so intermingled that we cannot now separate them one from another. For did not Joseph bring with him, in his voyage to the West, the cup of the Holy Supper and the lance which pierced our Saviour's side? And was it not this very cup of inexhaustible nourishment and spiritual strength and this bleeding lance that Arthur's knights set forth to find when they undertook the arduous quest of the Holy Grail? A quest to which only Parzival (called in the Welsh tale, Peredur) and Galahad won, and that through great adventures, because they alone were pure in heart.

How the two traditions met and mingled is a long story, for it only took place gradually, as one idea led to or suggested another. The legend of St. Joseph is briefly this. After the resurrection of Our Lord, he with twelve companions set forth towards the west, carrying with them some of the blood and water washed from the Saviour's wounds and the sacred cup of the Last Supper. They landed at Marseilles, but were sent on, it is said by St. Philip, to Britain. Here they landed in A.D. 63 on the western coast, and hearing that they only desired a modest means of living, the pagan king gave them a certain island surrounded by woods, thickets and marshes, called *Ynys-vitrin,* or Glastonbury, on the very outskirts of the kingdom. On Wirral Hill they rested on their way and ever since it has been called "Weary-all Hill," from the fatigue of Joseph and his followers; the footprint in the stone on which his foot rested may be seen there to this day. There Joseph leaned for rest upon his staff, and it took root in the ground and blossomed forth into the thorn that ever blooms at Christmastide.[5] Such is the simple story of St. Joseph, though early native traditions make Brons or Bran the Blessed (the very Bran whose wondrous voyage the Irish tales recount) the bringer of Christianity to Britain.

The story of St. Joseph's coming to Glastonbury was doubtfully received. Old William mentions it in 1135 as contained in the "Charter of St. Patrick," a spurious document, the critics say; and of the Holy Thorn we hear nothing till long after his time. But in later days the idea that St. Joseph brought Christianity to Britain and that he made his resting-place in Glastonbury, found favor; it added to the lustre of the growing monastery, which was beginning to forget its Irish origin and Welsh connection, to believe that one who knew Our Lord had settled there, and helped to spread its fame. A later historian of the abbey, John of Salisbury, firmly believed the tale and urges its acceptance. Above all, the widespread idea of the survival of the Holy Chalice appealed to men's minds alike from the romantic and the religious point of view; and before the end of the twelfth century, we have the first extant ver-

[5] The original thorn tree is gone, but a cutting from it grows within the Northern gate of the Abbey grounds. Another off-shoot grows hardily in the garden of the bishop's palace. The guardian told us in 1916 that it blossomed "last Christmas." It is certainly a Mediterranean thorn and may have come from the Holy Land. It is of vigorous growth and vitality. Henry VIII.'s Commissioners declared that it blossomed at Christmas time.

sions of the romance of the Holy Grail, coming in from French sources. *Li conte del Graal* is dated between 1175 and 1182, and de Boron's text belongs to the close of the same century. There is no mention in these of Glastonbury or of the Holy Thorn. Bron or Bran the Blessed is still spoken of as he who first brought Christianity to Britain and was the first keeper of the Grail. Nor is there any suggestion of a Grail-Quest, which became the chief feature of the story in the Arthurian cycle. These, to us, essential elements in the legend were, as I think, added from purely Celtic sources, and are the Celtic contribution to the undying tale.

Those of us who have seen Wagner's "Parsifal" will remember how confused is the part played by the Sick or Lame King in the story, and how difficult it is to understand why he comes into the story at all. The bleeding lance, too, though it is made to bear a scriptural significance, seems curiously out of place; we feel the story could develop equally well without its introduction. But the old Welsh tale of Peredur, who is the native representative of Parzival or Percival, provides the clue. In the midst of Peredur's adventures we find this passage: "And Peredur rode forward. And he came to a vast and desert wood, on the confines of which was a lake. And on the other side was a fair castle. And on the border of the lake he saw a venerable, hoary-headed man, sitting on a velvet cushion, and having a garment of velvet upon him. And his attendants were fishing in the lake. When the hoary-headed man beheld Peredur approaching, he arose and went towards the castle. And the old man was lame. Peredur rode to the palace, and the door was open, and he entered the hall. And there was the hoary-headed man sitting on a cushion and a large fire blazing before him. And the man asked the youth to sit on the cushion; and they sat down and conversed together."

The old man then tells Peredur that he is his uncle, his mother's brother, and they continue to converse when "Peredur beheld two youths enter the hall and proceed up to the chamber, bearing a spear of mighty size, with three streams of blood flowing from the point to the ground. When the company saw this, they began wailing and lamenting. But for all that the man did not break off his discourse with Peredur. And as he did not tell Peredur the meaning of what he saw, he forebore to ask him concerning it. But when the clamor had a lit-

tle subsided, behold two maidens entered with a large salver between them, in which was a man's head, surrounded by a profusion of blood. Thereupon the company of the court made so great an outcry, that it was irksome to be in the same hall with them. But at length they were silent. And when time was that they should sleep, Peredur was brought into a fair chamber."

A long time elapses and Peredur has gone through many adventures, when one day "Arthur was at Carleon on Usk, his principal palace and Peredur was seated in the centre of the floor of the hall" among the other knights. "And thereupon they saw a black curly-haired maiden enter, riding upon a yellow mule, with jagged thongs in her hand to urge it on; she had a rough and hideous aspect. . . . She greeted Arthur and all his household except Peredur. But to Peredur she spoke harsh and angry words. 'Peredur, I greet thee not, seeing that thou dost not merit it. Blind was fate in giving thee fame and favor. When thou wast in the court of the Lame King and didst see there the youth bearing the streaming spear, from the points of which were drops flowing in streams, even to the hand of the youth, and many other wonders likewise, thou didst not inquire their meaning nor their cause. Hadst thou done so, the king would have been restored to health and his dominions to peace. Whereas from henceforth he will have to endure battles and conflicts and his knights will perish and wives will be widowed and maidens left portionless, and all this because of thee.'" The strange visitor then tells the knights of a castle on a lofty mountain, in which a maiden is imprisoned, and whosoever will set her free will attain the summit of the fame of the world. Gwelchmai (who seems to be an earlier Galahad) and Peredur undertake the quest, the former to set free the maiden, the latter because he will know the truth of the bleeding lance. Together they set out to seek the Castle of Wonders, a long and difficult task. Finally Peredur reaches a castle. He enters and seats himself one side of the hoary-headed man sitting in the great hall. Gwelchmai is already seated on his other hand. "Then, behold a yellow-haired youth came, and bent upon his knee before Peredur, and besought his friendship. 'Lord,' said the youth, it was I that . . . came with the bloody head in the salver, and with the lance that streamed with blood from the point to the hand, all along

the shaft.'" He then explains that it was the head of Peredur's cousin, who had been killed by sorceresses who had also lamed his uncle, and that it had been foretold that he should avenge these deeds. This close of the story has no interest for us, but I think it is clear where the story of the lame Fisher-king arose. In the later and more Christianized forms of the legend he becomes confused with Joseph of Arimathea, but otherwise it has no part in the legend about the Holy Cup; it is a pure addition from Celtic pagan sources.

But more than this, the very central idea of the virtues of the cup itself has received accretions from contact with the Celtic romance of Wales and Ireland. A vessel of marvelous powers was one of the most familiar features in old Celtic stories. In every "house of hospitality," or central hostelry for wayfaring men in ancient Ireland, the fire was kept always burning, in the caldron was always hanging upon the tripod, seething meat for all who chanced to pass that way. Each traveler as he came thrust in his fork and brought up the piece of meat in which it fixed itself; this was his portion, which he might freely eat before he went on his journey. After eating, he continued his way refreshed. It was the inexhaustible pot, the caldron from which none went away unsatisfied.

Out of this actual event of daily recurrence the idea enlarged. The gods, too, possessed a magic caldron of marvelous virtues. Into the caldron of the Dagda, greatest of the ancient deities, the wounded and dead, killed in the Battle of Moytura, were thrown, that their wounds might be healed, and their dead restored to life. It was the Caldron of Renovation or Renewal from which none came away unhealed. What is still more remarkable is that this idea of the Irish Caldron of Renovation was so generally familiar that in the Welsh story of Branwen, daughter of Llyr, we find Bendigeid Bran or Bran the Blessed, afterwards adopted into Christian tradition as Bran, the Christianizer of Britain, giving such a caldron, which is said to have arisen out of the "Lake of the Caldron" in Ireland, as atonement for an insult committed against an Irish king, his guest and brother-in-law. There was, too, the magic caldron of Manannan mac Lir which provided food of whatever flavor the eater desired. But beyond all this there was in every house and cottage in Ireland the caldron or pot upon the hearth, cooking the food that gave life and sustenance to the

family. It was associated in the minds of all with the thought of nourishment and comfort. Into this old native tradition, connected with a universal habit of life, there entered the Christian thought of the Eucharistic Cup, the giver of spiritual sustenance. In coming to Britain it found a soil prepared to receive it, wherein it could take root and flourish. It took a mystic form, half touched by old romance, and we know it as the Holy Grail, the cup of healing and of inexhaustible supply, hidden from men in the Castle of Wonders, to be attained only through a long and arduous quest. The "Quest" is purely of native origin, for it grew out of those old stories of marvelous and perilous adventures in the search for lost or hidden treasures of which the *Tale of the Children of Tureann* in Ireland and the *Tale of the Adventures of Peredur* in Wales, are only two out of a multitude of examples.

When it became associated with the legend of the Round Table the story became wholly Celtic. As Conchobar, King of Ulster, gathered about him in Emain Macha the famous champions of the Red Branch, whose mighty deeds culminated in the *Quest for the Kine of Cooley,* so Arthur the British king formed his Round Table of splendid knights, who went on the great Quest of the Sacred Cup, the Vision of the Holy Grail.

Thus as we stand at Glastonbury on the hill or Tor which St. Michael and St. Brigit guard and look across the marshy plain in whose bosom lies *Inys-vitrin,* the Green Isle, within whose circle rise the ruined shafts and broken arch of the "Great Church," and the rich turrets of St. Joseph's Chapel [6] which are all that are left of its famous House, a succession of images passes across the mind.

We see the wattled church of sixty feet, built by the Irish pilgrim whose coracle of hides once touched these shores, but whose name we cannot now recover. We see the Irish pilgrims gather year by year in crowds to visit the relics of St. Patrick's tomb. We see beyond that the tired figure of St. Joseph climb with twelve companions the rising ground of Weary-all Hill, and planting there his staff to grow into the Holy Thorn.

We see kings, great and small, brought here to rest, Coel

[6] In the present "restorations" a heavy arch of solid masonry is being thrown across the delicate structure of St. Joseph's Chapel, cutting off the chancel from the nave and completely ruining the effect of the light arcading.

the British chief, Edmund the Less, and Edgar and Edmund Ironsides, whose tombs were marked and known in Malmesbury's time. The noise of battle sounds, and down the quiet vale of Avallon come Danish hosts, while Alfred watches cakes at Atherney and dreams of conquest; we see him, in battle after battle, subduing them to his command; we see the great Canute, lord of a mighty empire in the north, doing honor to the remains of his most doughty foe, King Edmund Ironside.

We see St. Dunstan taking instruction from his Irish teachers, illuminating manuscripts, building organs, founding bells, conducting choirs, making and unmaking kings, reforming monasteries, and warring with the devil himself.

We see King Ina bestowing costly gifts upon the monastery; king after king and abbot after abbot, adding to its size and splendor. And lastly, we see King Henry, avaricious of its wealth, determining on the downfall of the famous house, and calling on his minions to lead forth and hang upon the Tor the last of the line of abbots, an old half-witted man, whose servile acquiescence in all Henry's demands might well have saved his tottering steps and gray hairs.

And over all this varied history hangs brooding the memory of a great romance familiar to multitudes to whom the history of the monastery is unknown. For romance, the ideal history created by the mind, outlives the actual chronicle of outward events.

THE GOLDEN YEARS.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

IT was the middle of the morning, when every one in the house was supposed to be busy, but with half the length of the corridor between him and the recreation room Brother Martin heard, coming unmistakably from that direction, the sound of voices and suppressed laughter, and a moment afterward, of hammering, and of chairs being dragged across the floor.

Brother was surprised; it would be unjust to say that he was also curious, for he often explained that he had no curiosity; but, whatever his motive, he decided instantly that it would be well for him to go downstairs by the longer way which led past the recreation room door, and to glance in and see what could be afoot. Perhaps he was needed to help with some work—or some fun.

He hurried down the corridor, instinctively walking on tiptoe as he drew near the door; he looked into the big, bare room for a second only, and noiselessly slipped away as fast as his seventy years and his two hundred pounds would permit, although what he had seen was simple and commonplace: five novices were at work there, evidently making ready for some sort of entertainment. They had pushed the chairs against the wall, and the billiard table into a corner. One was measuring off lengths of yellow crêpe paper; another, high on a step ladder, was decorating with yellow bunting, while the other three handed him tacks and material, and approved, criticized, or ridiculed his efforts. But Brother Martin did not watch them even for a moment; he stole away stealthily, guiltily.

On the morrow it would be fifty years since he made his vows. He had thought sadly that, there being no one left who remembered the day, the anniversary would pass unheeded, but a week before the Rector had spoken to him concerning the date, calling it a great occasion; and as the intervening days passed, he had received a few letters, and a few little

gifts, and had shamefacedly perceived that elaborate preparations were being made, which he, living in their midst, was expected neither to see nor to hear. It is always the part of jubilarians and superiors to be preternaturally dull as their feast days approach.

The Rector—Father O'Donnell—had spoken kindly to Brother Martin of his long years of faithful, cheerful work in the service of the Master, and the letters had held like words of praise; but Brother's simple, childlike heart had been aching for many a day, it had been restless, and uneasy, and discontented, and the commendation of his friends and of his superior but made him more unhappy. "How little they know," he thought more than once, "that many and many a time I have nodded—and worse than nodded—at my post, and visitors have had to ring the bell a second or even a third time before I heard. How little they suspect that often, when I sweep the corridors, especially the upper one which Father O'Donnell seldom sees, I am careful not to look very closely into the corners; and that, as I set the tables in the refectory and help to wash the dishes, I am weary, weary of my task, and envy Brother Celestine his work in the library, and dear Brother John his care of the chapel and sacristy, and Brother Peter Paul the business which takes him, day after day, into the streets and the shops. They don't know that, as I work, I have to say my beads again, and again, and again, to keep my thoughts in order."

So, sad and ashamed, Brother Martin hurried from the recreation room and the sight of the novices at work there, to the corridor which he always swept at that hour; and as he went he muttered quite savagely: "The novices are very kind, and I am grateful—more or less grateful—but why don't they keep to their books and their prayers? What kind of priests will they make, that's what I am wondering." And as he worked, not very briskly or cheerfully, he thought how old, how very old he was to be busy hour after hour, and how, for fifty years, he had cleaned that same place at the same time every day. Perhaps because his eyes were not as keen as they had once been, he did not see all the dust or all the scraps.

On his way to the closet in which his supplies were kept, he passed the chapel, and as it lacked ten minutes of the hour at which he must be on duty at the front door, he decided to

step inside for a few moments and ask Our Lord to comfort and strengthen him. Leaning his broom against the wall, he pushed open the door. He did not go inside. Two priests were there, helping the sacristan: and already palms were banked in the sanctuary and all three altars were a mass of yellow flowers. One glance, and with a sigh he slipped away unobserved, his heart heavier than before. "Why do they want to have a celebration?" he asked himself. "The jubilee means nothing to me. I am tired, and cross. It's a reproach, and nothing else."

Slowly the long day wore on. About four o'clock in the afternoon, Brother Martin found that he had lost his handkerchief and to get another he wearily climbed the three flights of stairs that led to his cell. As soon as he reached the long, narrow upper hallway, he knew, from a streak of light cutting across the semi-darkness at the farther end, that his door was standing open; and before he reached it he heard a low voice and other sounds. Indignant, he hurried to the door to see that an old, old father, helped by a lay-brother, had put fresh curtains at his window, and a new mat beside his bed, and was then hanging, to the best possible advantage, a pretty print of our Blessed Mother with the Child Jesus clasped in her arms. He and the brother were intent upon their work and did not see him, and feeling heartsick and even more miserably ashamed than before, Brother Martin stole away without his handkerchief.

Not wishing to meet anyone he chose a little-used way leading down to the parlor floor, only to pass a room in which a band of novices were singing with great spirit, and he plainly distinguished the words, "fifty years," and "golden years." One of them saw him and hastily slammed the door; and an old father, chancing to come by at the moment, laughed and said: "How much vim those novices are putting into that song! But we don't have golden jubilees every day, Brother—or every year. You must be deaf and blind today."

Brother tried to laugh, but did not succeed very well. "They would do nothing, *nothing,* if they knew," he told himself; and feeling that he could bear it no longer he determined to go to the Rector at once and tell him just how discontented he was—and how wicked. The anniversary must not be celebrated. It meant nothing to him; he had no heart in the re-

joicing. He was not worthy. He was only a lazy, discontented, tired, old man who wanted to be let alone.

Brother went directly to Father O'Donnell's room but did not find him there, and from five o'clock until six he was on duty at the door, and afterwards had to go to the refectory and set the tables for supper. It was quite half-past eight before he had the opportunity he sought, and every minute of the interval the desire to open the flood-gates, had grown stronger and yet stronger.

He entered the Rector's office dejectedly, but observing as Father O'Donnell usually was, he did not notice the absence of Brother Martin's habitual smile. He looked up from the letter he was writing, and said cheerily: "I was just going to send for you, Brother. Do you know, I'm afraid you're going to be spoiled beyond redemption! Everyone in the house is besieging me for permission to do something for you tomorrow. Now tell me, what can I do? Tell me what you would like. I don't want to be quite left out of this great celebration."

Brother hesitated, solemn faced and unbending, all the pent-up discontent and weariness of the preceding weeks clamoring within him for some sort of expression. He could not tell it all; he had no words.

"Tell me quite simply; what do you wish from me?" Father O'Donnell insisted, beginning to see that something was wrong, and more than a little puzzled by Brother's manner and the tragic expression on his round face.

Thus urged, all Brother's longings and troubles crystallized themselves into a single request. "Father," he said, "ever since I was a novice I have swept the parlor corridor before breakfast and the class-room corridor after I had helped with the dishes. It was so Father Moran—may God have mercy on his soul—it was so that Father Moran told me to do. And Father, tomorrow—just for tomorrow—may I sweep upstairs first, and downstairs afterward. You're not old, and tired, and wicked, so you could never understand how it is, but of late I—I—"

Father O'Donnell smiled very kindly into the gentle, childlike, anxious, old face. "Yes, I think I do understand," he contradicted. "Tomorrow you may sweep the upper corridor before breakfast and the lower one later; and you will be

on duty at the front door from three o'clock until five, instead of during your usual hours: just for tomorrow; and you might help Brother John in the sacristy at six. I'll tell Brother James Joseph to take your place in the refectory. But only for one day, Brother. Too much dissipation would never do!"

This time Brother Martin laughed heartily, his face relaxing, and brightening, and brightening still more until it fairly beamed. His heart had suddenly grown unaccountably light. The lovely decorations in the chapel, the renovation of his cell, the plans for an entertainment in the recreation room, not one of these had helped: he was happy at last.

The next day passed on wings. Brother Martin could hardly contain his happiness. Early in the morning Solemn High Mass was sung, followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, and he and another old brother served, as happy and care-free as boys and far more reverent. He had a place of honor in the refectory at every meal, and there were flowers on all the tables and yellow bunting was draped about the window frames. Throughout the day he did exactly what he should not have been doing at that particular hour, and in the evening the novices gave a funny, and really clever, little play at which he laughed until tears rolled down his cheeks. That night his prayers were longer than usual and ecstatically fervent. Looking back over the fifty years of his religious life he knew that his thanks must never end.

Not until long after the house was still and every light had been extinguished did he creep into bed, too happy to know how utterly weary he was. "I'm glad that I am to go back to the dear old routine tomorrow," he whispered; "very, very glad." And a few minutes later he murmured drowsily: "The parlor corridor before breakfast, and the class-room corridor after I have helped in the kitchen—thank God! It was so Father Moran told me to do, fifty years ago today."

ST. MATTHEW AND THE PAROUSIA.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

X.

THE private *Parousia* of the Son of Man is the continued topic of our search. Jesus told the Twelve that He would come to them individually at the hour of death, "to take them up" to the Kingdom of His Father. More evidence to this effect than could well be crowded into the confines of a single study still awaits consideration, and it is to this untouched material that we now set hand. Two parables shall chiefly concern us—the Parable of the Virgins and the Parable of the Talents, reported by St. Matthew in the twenty-fifth chapter, immediately after the Olivetan Discourse. What reason led to their insertion in this particular part of the Matthean text, and what, precisely, was their intended force and point? Are they illustrations of the thought preceding—further developments, so to speak, of the Parable of the Thief?[1] Or, must we set them down as descriptions of the Second Advent and the manner of the world's judging, when the Lord of Glory comes?

It will be noticed that the Parable of the Ten Virgins, curiously enough, begins with a reference to the future: "*Then shall* the Kingdom of Heaven be compared to ten virgins, who went forth to meet the Brigegroom[2]—a grammatical construction which plainly intimates that the understanding of the comparison is beyond the present knowledge of the disciples, though it shall later be put within their reach. When is this to be? The text does not explicitly say; but on a strikingly similar occasion, where St. Matthew quotes the Lord as distinguishing between the "foolish and the wise,"[3] the verb "liken" or "compare"[4] again stands before us in the future tense, and the subject of discourse is the salvation of those *individuals*, and those individuals *only*, who beware of "false prophets," and "do the will of the Father Who is in Heaven." By "false

[1] Matt. xxiv. 43; Luke xii. 39.

[2] Matt. xxv. 1. The figure *ten* denotes universality.

[3] Φρόνιμος. μωρὸς. Compare Matt. xxv. 2; vii. 24, 26. Same adjectives in both instances.

[4] ὁμοιωθήσεται. Matt. vii. 24, 26; xxv. 1.

prophets" the Pharisees clearly are meant, and the whole Palestinian world-view for which they stood sponsor to an unsuspecting folk. "Not everyone that saith to Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father Who is in Heaven. Many will say to Me in *that day* Lord, Lord, did we not prophesy in Thy name, and by Thy name cast out demons, and by Thy name do many mighty works? And *then*, will I profess unto them, I never knew you;[5] depart from Me, you that work iniquity. Everyone therefore that heareth these My words, and doeth them, *shall be likened*[6] to a *wise* man who built his house upon a rock; and everyone that heareth these My words, and doeth them not, shall *be likened* to a *foolish* man that built his house upon sand."[7] From the fact that the adjectives and the verbs employed are the same as in the Parable of the Ten Virgins, it is safe to conclude that the underlying thought is identical, and that the phrase, "Many shall say to me *in that day*," has the meaning which we found it possessing elsewhere, namely—the day of death,[8] the time of the Particular, as distinct from the General Judgment.[9]

This conclusion will justify itself to satisfaction, as the study unfolds. It is the very heart of the teaching of Jesus. From the seventh chapter of St. Matthew to the thirtieth verse of the twenty-fifth, the Saviour insists on the individual and private character of salvation, as distinct from the public and glorious, which is to come at the end, and not, as expected, at the beginning of the Messianic Era.

Who the Bridegroom was understood to be in the Parable of the Virgins, needs no lengthy explaining: it is the Saviour Himself. The appellation was taken from a figure of speech current in the literature of Palestine. The Jews were wont to speak of the "expected Kingdom of God" as a "Marriage

[5] Compare "I never knew you" with "I know you not." Matt. vii. 23; xxv. 12; Luke xiii. 25-27. There is not the slightest eschatological reference in Luke xiii. 25-27, or in vi. 43-45. Why should there be *any* in Matt. vii. 23 or xxv. 12? Is not the verse: "Watch ye therefore, because you know not *the day nor the hour*" (Matt. xxv. 13), a clear indication that the meaning is the day of death, not the day of judgment? The recurrence of the phrase, "Depart from Me" (Matt. xxv. 41), in connection with the General Judgment, is no proof that such is the meaning here. The scene in the seventh chapter is individual. Nor would the hearers have been reported as "astonished at the doctrine taught" (Matt. vii. 28), were it a mere rehearsal of existing views.

[6] In some manuscripts: "I shall liken him."

[7] Matt. vii. 23-26.

[8] Matt. xxvi. 29; Mark xiv. 25; John xiv. 20; xvi. 23. Compare Matt. xii. 33-37.

[9] Matt. xxiv. 36; Mark xiii. 32; Luke xvii. 31 have already been cleared of any allusion to the Last Judgment. The destruction of Jerusalem is meant.

Feast," and of themselves as the highly-honored intimates of the Groom. The Saviour on one occasion made a very telling parable out of this current and popular imagery—the Parable of the Marriage Feast [10]—in the course of which He so turned its point against His self-appointed intimates, that the barb must have been deeply wounding to their pride. Earlier in the Matthean Text, Christ appropriates the title of Bridegroom unto Himself. "Can the friends of the bridal room mourn, so long as the Bridegroom *is with them?*" He pointedly asks the Pharisees, when they approached Him with the plaint that His disciples were not observing the prescribed fasts. "Days shall come," He replied, "when the Bridegroom shall *be taken away from them*"—a turn of events which Palestine had never considered possible!—"and they shall fast in those days." [11] Who can doubt the newness and the sureness of knowledge that lay behind such utterances? The future was as the present to Him Who dared say such unprecedented things!

Two points stand out most clearly: the Bridegroom is to be taken away, and He is also to return.[12] St. Luke has a beautiful description of what is meant by this Return of the Bridegroom, and we shall turn aside for a moment to consider the Lukan Text. The description occurs immediately after the Lord's injunction: "Let your loins be girt, and lamps burning in your hands;" which is material of the same particular drift as the Parable of the Virgins. The Lord is quoted as saying: "Let you yourselves be like unto men who wait for their Lord, when He shall return [13] from the marriage Feast; that when He *cometh* and knocketh, they may straightway open unto Him. Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord, when He *cometh*, shall find watching. Amen I say to you, that He shall gird Himself, and make them sit down to table, and shall come to their side and serve them" [14]—as moving a picture of the reversed rôles of Master and servant, as exists anywhere in literature. It is the very summit of the idea of Service.

The setting is fully as suggestive as the picture. The Parable of the Rich Fool, who bade himself be merry with his groaning goods, little recking that God would require his soul of him *that very night*,[15] has been recounted shortly before;[16] as also the example of the inconsiderate ravens and lilies, that

[10] Matt. xxii. 1-14. [11] Matt. ix. 14, 15. [12] Matt. xxv. 10.
[13] ἀναλύσει. To "break up" a party; depart from a feast.
[14] Luke xii. 35-37. [15] ταύτῃ τῇ νυκτί. [16] Luke xii. 16-21.

neither sow nor reap, nor gather into barns, trusting to Providence for the means of subsistence, and not mistaking the problem of living for the meaning of life.[17] This double contrast is followed by the advice to seek the Father's Kingdom, and to lay up a treasure *in Heaven* that faileth not, and where no *thief* draws nigh"[18]—a context in which it is impossible to interpret the "Kingdom" or the "coming," save as associated with the hour of death. "And if He shall *come* in the second watch, and if in the third, and find them so, blessed are those servants. But know this, that if the master of the house knew at what hour the *thief* was coming, he would have watched, and would not have allowed his house[19] to be broken through. Be you also ready; for in an hour that you *think not, the Son of Man will come.*"[20]

The whole context culminating in this verse is even more plainly of the Lord's coming to the individual at death, than the corresponding material in St. Matthew. And if any doubt existed, St. Peter's question would suffice for its dispelling; for, it was on hearing these words that he said to the Saviour: "Lord, speakest Thou this parable (of the Thief) unto us, or also unto all?"[21] There can be no serious question, therefore from the sum of the evidence thus far assembled, that St. Peter here understood by the "coming of the Son of Man" the Lord's return from the Marriage Feast, to take him at death to the "Kingdom of Glory" which is not of this world. And such, too, was the thought in St. Luke's mind when he put pen to parchment for the composition of this section. His testimony links itself up most consistently with the abundant witness of St. John to the same effect. The Jewish conception of salvation had been transcended and overcome.

With matters thus clarified through the aid of comparative analysis, we are in a position to understand the Parables of the Virgins and the Talents. They are intended as concrete illustrations of the thought preceding, namely—the Lord's coming to the individual at the hour of death, to "take him up" to the Kingdom of Glory,[22] which the Father has prepared from all eternity for those who love and acknowledge the Son;

[17] Luke xii. 22-31. [18] Luke xii. 33, 34.

[19] For "house" see Matt. vii. 26, 27; Luke vi. 49.

[20] Luke xii. 38-40. St. Mark, instead of "the thief," has "the Lord of the house cometh." Mark xiii. 35.—1 Thess. v. 2; 2 Peter iii. 10; Apoc. iii. 3 and xvi. 25 cannot be adduced in disproof of this reading, as will be shown in due course.

[21] Luke xii. 41. [22] Matt. xxiv. 40, 41.

—a Kingdom of quite another nature from that which the eschatologists of Palestine expected to see established. The description of this private and individual salvation is made most forceful, by being set over against the public and glorious judgment,[23] which the Saviour announces as postponed in the thirteenth chapter, and magnificently describes in the twenty-fifth.[24] Already in the course of these studies we have found the disciples inquiring of the Saviour, where this "receiving of one and rejecting of another" was to take place.[25] A selective process of this purely moral and spiritual nature was beyond their powers to conceive. And Jesus replied that it would take place even in Israel at the time of her destruction.[26] There was to be no other kind of salvation, when the Old Kingdom fell.

Is it not this new doctrine of salvation which the Saviour is illustrating in the Parables of the Virgins and the Talents? The five foolish ones[27] are those who had the wrong Jewish notion of the Kingdom; who expected that the Son of Man would come in the manner which the Rabbis taught, and so were unprepared to meet the Bridegroom coming suddenly at midnight in death to the sleeping ten. The five wise[28] ones are those who had the Saviour's word of the Kingdom, and were spiritually ready, asleep or awake,[29] to open to Him straightway when He knocked. The Parable of the Virgins is, therefore, a picture of salvation as it will take place in Israel *unto the time of the destruction.* Its point is the sudden coming of the Bridegroom to take the ready and to leave the unprepared. The Parable of the Talents, on the other hand, is a picture of salvation, as it shall come to those *who live to see the nation fall,* and it clearly shows that there shall be no difference in the manner of their saving, simply a more severe test of their fruitful or unproductive lives. "Now *after a long time* the Lord of those servants *cometh,* and maketh a reckoning with them"—a vivid assurance to the Twelve that there is to be no public, general and glorious salvation, when the Kingdom of Israel is overthrown. Then, and

[23] Matt. xxv. 31-45.

[24] Matt. xiii. 30, 40, 49. For proof, see THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1918.

[25] Luke xvii. 37.

[26] Luke xvii. 37.

[27] Compare Matt. vii. 26, 27.

[28] Compare Matt. vii. 24, 25.

[29] For the phrase "slumbered and slept," see Isaias v. 27. When the meaning of the parable is discovered, long-standing difficulties melt away, such as shops open at midnight for the purchase of oil, and the selfishness of the five wise in refusing to share their oil with the others. Readiness is personal and incommunicable.

afterwards, as in the meanwhile, the Son of Man shall come to the individual in salvation or rejection at the hour of death. And this was clearly what St. Matthew meant when he twice quoted the verse: "he that persevereth unto the end, the same shall be saved." He wished to let His readers see that in Jewish as well as in post-Jewish times, there was to be no other Gospel of the Kingdom.[30]

What better proof that such is, indeed, the purport of these two Matthean parables than St. Luke's apparently baffling account of the Parable of the Pounds, assigned to a different occasion? The scene is probably Jericho. Jesus is approaching Jerusalem, and is addressing a mixed audience publicly, in language much more guarded than that which He used when privately speaking to four of His disciples on the Mount of Olives. He tells the mixed gathering before Him of a "certain nobleman, who went into a far country, to take unto himself a kingdom, and to *return*. And calling his ten servants, he gave them ten pounds, and said to them: Trade with these, *till I come*.[31] But his citizens hated him, and they sent an embassage after him, saying: We will not that this man reign over us. And it came to pass that he returned, having received the Kingdom; and he commanded those servants to whom he had given the money to be called to him, that he might know what they had gained by trading."[32] The examination of each individual servant follows. The fruitful are rewarded; the unprofitable are cast out; and those hostile citizens, who "would not that this man reign over them," are ordered to be *hewn down*[33] in His presence; a severe phrase that has an interesting and instructive history in the Old Testament pages, which could not have been lost on the sensitive ears that heard it fall from the Master's lips.

Zaccharias used the equivalent of this verb in connection with "the laying waste of the pride of the Jordan and the wailing of the shepherds, who fed the *flock of slaughter*."[34] Ezekiel employed it of "unfaithful Jerusalem, *thrust through* with the sword."[35] The Second Book of the Macchabees associated it with the plundering of the Temple by Antiochus,

[30] Matt. x. 22; xxiv. 13.

[31] ἕως ἔρχομαι.—The very words used by Jesus to Peter, in referring to the destruction of Jerusalem. John xxi. 22, 23. Compare Matt. x. 23; xvi. 28. *Cf.* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, April, 1918, p. 86; May, p. 169.

[32] Luke xix. 12-15. [33] κατασφάζω. [34] Zach. xi. 5. [35] Ezek. xvi. 40.

and his order to the soldiery to *give no quarter* to the citizenry of Jerusalem.[36] It also brought to mind "that hateful prince Apollonius, "who took advantage of the Sabbath rest, to *butcher* a very great multitude."[37] It revived the thought of those who would not "conform to the ways of the Gentiles, and were *hewn asunder* in consequence."[38] The only relieving feature in Old Testament history was the recurrence of this same verb in the description of the Macchabean victories over the former enemies of Israel[39]—a slender chance on which to build any nationalist hopes. Jesus, by the simple use of a powerful verb that had a history in the literature of Israel, compelled His hearers to see destruction where they expected glory; defeat, where they looked for triumph and everlasting exaltation. He knew that they would not accept His forecast of history; and so He sought to make them see the future course of events in the light of the past. Through the agency of powerful kinesthetic images, like the "gathering of the eagles" and the "hewing down of the hostile citizens" by the invading hosts—*He had already identified His "coming" with the armies of invasion*—Jesus graphically brought that past before them and made it a picture of what was soon to be. If their intellects and wills were closed, their imagination was open to suggestion. Truly, the resourcefulness of His teaching power has not yet been sounded to its depths.

In what particular connection was the Lukan Parable of the Pounds uttered? Manifestly, in connection with the prevailing views of the Kingdom and salvation, this relationship being more than once indicated in what we find recited immediately before. We have, first, the visit of Jesus to the tax-commissioner Zacchaeus, and the murmuring of the crowd against His going to a sinner's house. It is the only occasion on which Jesus ever offered Himself as a guest, and He explained His action by saying that it was in accord with the Divine appointments. "Zacchaeus make haste and come down; for *this day I must*[40] abide in thy house." What the Divine appointment was, Jesus lets us know in the statement which He makes to the despised tax-commissioner, upon the confession of the latter that if he ever defrauded any man, he paid him back fourfold. "Jesus said to him: "*This very*

[36] 2 Mac. v. 12.
[37] 2 Mac. v. 24.
[38] 2 Mac. vi. 9.
[39] 2 Mac. viii. 24; x. 17, 31, 37; xii. 26.
[40] δεῖ.—Luke xiv. 5. Compare iv. 43.

day is *salvation* [41] come to this house: because he also is a son of Abraham. For the Son of Man is come to seek and save *that which was lost.*" [42] The "for" explains why salvation is come to such as Zacchaeus. The Lord's visit and His host's receiving salvation are wholly in harmony with the Father's will and plan. The bounties of God have no such shrunken outlook in their dispensing as that which has been assigned them in the prejudices of men.

The fact to be noted is the way Jesus speaks of salvation. He describes it as *a present relation;* as something already within reach, and not waiting to be put into effect at the end of Israel and the expected renewal of the world. It was an idea to which He had called attention before, in the verse about "one being taken, and one being left *this very night.*" [43] In striking contrast to this announcement of salvation as a present actuality is the Pharisaic conception of it as something *wholly future,* which we find mentioned in the eleventh verse immediately following: "And as they were hearing these things, He added and spoke a parable, because He was nigh to Jerusalem, and because they thought that the *Kingdom of God was immediately to appear.*" [44] The most instructive thing about this verse is the *connection* which it establishes between what Jesus said to Zacchaeus and what He was about to say in the Parable of the Pounds. [45] Nay more, the parable which Jesus stands upon the point of uttering is clearly represented in the text,[46] as something drawn forth from His lips by the belief of His hearers, that "the earthly Kingdom of glory" was about to come. The grammatical signals are all set for a reaffirmation of the statement which Jesus made to the tax-commissioner, and for a denial of the expectation with which the minds of those who heard Him were uneasily filled. Approached in this contextual light, the Parable of the Pounds should reveal its intended point, and cease to be the glittering generality which it all too often is, we fear, in the skimming comment of the books.

[41] σωτηρία ἐγένετο.—Luke xix. 9. Compare σῶσαι in next verse.

[42] Luke xix. 1-10.

[43] Luke xvii. 34. Compare the present participle σωζόμενοι in Acts ii. 47; 1 Cor. i. 18; 2 Cor. ii. 15. Contrast the present tense ἀγονίζεσθε in Luke xiii. 24 with the futures of rejection in Luke xiii. 25, 26, 27, 28, 29.

[44] Luke xix. 11.

[45] Ἀκουόντων δὲ αὐτῶν ταῦτα. The ταῦτα refers to σήμερον σωτηρία ἐγένετο in verse 9.

[46] Εἶπεν οὖν. Luke xix. 12. "He said *therefore.*"

Is not Jesus "the nobleman, who went into a far country, leaving many servants and enemies behind him, the former of whom He counseled to lead productive lives until *He came?* Is not He the one Who is to come back, *after having received the Kingdom*—that Kingdom not of glory, but of tribulation, which He has solemnly told His hearers some of them shall live to see?

Is He not speaking of His Return, *after the destruction of Jerusalem,* at which time, according to Daniel, He was to receive the Kingdom? And what else can be meant by this Return but His coming at the hour of death to each and every one of His servants, and to those "hostile citizens" who would not that He be their King? Is He not, therefore, solemnly proclaiming that salvation shall be *individual and private,* not public and glorious, when Israel is destroyed? What other meaning can be attached to the thoroughly un-Jewish statement: "And it came to pass that He *returned,* having received the Kingdom?"

The Second Advent is out of the question. Jesus, as all the evidence thus far gathered goes to show, has disconnected that event from all association with the fall of Jerusalem. Besides, the verbs [47] used are too incidental to be employed of the Final Coming; and what follows in the text is not indicative of a glorious pageant, but a picture of disaster. Jesus is portrayed as weeping over Jerusalem, "because it had not known the time of its visitation," [48] and was soon to reap the whirlwind it had sown. There is no thought anywhere but of destruction, spiritual and material. The days that are to come are "days of vengeance," [49] not of "glory." We are in a corrective atmosphere where the Palestinian doctrine of racial salvation as the future privilege of the sons of Abraham is repudiated both by word and deed. It was repudiated by the Lord's visit to Zacchaeus, and by the defiant declaration that this member of an outcast class was also "a son of Abraham"—a liberal action and a liberal statement that gave deep offence to the party in power. And besides, if St. Luke really had the Palestinian conception of the "Kingdom" in mind, when he reported the Parable of the Pounds, would he ever have gone to such grammatical lengths to let his readers see

[47] ὑποστρέφω. ἐπανέρχομαι. Luke xix. 12, 15.
[48] Luke xix. 44; xxiii. 28.
[49] Luke xxi. 22.

that Jesus was refuting, instead of reproposing, the views which His hearers held? Impossible! No man, who believes one doctrine, works up his text grammatically to prove another in its stead.

Of one thing only, therefore, can the Saviour here be speaking, namely, the "Return of the Lord of those servants, *after a long time,* to make a reckoning with them at the hour of death." The text has the same corrective purpose as the Matthean Parable of the Talents. Both are of a piece. It expresses, furthermore, under the form of a story, what St. John tells us in open speech: "I will *come again,* and 'take you up unto Myself,' that where I am, you may be also." [50] The sole reason why the Lukan Parable of the Pounds does not at once disclose its thoroughly un-Jewish character is our failure to visualize the compulsion which the Saviour was under, to teach the new in the very terms and pictures of the old. It is this characteristic feature of the Lord's manner of teaching which has been mistaken by many critics for Jewish propaganda on the part of His reporters.

There are differences, and many, between the Lukan account of the Parable of the Pounds and the Matthean of the Talents. But when we bear in mind the different manner in which Christ was accustomed to address the general public and to speak to the Twelve in private, these discrepancies of time and place, scene and incident, background and detail, gradually fall away, leaving us in the presence of a common and united thought—a description, namely, of the kind of salvation that is to come, when Israel falls. And in the one instance as in the other, Jesus assures His listeners that their expectations are unfounded. The Messianic Kingdom of Glory is not to be established until "the end of the age of the Gentiles." [51] In the meanwhile, an historical Kingdom of God is to be set up among the nations, in which the winning of one's soul or its losing shall be the fate of the individual at death. This teaching is too firmly embedded in the Synoptic and Johannine text to be successfully dislodged. It is the fugue of all four Gospels.

Some points need clearing. Is the picture of a nobleman of high rank going to a distant Sovereign to obtain authority over his vassals, an allusion to Herod the Great, or his son,

[50] John xiv. 3.

[51] *St. Matthew and the Parousia,* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1918.

Archelaus, and their intriguing at Rome for kingship over the Jews? The resemblances are very striking, but there is no proof that they amount to more than an unintended coincidence. The Saviour, in the picture drawn at Jericho, is referring to Daniel's well-known vision—"the coming of a Son of Man before the Ancient of Days to receive sovereignty, and glory, and a kingdom"[52]—a prophecy which He elsewhere declared, as here, would be separately, not simultaneously, fulfilled. Nor need the incident about the "embassage sent after Him" be extraneously interpreted. On the occasion of His triumphal entry into Jerusalem—reported immediately after the address at Jericho—Jesus is expressly asked by the Government officials to repudiate the Messianic title of King, with which the populace acclaimed Him—a title which St. Luke significantly inserts in the very text of the psalm[53] sung by the people in His honor. Besides, we have explicit evidence of the unwillingness of the Jews to have "this man reign over them." They openly repudiated His Kingship, taunting Him cruelly with the title, as He hung upon the cross.[54]

True, all this was posterior to the address at Jericho; but in the wonderful knowledge of the future which we have already found the Saviour exhibiting at more than one stage of the present investigation, it were folly to deny that Jesus foresaw and foreknew the Government's cruel decision in His regard. Some have seen a Palestinian picture in the appointment of the "faithful servants" to rulership over ten cities or five, according to their respective earnings.[55] There is more suspicion than evidence in this accusing charge. One of the common thoughts of the New Testament is the sharing of the King's sovereignty by the meritorious just, and it is this Christian thought, not a Palestinian scene, to which Jesus is here alluding. The Parable of the Pounds is, therefore, a correction of the Jewish expectation that the "Kingdom of God," in an eschatological sense, is nigh. It is the inculcation of the wholly different idea that salvation or rejection is to come to the individual at the hour of death, regardless of his relations to Israel, or hers to him. And that is why, in St. Luke's own words: "He *added* and spoke a parable, be-

[52] Dan. vii. 13, 14.
[53] Luke xix. 38. "Blessed *the King* Who cometh in the name of the Lord."
[54] Luke xxiii. 37. Compare John xix. 15.
[55] Luke xix. 17, 18.

cause He was nigh to Jerusalem, and because *they thought* the Kingdom of God *must needs forthwith appear.*"

Thus, after much sifting and comparing, much examining into this little luminous link or that, we are again forced to face the conclusion that the chief and most concerning sense in which the Saviour spoke of His "coming," in the Synoptic Gospels no less than in St. John, was His Return to the individual at the hour of death, to bid Him enter into the joy of His Lord and Master, or be gone forever from His presence. Such was to be the manner of man's saving in the New Kingdom, while it still lay encradled in the Old; and such it would continue to be, from the day that Israel fell, until the Lord returned in the glory of His Father with the angels, to judge the living and the dead.[56] A majestic sweep of historical vision, unmatched by any of the broken lights that went before; a redeeming perspective in which Israel is but a passing incident, and the nations are the unmeasured reality that endures; a most accurate forecast of the future, as anyone may see, when the precise nature of the teaching method of Jesus is discovered and appraised.

Still further evidence that the parables under review are records of corrective teaching, not transcripts of Rabbinical thought, may be gathered from the phrase accompanying their recital in the First Gospel and the Third, namely: "Whoever hath, to him it shall be given, and he shall abound; but whoever hath not, from him shall be taken away that also which he hath."[57] The phrase is evidently regarded as important, since the three Synoptic writers report it, five times in all. Its first mentioning is in connection with the Parable of the Sower, its second with the Parable of the Talents or the Pounds[58]—a circumstance which clearly indicates that these two latter parables *are applied illustrations of the former.* The underlying idea in the five contexts where we find the phrase reported, is the *right or wrong view taken of the Kingdom;*" a convincing cross-demonstration of the thesis which we have been all along upholding. "Take heed *how* you hear,"[59] St. Luke quotes the Lord as saying, after He had explained to the Twelve the Parable of the Sower. There can be no doubt,

[56] Matt. xxv. 31, 32.
[57] Matt. xiii. 12; xxv. 29; Mark iv. 25; Luke viii. 18; xix. 26.
[58] Matt. xiii. 12; xxv. 29; Luke viii. 18; xix. 26.
[59] Luke viii. 18.

therefore, that the phrase has reference to current belief, and is employed in a warning, corrective sense.

A Greek verb used by St. Matthew in two widely separated verses, lets us see the conditions that provoked this adapted quotation from Isaias [60]—the verb "to snatch away." [61] It is used by the author of the First Gospel when writing of "the violence that the Kingdom of Heaven suffered from the days of John," [62] and is re-employed in the Lord's description of the "seed that was snatched out of the heart of him who heard, but did not understand His teaching." [63] The Lord has in mind the proselyting campaign of the Pharisees against His new doctrine of the Kingdom; a conclusion which St. Luke makes certain when he links the verse about "whosoever hath, or hath not," with the *perseverance of the receivers of the word.*[64] The meaning of the phrase in question clarifies itself into the following statement: "Whoever hath My word of the Kingdom, as distinct from the doctrine of the Pharisees, to him more knowledge shall be given, and he shall abound; but whoever hath *not* My word of the Kingdom, even that which he *thinketh* [65] he hath, shall be taken away." By whom? By the "wicked" Pharisee, the one that cometh and "snatcheth away" that which was sown in the heart of him who heard the word of the Kingdom, and *understood* it not." [66]

When the phrase is seen to have this particular sense and bearing, the Parable of the Talents in St. Matthew and the Parable of the Pounds in St. Luke instantly resolve themselves into two powerful descriptions of the fate awaiting those who accept the Pharisaic doctrine of salvation and refuse the word of Christ to the contrary. The servants who received money for trading, and who increased their store during the long absence of the Master, misled by no false fancy of the Kingdom that was to come, represent *applied examples* of the "seed that was sown on good ground"—they heard the word of Christ and understood it, with good heart bringing forth fruit, some a hundredfold, some sixty, and some thirty." [67] They led long and fruitful lives, while the Lord was "gone into a far country to receive for Himself a King-

[60] Isaias lv. 11.
[61] ἁρπάζω. Matt. xi. 12; xiii. 19. Read in connection Matt. xxiii. 15.
[62] ἁρπάζουσιν. Matt. xi. 12. Compare Luke xvi. 16.
[63] Matt. xiii. 19. [64] ἐν ὑπομενῇ. Luke viii. 15; xxi. 19.
[65] Luke viii. 18. [66] Matt. xiii. 19. [67] Matt. xiii. 23.

dom, and to *return.*" And the opposite picture—that of the servant who had neglected to put his talent to good use, folding it unproductively in a napkin, instead—what else is this but a portrayal of him "whose justice had not *abounded* more than that of the Scribes and Pharisees?" Idly waiting for the expected master, to give Him His bare due when He came—"*Behold here what is thine!*"—the slothful servant saw others awarded the talent which he had neglected to improve. Waiting and working had not gone together in this instance, as Jesus said they should. When the Lord had reached this point in His address at Jericho, the audience remonstrated with Him for giving the parable such an unexpected turn.[68] It seemed unjust that the unused pound should be taken away from the one who had it and given to another who already possessed much more. Whereupon the Lord declares: "*I say unto you*"—the words denote corrective teaching—"that unto every one that hath, it shall be given; but from him that hath not, even that which he hath, shall be taken away."

What does the Lord mean by this reply to the remonstrance of the crowd? An interesting cross-reference in St. Matthew informs us. The author of the First Gospel reports the Lord's answer more fully than the author of the Third. "Whoever hath," he says, "to him it shall be given, and he shall *abound*"[69]—a verb which is employed in the famous verse: "Unless your justice *abounds* more than that of the Scribes and Pharisees, you shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."[70] In other words: "He that hath not My word of the Kingdom, from him shall be taken away even that which he *thinketh* he hath;" taken away, that is, by the wily Pharisee, who will tempt him to wait idly for a "Kingdom of God" that is not to come, instead of preparing actively for the one that is at hand, the portals of which are open to the *fruitful believer* at death. In no other sense is Israel to see salvation within her borders, when the Son of Man receives the Kingdom foretold by Daniel. In no other sense is salvation to be lost or won, until the Lord returns in glory to judge the living and the dead. "Be ye therefore ready, for in an hour that *ye think not* (because of your Palestinian prepossessions), *the Son of Man will come.*"[71]

[68] Luke xix. 25. "And they said unto Him."

[69] περίσσεύω. Matt. xiii. 12; xxv. 29.

[70] περισσεύω. Matt. v. 20.

[71] Matt. xxiv. 44; Luke xii. 40—οὐ δοκεῖτε in both instances.

What, then, is the Gospel of the Kingdom, which Jesus in the thirteenth and fourteenth verses of the Discourse announces as the doctrine of salvation to be preached in the whole inhabited earth, for a *testimony* unto all the nations, before the end of the world comes? We think the conclusion has been both textually and critically established, that the doctrine of salvation here proclaimed by Jesus is none other than *the coming of the Son of Man to the individual at the hour of death.* The mass of evidence thus far collected in the present series of studies admits of no other interpretation; and even if we did not have such an abundance of testimony, the verse in which Jesus sets forth His doctrine of salvation—"He that endureth unto the end, the same shall be saved"—could readily clear itself of all association with the superseded eschatology of Palestine. The word "end" is without the definite article in this particular verse,[72] and in every other instance where we find it reported.[73] On the other hand, when the meaning is the "end" of Israel or the end of the world, the noun is always preceded by the article, to make the difference in meaning clear.[74] The sense, therefore, is the "end of life," of "tribulation," of "trial," not the "end of Israel," or the "consummation of the world."

Additional considerations go to make this point more undoubted still. Not to mention the evidence set forth in the last two studies, we have the striking fact that all the contexts in which this Gospel of salvation is announced, are contexts which deal with steadfastness unto death as the new doctrine of the Kingdom.[75] When read in the light of what surrounds its several mentionings, the verse about "enduring to the end," can have no other meaning. And if the several contexts of its employment are not enough to bring conviction, we have the translation of St. Luke, to satisfy the most exacting. The third evangelist puts the meaning of the verse beyond all reasonable doubt, when he translates it for Western eyes into the equivalent rendering: *In your perseverance, you shall win your*

[72] Ὁ δὲ ὑπομείνας εἰς τέλος. Matt. xxiv. 13. Contrary to the general opinion, ὑπομένειν is used by St. Matthew in the same sense as by St. Luke and St. John.

[73] εἰς τέλος. Matt. x. 22; Mark xiii. 13; Luke xxi. 19. Compare 1 Thess. ii. 16; John xiii. 1.—ἕως τέλους. 1 Cor. i. 8.—μέχρι τέλους. Heb. iii. 6, 14.—ἄχρι τέλους. Heb. vi. 11; Apoc. ii. 26.

[74] τὸ τέλος. Matt. xxiv. 6, 14; Luke xxi. 9.

[75] Matt. x. 21; Mark xiii. 12; Luke xxi. 16.

souls.[76] Faithfulness unto death to the Teacher and Mediator,[77] in an organized,[78] earthly Kingdom of trial and tribulation, is the condition of entrance into the Heavenly Kingdom of Glory; faithfulness intellectually, spiritually and morally—Jesus was no Kantian separatist!—is the Gospel of salvation.

The Saviour spoke of His "coming" in three senses: to Israel in power; to the world in glory; and to the individual in salvation or rejection at the hour of death. He did not announce His Final coming as imminent, nor is He reported to this effect. The so-called "Apocalypse of Jesus," in which the Lord is supposed to have expressed belief in the nearness of the Last Advent, or to have had others do so in His stead, is actually *a mass of corrective teaching to the contrary,* as the results of the present investigation, so far forth, have shown, and shall show still further. The existence of these apocalyptic utterances is a creation of scholarship, due for the most part to the unproved and unprovable assumption that Jesus *always* spoke of His "coming" in an ultimate and final sense. The fact of the matter is that in only *three* [79] verses of the *Discourse,* out of a total of *fifty-one,* can His words be proved to have had this meaning; and even in these, the end of the world is not presented as nigh, but as put off indefinitely. He Who appealed from Judaism to history for His vindication, solemnly declaring that even if heaven and earth passed, *His word* of the Kingdom would still remain,[80] appealed to a witness which has faithfully reproduced His forecast for twenty centuries and bids fair to do so unto the end.

[76] Luke xxi. 19.—ἐν τῇ ὑπομενῇ ὑμῶν, κτήσεσθε τὰς ψυχὰς ὑμῶν. Here the new *spiritual* idea of salvation is cut clear from the *physical*-preservation doctrine of Palestine, and expressed in the very terms of the latter: "Not a hair of your head shall perish." Luke xxi. 17. For which phrase, see: 1 Sam. xiv. 45; 2 Sam. xiv. 11; 1 Kings i. 52; Acts xxvii. 34.

[77] Matt. vii. 22, 23; x. 32, 39; xxv. 40, 45.

[78] Matt. xvi. 18, 19; xviii. 17, 18; Luke x. 16.

[79] Matt. xxiv. 29-31.

[80] Matt. xxiv. 35.

THE PASSING OF ANATOLE FRANCE.

BY MARGARET B. DOWNING.

A LITERARY development of the World War which deserves searching analysis relates to the complete eclipse of the fame of M. Jacques Anatole Thibault, whose pen name is Anatole France. That his vogue entered the twilight even before the German guns had silenced the defences of Liège is no longer debatable, nor that, after four years of war, it is enveloped by the shadows of night. Of the thirty odd books he has written or any future books he may write, unless, indeed, the rumor of his change of heart be true, not one will remain an influence on French national life. If their utterances through a thousand varying sources may be accepted, the French people have cast aside for all time a philosophy which has borne such lamentable fruit. He whom powerfully assertive critics proclaimed the greatest of living writers, not alone in the French Republic, but in all the world of letters, he whom they deemed worthy to count among the immortals of literature, does not withstand the first test applied in his own generation.

The French Republic, on July 4th and 14th, gathered together her eminent men of letters as part of a grand pageant to celebrate the national fête day of her great ally and friend, and her own state holiday. The Academy had its full quota of orators and others especially honored on both these occasions, yet the name of Anatole France does not appear in the list. His countrymen have condemned most comprehensively the mighty works of which he boasts more loudly than becomes an ironist, as well as the minor writings through which he is best known to the reading world outside of his native country. The time may come when an apologist will plead for the hours of pure delight which grew out of his fairy-tales, *The Honey-Bee* for instance, or the keen enjoyment of his drolleries in holding up the origins of legends or the wizardry with which his pen envelops the commonplaces of life, or the pathos of it. But he has not yet lifted his voice. The writings

of Anatole France *en masse* have wrought a monstrous evil. It is nothing that *en détail* there is incomparable grace and much that is innocent told in a style surpassing all other authors in the modern school of French letters.

The critics apologetically explain, that not in the nature of things could Anatole France hope to remain the idol of French letters—an aged and ailing man, an ironist, a skeptic, a hedonist. War literature must breathe the enthusiasms of youth, must be idealistic, passionately sincere. They hail him as the last and greatest of the Gallic ironists, who for purposes of classification may be considered to begin with Villon and include such widely separated members of the *genre* as Rabelais, Voltaire, Rousseau, Renan. Briefly, the critics have prepared imposing obsequies, but the important fact is that as the "foremost man of letters today," they admit his passing.

This remarkable evolution suggests in a new way the discussion of the fascinating question: What constitutes the imperishable element in literature? What quality has enabled Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, Schiller to fasten on the minds of such infinite variety of men, what makes the kingdom of Homer endure forever and the writings of the Latin poets of the Virgilian era, the solace of two centuries of thinkers? Some keen and discerning litterateurs, many of them American, have discussed the vogue of Anatole France from time to time, since the autumn of 1914 and always as something entirely of the past. They point unerringly to the reasons which expel his writings, no matter how brilliantly they stand out against contemporary literature, from those which human society crowns with immortality. Mr. William Marion Reedy, an incisive analyist, wrote in an article entitled *The Art of Anatole France,* which appeared October 29, 1915, in the excellent weekly he edits in St. Louis: "In point of grace and deftness, in smiling, sympathetic, smooth, urbane polished deadliness of destruction, he outranks the diabolist of *The Philosophical Dictionary* and *The Huron.*" Mr. Reedy adds that his preöccupation with sexual license is a serious blemish. Mr. John L. Hervey, a critic who has shown an amazing ability in exposing the weakness of the literary superman, in a series of articles on Anatole France which aroused attention wherever the popularity of that arch-skep-

tic held sway, says: "He is a destroyer in his own field and of the *n*th power. This will of itself place him irrevocably in the lower walks of literature. Supreme greatness in a writer is not distinguished by a deadliness of destruction, but by life-giving creativeness."

The writers who have arraigned him as the chief of the false teachers who brought his countrymen to the pass in which they found themselves when the gray legions of Germany began their invasion, are too numerous to be cited. His doctrine of pleasure and the futility of suffering and self-denial, had borne logical fruit in the dwindling population. His gospel of spiritual freedom had resulted in the shifting of personal responsibility among the masses. But the lesson which the critics have driven home means that the veil of sophistry in which he has enveloped his literary art has been torn away. He may, says a versatile British writer, be assured of about five lines in the literary history of the next century. But these lines will show him as an evil power when his opportunity for the betterment of humanity was supreme. His works are destructive, and every literary effort which lives, even for a brief span, is distinguished by procreativeness.

From the element of destruction in the writings of Anatole France, comes the inevitable reaction. By those who have loved him and praised his writings "just this side of idolatry," satire is considered his most formidable weapon. But with the veil torn off he stands revealed more as an egoist than an ironist, as a romanticist when he would impress the reader as a profound historian, as the tool of a wizard rather than the wizard himself. As an illustration in condensed form, nothing is more illuminative than the fragment called *After Herodotus* found in the Christmas book which he wrote in November of 1915, *Au profit des blessés du XV. Corps.*"

Prefatory to the dialogue between Xerxes and Democratus, an exiled King of Sparta who had refuge at the Persian court, France indulges in a typical *ex-cathedra* statement, that man has been changeless in all the centuries and that in the most distant ages, we find features peculiar to our own. Then he shows us Kaiser Wilhelm as the Persian tyrant and the Greek as typical of the Entente nations. This from a so-called ironist, as though the merest tyro of history could not discover the resemblance for himself!

Xerxes. Man for man a Persian is worth more than a Greek. For Persians commanded by me alone, exceed their natural valiance by all the greatness which is imposed upon them. Your Greeks, equal and free, obeying not one chief but inspired only by their own hearts, which are often middling, for great hearts are rare, do battle only at their will.

Democratus. Greeks are free O King, but not in every way. In Sparta not dying on the field but flying from it is death.

Xerxes. I will disclose to you another advantage of the Persians over the Greeks. The Persians are closely united under my authority and the Greeks are perpetually quarreling among themselves.

Democratus. Their dissensions ceased at thy approach, O King.

Xerxes. No matter. Heaven is on my side. Alone among men Persians know the true gods. My design is not only to conquer Greece but all Europe. Europe is beautiful. Her heavens are kind and her soil fruitful. Of all mortals, I alone am worthy to possess her.

Democratus. Son of Darius, if thou beholdeth in thyself a god and thinketh to command an army of immortals, then thou hast not to listen to me. But if thou acknowledgeth thyself a man commanding men, think how fortune is like a wheel ever-turning and overturning those whom it hath lifted up.

But Xerxes departed from the Spartan, not in anger but because he thought him mad.

Very amusing, if one forgets the opening digression. But if a reader runs across another utterance of Anatole France anent the condition of the world and the results of the universal war, he will suffer a reaction. In this he disclaims that he ever wrote or thought that the French Republic of today bears the least point of resemblance to ancient Greece.

That country (Greece) was never noble in politics. She was great in art, but never in war nor did she ever play a distinguished rôle in foreign policies. Her great wars were civil wars. She excelled in killing her own. But Greece had great historians. From them, we learn of the marvels of her Persian war. But if Persia had possessed great historians, what then?

This view of the value of all history, may temper the verdict which painstaking historians have entered against the most pretentious of his books dealing with the past, the *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc*. Of his own confession, he doubts all chronicles of the past, as in reality he doubted all things. Openly and without shadow of apology, he has taken history as the crude stuff of which romance is fashioned, and has touched it always with a desire to make over the material into something alien rather than to use it as it is. With this propensity in mind, is there more conceivable egoism in the world of letters than the statement of Anatole France, that his life of her restored the Maid of Orleans to humanity? Mr. Hervey, in a spirited controversy with another excellent critic, Mr. Louis Lamb of Chicago, asks: "Would M. France have us believe that previous to his *Vie*, the Maid was dead to us or dehumanized? It would appear so, which cannot but be classified among the illusions of authorship, from which the arch-ironist is not free. I have doubts if M. France is familiar with Mark Twain's *Jeanne d'Arc*, or if he does not regard it as a crude and amateurish performance. Yet the American ironist, as great if not greater than M. France himself, makes the Maid a living human, beautifully human figure."

It seems the essence of irony, that one who lays violent hands on the historians of antiquity, places great stress on his own researches in building up the so-called life of the sainted Maid. He has consulted archives, chronicles, diaries, private letters and tittle-tattle, principally the latter, and therefore he alone presents the truth about one of the loveliest ideals in a storm torn age! His work has become a text-book for the pornographist, but this distinction was not perhaps what the author coveted. Were other proof necessary to mark the change of sentiment in the French people, we might study the avenues by which a popularly esteemed Parisian writer approaches the saintly Maid, and the goal which he reaches. This is M. Maurice Barrès, who published a study of Jeanne d'Arc in the same series in which M. Anatole France presented his Christmas book, the last and only utterance since he realized his departed greatness.

But calamitous as it is for a certain côterie to have received Anatole France as a creditable historian of the

patroness of the awakened France, there is a more glaring instance still of his being a romanticist and not a historian, and willfully so, where truth was available in the essence. No story from his pen was read with such avidity or provoked such a host of feeble imitators, as *Thaïs*. Quite recently, Mary of Egypt has played the leading part in a sensational novel, obviously a poor imitation of the fantastic light which M. France sheds on sexual vice. As in *Thaïs*, one-half the book paints the life of the courtesan in the era when saints starved and scourged themselves in the Egyptian Thebaid. That Massenet accepted this monstrous distortion of truth as the libretto of his opera, is a matter of profound regret, for his enticing music will live after the critics have exposed the satanic ingenuity of Anatole France in assaulting self-abnegation and denial.

Since we live in an age of skepticism, when all historical sources are subjected to scrutiny, there are scholars who cast doubt on the chronicles of the Early Christian Fathers. Of the latter Palladius is much esteemed by ecclesiastical writers, and his *Lausaic History* has formed the inspiration of many books of piety. In some old libraries, a slender volume, immensely filling as to contents, may still be found, *The Fathers of the Desert*. In this, and of course in the records of Palladius, we read an almost divinely inspiring story of the Blessed Woman Thaïs, once that white flame of beauty, the hetæra of Alexandria who had driven men mad. The ascetic Belarion, known in Church annals as Serapion of the Girdle, determined to free the city of this awful tool of Satan and boldly invaded the palace to work her conversion, precisely as appears in Massenet's opera and the story of Anatole France.

But Serapion of the Girdle is a well authenticated historical character. Not alone do the Palladian annals show this, but recent excavations in Egypt have proved beyond a reasonable doubt that the hermit who rescued Thaïs from worse than death, lived and died in the desert, a saint. This is certified in other patristic writings as well as those of the Bishop of Helenopolis, who composed his chronicles in the year 420 at the instance of one Lausus, a court official of the Emperor Theodosius in Constantinople, and possibly by the Emperor's command. It was, therefore, well within the power of Anatole France to know that his monstrous creation, Paphnuce, was

absolutely untrue to every source of history obtainable. He deliberately painted a demoniacal vampire, tortured by dreams of the beauty of the woman whom he led from sin, when he knew that truth lay in an entirely different direction. Of a certainty, he has taken the raw material of history and made it into something repugnant, obscene and destructive. The patience of the French people has been phenomenal. That the libel was not proclaimed and a retraction demanded can only be attributed to the intolerable conditions in which all professors of religion found themselves while the loud-toned advocates of M. France held the public attention.

Our country and its people are presumed to be lenient and indifferent towards reckless writers, but it is not problematical, what would be the fate of anyone, professing to write a novel with a true historical background, who depicted revolutionary times, and painted George Washington to the life in every detail, yet assigned to him the rôle of Benedict Arnold. How summarily would a romance be dealt with laid in the days when Our Saviour walked the earth, if St. Peter were given the part of the Iscariot in the drama of the Crucifixion. Just so abnormal is this "masterpiece of ironic psychology."

That Paphnuce relapses into an abyss of concupiscence eons lower than that from which he rescued Thaïs, is a perverse, deliberate invention, a worthy revenge on a great ascetic, whose teachings, centuries old, still hold the minds of men against the voluptuousness of M. France and his preachings of pleasure. The pity of it is that so few know the true story or will ever know it. For even with the regeneration caused by the War, such books as those inspired the chronicles of Palladius will hardly become popular. The saint of stern and commanding fortitude is lost sight of, while the hideous demon presented by Anatole and faithfully copied by Massenet lives on. Perhaps the aroused conscience of the world will one day demand a retraction and a re-writing of the libretto. Not many months ago, a patriotic historian demanded and obtained suitable action against a fellow scribe who had libeled the memory of George Washington and assailed his moral integrity. The custodians of truth have a far stronger case against Anatole France and those who receive the revenues from Massenet's opera.

We have yet to consider the value of Anatole France as a

worker in the socialistic field. In the autumn of 1914, he sadly announced he would write no more, for it was in vain. His theories could never be made practical. It is well for humanity in the future that they will not. And yet he has touched truth in many places. As, for instance, in his doctrine of converting the world to a gentler mode of thought. The Germans, he feels, must be greeted in the brotherly spirit when the War is over, for, as he points out, " they are part of our world and to think to keep them outside our good will and affection, is to contemplate sending the world back to chaos. We must fight the evil in them by destroying the evil in ourselves. *The Internationale* must perish." This was written after the War began and shows the light of truth begining to glimmer amidst the lurid and lambent hues with which he has hitherto clothed every theme. He has expressed doubts of the results of the War on what he has always called the French colonial mania. Here again the white light kindles and lends faith to the current tale that Anatole France is a changed man since the autumn of 1914. He would have no more colonizing among the advanced nations, for he believes it to be economically wrong. He thinks Japan has done mankind an ineffable service in making the white man respect the yellow. He does not despair even of the blacks and demonstrates that even now in pioneer countries, they are much superior to the Europeans of 2000 B.C. He paints a Utopia, a rather jumbled State, but it has its points.

Psychologists who have hitherto written of war and the change it brings upon those who wage it, however unwilling they be to accept change, will not agree with any of M. France's theories. Socialism, they say, will come but not of his brand. Europe, according to these seers, will be free spiritually and in the governmental sense, but after a larger pattern and with a wider vision than he has prepared or enjoyed. But he is not more unprepared to accept a reversal of his opinions on this, his favorite theme, than he is to accept the repudiation of his teachings by the Parisians who had placed him among the immortals. That Christmas book shows a changed spirit. Not once can his sincerity be doubted, and not once can one detect a gesture of satire.

Take that scrap in which he so vividly describes an episode of the bombardment of Ypres, that not even by transla-

tion can the charm be impaired. It tells of the heroism of a French doctor in a hospital tending the German wounded and who will not leave his post, though the bombs are bursting all about him. He writes in a letter to friends in Paris:

> I could not leave my wounded for I was jealous to give the enemy an example of humanity. I was making out my report at the exact spot where the shell fell, but I had left my work table but a few seconds before. It was an enormous *marmite* that tore down the whole wing of the hospital and made mince meat of poor Léonie and her little dog. A poor little black woolen shawl with a bloody fragment was all we found of the cook of the Ypres hospital, Léonie, a simple soul with a heart of the people, a sacrificial heart. Against fear and for protection, she had set up between two slim candles an image of Notre Dame de Thuymes, the patroness of Ypres, and who in other days had saved the city from destruction. Every day the image changed places, sometimes it was on the sideboard, now on a chair, even on the floor, but always between its two lighted candles.

If there still remain *Francistes*, who cling to the man who wrote prior to August, 1914, what a grief one fragment in the Christmas book must be to them. It is so tender, so hopeful, so full of the sublime and indomitable courage of the French people, that only a converted Anatole could have penned this *Little City of France*. It is a matter of profound regret that those able French scholars who rushed into print the horrors of the *Life of Joan of Arc* and of *Thaïs* have not found the time to translate the Christmas book, which is the only utterance of M. France since the dark cloud of war enveloped his country. But this, again, may be but another token of his passing fame.

> From the hillside we saw the little city, its name is of small importance. It is a village of France peaceably nestled in the hollow of a valley. It was charming with its winding streets, its pointed towers, and the clock carved in the hood of the elegant church spire. I look upon it with rapture. It is a way our small cities have to fill the heart with a sadness which is yet gay and which is sweeter than laughter. I can hear voices, for even stones have voices for those who will listen. And the stones of that little city spoke to me:

"See, I am very old but I am still beautiful. The piety of my children has embroidered me a robe of towers and spires and dented gables and belfries. I am a good mother. I have taught my children labor and all the arts of peace. I exhort my citizens to that scorn of danger which makes them invincible. I nurse my children in my arms and when their task is done, they come one after another to sleep at my feet. They pass out but I remain to keep their memory. I am their memory. This is why they love me. For man is only man when he remembers. My cloak is torn and my bosom pierced with wounds they tell me are mortal. But I live because I hope. Learn of me, for Holy Hope shall save our country."

THE PROCESS.

BY GEORGE BENSON HEWETSON.

I AM to make—not made.
As the potter takes the clay
And molds it to his desires,
Purging its weakness away
By stress of his strengthening fires,
Vouchsafe me, O God, Thine aid,
Take into Thy hands my life,
That a child of Thine own by self's defeat,
I may receive it again,
Strengthened by strife,
Ennobled by pain,
Cleansed by Thy love, and complete.

THE MINERAL SHORTAGE.

BY M. R. RYAN.

TIME was when we of the United States considered war only in the term of soldiers and militant sailors. The winning of a conflict would rest upon these, and these alone, we placidly believed. But since that Good Friday when we entered the battle arena, the fact has been steadily borne upon us, from one quarter or another, that it is the non-belligerent portion of a nation upon which the burden of gaining a victorious peace rests most heavily. Armed forces, we are shown, can be but of little avail if the vital resources of a land are not marshaled to full strength in their aid. Wherefore we are entreated to conserve food, to produce ships and aëroplanes and munitions, to fill the Treasury with money, to support the Red Cross. And now comes an appeal from Washington for an increased output of minerals.

About the middle of last April the Secretary of the Interior wrote to Mr. Kitchen, the majority leader of the House of Representatives, that a serious situation was developing in regard to war minerals—minerals such as are necessary to carry on our various industries engaged upon war work. He requested that action be taken to stimulate production of these minerals; and later on he addressed the Speaker of the House on the same subject, suggesting that we might find ourselves in a predicament should our important facilities be cut off. And with the presence of enemy U-boats off our Atlantic coast at this period, how significant do his words become!

Since the deadly advent of the raiders, the mysterious case of the *Cyclops* has been again recalled. We remember that it was on its way to one of our ports from Brazil with a great supply of manganese aboard. Suddenly it disappeared, without even a call for succor, from the face of the ocean. Naturally, our thoughts turned first to the probable loss of lives when the news of the non-arrival of the vessel was published. And later, we reflected a moment or two on the regrettable loss of the ship itself. But we manifested little concern over

our failure to obtain the cargo of manganese. Yet this was no indifferent matter. For we need manganese to harden steel; and in how many war industries is steel not essential?

It is now a piece of common knowledge that Germany, though adequately supplied with iron and copper, is badly lacking in hardening materials for steel; her torpedoes, too, have not their former strength and accuracy because of the scarcity of nickel in the empire. Of course, over these phases of the situation we do not repine. But our own present shortage of minerals cannot but cause our anxiety to rise. Certainly at this stage of the hideous war game, it would be a calamity if *our* steel were not of the best, if *our* ammunition were of the sort that frequently flies wide of the mark.

Now, in addition to the fact that we should produce our own minerals and thus make ourselves independent of any other nation on the earth, and so, to an extent, impervious to marauding craft, there is the question of ship conservation. The Shipping Board, hard pressed as it has been to furnish something like a sufficiency of vessels to transport troops, food and munitions overseas, now finds itself obliged to withdraw for military purposes, tonnage which has hitherto been devoted to purely commercial pursuits. For instance, five ships have been engaged in bringing pyrites to this country. This mineral is used in the manufacture of sulphuric acid, which is in demand in munition plants. The majority of these ships have now been commandeered for war service; and whereas we have been importing one hundred thousand tons a month, in the future we can figure on bringing into the country but ten thousand tons. And it is inevitable that the greater number of vessels in every line of foreign trade must shortly be requisitioned by the Board. Consider the amount of tonnage involved in the importation of chromium (used in armor-plates, armor-piercing projectiles, aëroplane motors, etc.), and manganese, perhaps the most important mineral in war industries. In 1917, we required tonnage to import from New Caledonia sixty-three per cent of the former mineral; and for the latter, tonnage to supply sixty-eight per cent was needed. This cannot long continue.

It becomes self-evident that it would mean an extensive saving in ships if all necessary minerals could be wholly procured within our own boundaries. We could use the commer-

cial ships to so much better advantage elsewhere! In late May, Edwin Gay of the Shipping Board informed the Senate Committee on Mines that there is grave danger that the Allied shipping production will not keep even on an equal basis with shipping losses. And he advocated that measures be taken to relieve the ore situation in order that the ships now carrying these products be released for strictly war needs.

So extensively has the mineral question been agitated that it seems likely at the present moment that the Government will soon be empowered to take definite steps to remedy conditions. During the summer, Senator Ashurst succeeded in persuading the Senate to pass a bill, which provides for the opening of Indian reservations for mining of metalliferous metals. It is claimed that many of these reservations in the West contain much mineral wealth. That the Indians residing thereon have not engaged in mining is due to the fact that, for the most part, they are superstitious about delving into the earth for its riches. The Ashurst bill, then, seeks to open these reservations to those who *will* mine. But there was considerable opposition to the bill in the Senate. There were those, for instance, who believed that it would be unfair to the Indians. It was made clear, however, that though this plan has been long discussed, none of the Indians have objected to it. And, indeed, why should they? They would not lose title to their lands: such portions given over to miners would only be leased. And the lessees would be required to pay to the Indians not only rental for the land but also fair royalties for any ore removed. Some of the Senators, too, took exceptions to the bill on the ground that they do not hold with the leasing system on the public domain. But Indian lands are not public lands—and so their objections fall flat. The bill is now awaiting the attention of the House; and it is to be hoped that it will be received favorably there. For surely none of our mining resources should be unutilized at this time.

The Foster bill (passed by the House, but yet to be acted upon in the Senate) is another measure designed to encourage the production of metals and minerals. It is, frankly speaking, a bill which would be totally undesirable in peace times. It provides that the Government take over, develop, or operate, if necessary, mines; it authorizes a revolving fund of millions of dollars to permit the President, through the Inter-

ior Department, to carry out the provisions of the act; it permits the Secretary of the Interior to fix the price at which various minerals may be sold. That the President recommended its passage as a war measure is, doubtless, the action that saved it from annihilation in the House. For it bears the marks of Socialism, as does so much of the legislation nowadays.

There is a serio-comic situation involved in the protective measures which this bill incorporates. When the Sixty-third Congress was considering the Underwood-Simmons bill there was an endeavor made to keep a $2.50 a ton duty on ferromanganese; this, unfortunately, did not meet with any success; ferromanganese went on the free list. Today this policy is practically admitted as a mistaken one. It has been rendered plain that had pyrites, for example, been protected, instead of allowing the Spanish product to enter the country at so low a rate that no one could afford to compete in the market with it, there would have been no necessity to include the mineral in the present bill; likewise, that had the duty on manganese been retained the Government would not now be fretting over the shortage of that commodity. Young industries require assistance. Wherefore we have the Foster bill, with its revolving fund of ten million dollars, in which to some of our infant industries aid is given, not at the expense of the foreigner, but at the expense of the people of this country. It is a highly protective bill; a measure, as Mr. Walsh of Massachusetts suggested, in which everything is protected but the Treasury.

As originally presented to the House, the bill provided that governmental control of war minerals should cease to be in effect after the existing state of war between the United States and Germany and its ally, Austria, shall have terminated; and the fact and date of such termination was to be ascertained and proclaimed by the President as soon as in his judgment the agencies and activities provided in the bill could be reasonably terminated. But tremendous powers are granted to the Government in this measure—powers that few members of Congress would care to bestow upon it in normal times. So the bill as now amended, limits these powers, except the ability to carry out any contract or guaranty entered upon, or to wind up affairs, to a definite six months after the War shall be over.

It also stipulates that the Secretary of the Interior may enter upon contracts for necessary minerals for periods of not exceeding two years, that he may provide storage facilities for, and sell, the minerals. And it furthermore provides, as has been previously mentioned, for the fixing of a minimum price for minerals. That is, as amended, the bill does this. In its initial form, it permitted the naming of a maximum price, also. And this clause was eliminated only after extensive debate. There are economists in the House who contend that the maximum price is essential in this case, in order to guard against over-production. If the Government becomes the guarantor of a minimum price on minerals (they say) and the buyer of the product, it must, at the same time, protect itself from the danger of an over-supply, by setting a maximum rate. But, really, can there be much danger of over-production during the period of the War? And does not the theory that a maximum price is havoc-working seem more tenable in this instance?

Suppose, in accordance with the stipulations of the bill, that the Interior Department should make this announcement: "Minerals are in great demand at present. You people who are able to mine for them, go out and do so. The Government of the United States will guarantee you who will produce these minerals, a price that will be fair, a price not less than the guaranteed price fixed by the department." Now, a poor operator, on the strength of that guarantee, might undertake to work a mine for some one of the specified minerals. But authorize the Department to set a maximum price for the ore, and what will happen? The operator will be scared off, in all probability. He knows that mining is an uncertain game, at the best; he is aware that developing a little mine may be a costly business. Perhaps the maximum price would leave him no profits after his expenses were paid. And if a man cannot sell his products with a reasonable gain, he simply will not bother to produce at all. There is no doubt about it: the maximum price here would render completely worthless every purpose of the bill.

A revolving fund of fifty million dollars was authorized in this bill when it was given to the House for consideration. Just why the fund was placed at fifty millions rather than at some other figure, it is impossible to say. Mr. Baruch stated

to the House committee that had the bill in charge that he thought one hundred and fifty millions would be required. But some other gentlemen who testified before the same committee were of the opinion that a third of that amount would be sufficient; so with its fifty millions the bill went into the House. We have such a carefree, delightful way in regard to government finances in this country! However, it does seem as though Congress is growing somewhat prudent. It is beginning to look askance at measures that entail large sums of money for execution. And so the fund was cut down to ten million dollars—a mere bagatelle.

As has been observed previously, this bill is by no means a peacetime measure. It is only a belated effort to encourage the mining industry—and tardy efforts do not always accomplish results, and are not always flawless. But we must be optimistic. The unexpected does occur occasionally. We will hope for the best in the mineral situation.

A WOMAN KNITTING.

BY VICTORIA ENGLISH.

O KITTEN, you play
With my ball of gray,
And snatch at the shining steel;
The knitting to you is only a game,
For the needles flash in the flickering flame,
And the tight ball rolls like a wheel.

But I, who sit
By the fire and knit,
See the yarn, through my eyes grown dim,
As a cord that runs to a trench, to bind
A man to the woman he left behind,
Her heart to the heart of him.

THE POETRY OF J. CORSON MILLER.

BY CATHARINE MCPARTLIN.

AT this world-crisis when hearts are turning with new fervor to God and His Blessed Mother, and the patronage of the Blessed Virgin is fervently invoked for this and other lands, a new poet has laid at Our Lady's feet pledge of his life, as her consecrated knight in deed and song. This is the inspiration of the verse of J. Corson Miller. The grace, strength and originality of his poems to Mary are the fruit of Catholic instinct and devotion. Each has the sincerity of a prayer from the heart to her whose titles cover the range of human needs. In these, his unusual poetic powers are at their best. Imagination, passion, facility of musical and expressive word and phrase, lyric tone—these natural endowments are augmented by education, vision and Catholic faith. Buoyancy of spirit, a poet's questing of mind, have found outlet and guidance in religious verse. His command of sonorous rhythm, musical word and sensuous imagery suggests the influence of Edwin Markham, Omar Khayam, Shelley and Noyes. His trend towards philosophic thought and Catholic expression shows a debt to Dante, Tasso, Francis Thompson and other great Catholic singers.

Young in experience, writing from sympathy and insight rather than from knowledge, he is, at times, one of the "poets glad with singing" of whom he speaks in a poem to be noticed later. The boyishness of such poems as *To My Queen* is an element of the sincerity which marks his verse.

Its fervor is registered where it will not be forgotten and is certain to bear fruit, and to pass on fire to other hearts and wills. It holds within it promise of fulfillment more fully found in *The Coronation of Our Lady, The Annunciation, The Heart of Mary, Among the Lilies, Ave Maris Stella, The Vision of the Cross, The Madonna of Rheims, Comforter of the Afflicted,* titles which show that this herald of Mary's honored name has meditated her joys and glories, and tasted of her power. A delicate figure expresses confidence in her and sympathy with humanity:

Blooming in thy snow-robed splendor,
(Lovely Lily of the Morn),
Waft thy fragrance, sweet and tender,
Where war's screaming wounds are borne,
Let thy petals drift afar
Where the grief-sick mothers are.

The World War and the unceasing conflict of the soul with sin are the burden of many of Mr. Miller's poems. *Battle Cry, On a Nun Decorated With the Iron Cross, Come, Holy Ghost,* and *The Prince of Peace* are chief of these. He voices the Holy Father's plea for peace—" to the war-wracked, bleeding lands:"

Ye warring nations of the market place,
Kneel to this little Child,
Who came to save a world with sin defiled,
And pray He make this maddened war to cease.
" Love one another,
Be kind to him, thy brother,"
This was His pleading cry.

In *An Episode of Verdun,* he speaks from the trenches: " Tell her that Pierre went singing when the charge was at its height."

The poems in which he writes from personal experience are simpler than are those wrought as result of education and study. Such phrases as " faith's faucets supernal, gushing supreme in my breast " are fittingly excluded from *The Missing,* a personal poem touched with sorrow and from his Christmas poems: *How the Christ Child Came,* and *King of the Poor:*

He came, a Stranger to an alien land,
Where none reached out to Him a friendly hand;
He scarce could find a place to lay His head,
As holy seers of old had truly said.
Dear Jesu, model of humility,
Give ear to me.

The Penitent's Prayer illustrates his aspiration to the sweep of vision and boldness of imagery, which proceed from human passion, but it does not interpret experience as truly as does *Following From Afar.*

While Mr. Miller tends to longer poems, he weaves his thought smoothly into the sonnet form, with a climax that is

always adequate. *A Winter Reverie* has art and sympathy; *The Garden of God* contrasts sensuous with spiritual beauty; *Death in the City* is a flashlight upon a common tragedy relieved by the note of faith. *The Nuptials* commemorates an event most fitting for a poet's pen; the poignancy of the news-report is softened by this picture of heroism, pathos, simple turning to God, the triumph of love and faith, of "Joseph Plunkett—married on the eve of his execution."

> O Love of all my life, the day is done.
> Look! Night throws purple shadows on the sea—
> Cling closer, Love, through all eternity
> We shall recall this hour; there is One
> Besides ourselves, albeit, like the Sun—
> Radiant and high—shall mold my dreams for me:
> Shall give to Erin strength to battle free,
> While some proud thrones sink to oblivion.
>
> Time hastes; soon dawn shall wipe away the stars
> And my young life; yet, if I e'er had fears
> Of death, they've left me now—like rose-laid jars,
> Love's honeyed sweetness soothes me, and appears
> The Vision I have glimpsed through prison bars:
> Brave Erin smiling through a veil of tears.

These sonnets breathe the atmosphere of Catholicism, and are wide in their appeal. Excellent, yet inferior, is the tribute to *James Whitcomb Riley,* printed in the *Book News Monthly:*

> The lame, the weak, the poor, the humble soul,
> The tired hands made gnarled through honest toil,
> These all he placed upon Time's flaming scroll,
> He knew and sang the children of the soil.
>
> Not from the great ones of the earth shall he
> Derive the honeyed homage of high praise,
> Nay, he shall keep fame's immortality
> Through kindly hearts that learn his lyric lays.

While we admire the sympathy, sincerity and temperance of this poem, we cannot but miss the fire and self-surrender so conspicuous in the poet's religious verse. Indeed, to be at his best, so it would seem, his faith must find irresistible expression. In the verses, *At the Grave of Rupert Brooke,* Mr. Miller writes in the character of a pagan poet. While there

is melody and art in the poem, we feel the character ill befits him, and return gladly, to find him at his finest and his deepest in religious poems of such quality as *The Commission* and *Sanctuary Vigil.* Catholic thought and feeling are here enshrined in beauty and melody, and give new promise of a high order of verse from his pen.

Thus we discern the many influences at work to mold this poet's work, the burden of his hopes and fears and prayers. The best verse of secular magazines today expresses many creeds, and does not exclude poems of strong Christian tone. If J. Corson Miller would win this wider field of influence—if in truth it be wider—if he seeks the task of carrying the Word to desolate hearts and thirsty souls, it will only be when, independent of audience, he writes for God. Driven by stress of suffering and a great message, Francis Thompson expressed Catholicism as naturally as he breathed. Mr. Miller's genius will eventually embody the beauties of the Catholic faith in all that he writes. He holds the key to success, to turn all failures into victory; one may live amid "writhing marts of men," yet in spirit remain in this chosen place:

> I sing Thy altars where the red lamps burn
> Unceasingly from dawn to dawn's return,
> I drink Thy peace which worldly spirits spurn,
> Thy best belovèd, peace.

New Books.

NIETZSCHE THE THINKER. By William Mackintire Salter. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.50 net.

Mr. Salter's volume on Nietzsche is an elaborate and painstaking study. He appears conversant with, and to have thoroughly assimilated, the vast literature Nietzsche has fathered. Often he differs from former interpreters to the advantage of his author; still there is no offensive chauvinism in his pages; he remains throughout the self-possessed, serene professor, who exposes his themes calmly and along scientific lines.

But is Nietzsche the thinker really worth study; are his thoughts on the great problems of man's and the universe's destiny deserving of consideration?

A philosophy must be judged by the solutions it proposes to these eternal questions. If its solutions are noble, elevating, capable of uplifting mankind and of idealizing life, it is worthy, though it contain some inadmissible elements and some dross. Catholics, thanks to their holy faith, are not left to the unguided light of reason alone for the solution of such delicate and perplexing problems. But the acute thinkers of Catholicism have not rested satisfied without examining those questions along rational and scientific lines, and they have constructed in their philosophy a grandiose monument of human investigation and human skill. We may, however, admit worthy philosophies outside our own. The philosophies of Plato and Aristotle, for instance, contain much that is admirable: St. Augustine borrowed considerably from the first, and St. Thomas from the second; the speculations of Descartes, Malebranche and Leibnitz are not destitute of elements of nobility. But Nietzsche is absolutely depressing and debasing, is deliberately opposed to all Christian ideals and seems to be anxious to destroy all submission to the Maker. In fact he admits no such Being as God, the Creator and Father of the Universe. "It is important to stop speaking of the All as if it were a unity, a force, an absolute of some kind—we come early in this way to take it as a highest instance and to christen it 'God.' We must split up the All, unlearn any particular respect for it, bring back feelings we have given to the unknown and the whole and devote them to things next to us, our own things. . . . To speak bluntly, there is no All, the great sensorium or inventorium or storehouse of power is lacking."

Nor does he admit an immortal soul destined in happier æons to reach its due perfection. Souls, Nietzsche says, are just as mortal as bodies and may even perish quicker. The next life is simply this over again, for evolution brings out fatally the recurrence of the same combinations, the same events. Here we touch one of the central dogmas of the Nietzschean creed, the doctrine of "Eternal Recurrence" exposed at length by Mr. Salter. If we understand the fantastic conception rightly, it simply means that the blind cosmic forces proceeding endlessly in the same treadmill round, must of necessity reproduce the same events and occurrences over and over again. "The eternal hour-glass of existence is ever again turned, and you with it—dust of dust." No proof is offered for such an absurd speculation; indeed Nietzsche never abounds in proofs; for is not Zarathustra a prophet? Nor is the idea original; he owed it and several others to the pagan philosopher Heraclitus. (*Vide* M. A. Mügge. *Nietzsche, His Life and Work*, p. 310 *seq.*)

On human personality, on truth, on honor, on social relations similar dissolving, debasing views are expressed. He quotes with approval the adage of certain Oriental assassins, "nothing is true, everything is permitted." He views war as a necessity and almost as a blessing, he affects to think that his superman can take the place of God. Decidedly we have nothing to learn from Nietzsche the thinker, or rather the dreamer, whose last years were deprived of all glimmers of sanity. As Saintsbury says: "Take away blasphemy, parody, and that particular kind of borrowing which thinks to disguise itself by inserting or extracting 'nots' and there is not much of Nietzsche left but form."

CHAUCER AND HIS POETRY. By George Lyman Kittredge. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $1.50.

This really delightful volume contains the lectures delivered at Johns Hopkins University in 1914 by Dr. Kittredge, Professor of English in Harvard, and is not only a valuable addition to Chauceriana, but also a refreshing study of a particularly vital poet and an astoundingly vital age. It shows us, with a clarity all too rare in modern interpretation of the mediæval mind, Chaucer the man, the artist, the lover of his fellows, the sincere Christian, and next only to Shakespeare, "the greatest delineator of character in our literature."

The usual three periods of the poet's work—the French, the Italian, and the English—are discussed, with a fourth or transsitional one added: and highly sympathetic commentaries are given upon the *Book of the Duchess, The House of Fame, Troilus*

and the immortal *Canterbury Tales*. Altogether it is a book which should be warmly welcomed by college students, teachers of literature, and all general readers who have the good taste and good sense to love old Geoffrey Chaucer. Dr. Kittredge is not a Catholic, we believe, but he is to be congratulated upon the fairness of his scholarship, as upon the human and urbane manner in which he has treated one of the most urbane and human of our great Catholic classics.

COLOR STUDIES IN PARIS. By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00 net.

Arthur Symons has won for himself an unique place among English literary critics. More than most English writers, he approximates the vivid cameo-like simplicity of the French tongue. He has, too, the gift of flavoring his criticisms with a dash of the salt of human interest.

In the present volume are presented first-hand glimpses of that artistic and Bohemian Paris which has become a legend among American readers and especially among American tourists. It is not always an inspiring or edifying Paris, this; but as Mr. Symons reveals it, it is not, on the other hand, quite the Babylon that many imagine. If we behold Bohemia here at its worst, likewise we see it at its best—and at its best it is nothing worse than a kaleidoscopic exhibition of naïve childishness which, as our author shows, the English mind is totally incapable of comprehending. This highly colored Paris of the boulevards, which Mr. Symons knows so intimately, and interprets so sympathetically yet temperately, is not the true Paris, nor the whole of Paris, but merely an angle of it. To the reader who already knows his *Lutetia*, this is patent; but the uninitiated should be warned.

A HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. By Williston Walker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

With the best will in the world, we cannot say that Dr. Walker's text-book of church history is "accurate and absolutely free from bias," as the publishers claim. On the contrary, it is dominated by the spirit of German-made rationalism, especially in its treatment of Christian origins; it is unfair in its estimate of Catholic doctrines and institutions; it is fulsome in its praise of every heresy and sect that has denied the Gospel of Christ. Dr. Walker makes the wildest statements at times—statements unworthy of the Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University. For example, he tells us that monasticism teaches a two-fold morality and discredits the life of the Christian

family; that the Blessed Virgin in a measure took the place of Christ as mediator in the Church; that the reverence of the saints was a development from paganism; that the Irish monks invented private lay confession, which was not obligatory as late as the ninth century; that indulgences are morally harmful; that in Germany, before Luther, Christ was popularly regarded as a strict judge, and that the spirit of the Church at that time was an external and work-trusting spirit; that the Jesuits minimized the nature of sin, undermined personal responsibility by their doctrine of probabilism, and merited the scorn of the average Anglo-Saxon Protestant by their teaching of the end justifies the means; that Scotus was tainted with Socinianism, and more of a like character.

Following the German lead, he makes St. Paul's Christology differ from St. Mark's; has our Saviour become convinced of His Messiasship at the time of His baptism; speaks of the Christ of experience as distinct from Jesus of history, and pictures St. Paul questioning the necessity of baptism.

Men like Donatus, Arius, Eusebius, Appollinaris, Pelagius are all "able men," while upholders of the Faith like St. Cyril, St. Leo I., and St. Gregory VII. are "unscrupulous, unintellectual and worldly" clerics.

In his bibliography he cites a few Catholic writers such as Newman, Grisar, Janssen, Pastor, Gasquet, Hefele, Duchesne, but gives no evidence whatever of having read them.

RELIGIONS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT. Edited by James A. Montgomery, Ph.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50 net.

These lectures on the history of religions delivered in 1916-1917 by members of the Faculty of the Graduate School of the University of Pennsylvania, abound in false and arbitrary statements of fact, and are full of anti-Christian dogmatism and prejudice. We call especial attention to the superficial and inaccurate account of early Christianity by Dr. William Newbold, and the bigoted sketch of mediæval Christianity by Dr. Arthur Howland.

Our readers may judge by the following passages the German-made rationalism of these professors of the University of Pennsylvania: "The essence of early Christianity is not to be found in its institutions, ritual or doctrine;" Jesus never demanded that men should accept even His own statements about Himself as part of His message; the Apostles preached Jesus as the Saviour of men, a teaching which Jesus never made a prominent

feature of His public preaching; without a special emotional experience, men will find little but unintelligible jargon in the writings of the early Christians; the prophets were the only clergy of the early Church; baptism was not a divine institution, but a borrowing from the Jews; the doctrine of the Eucharist was a development from the Mystery religions of paganism; the doctrine of the Church came as "the imperative need of a central authority making for unity;" the mediæval churchmen used such superstitions as relics, holy water, and the Eucharist to restrain the turbulent masses; monasticism was in its origin a revolt from the Church; mediævalism insisted on legalism and formalism and frowned down upon the inspiration of the Spirit.

As an antidote to this rationalistic poison, we recommend to our readers the five volumes of the *History of Religions* published by the Catholic Truth Society of London, or, if they read French, the two manuals on the same subject published in Paris some eight years ago: *Christus*, edited by J. Huby, and *Ou en est l'Histoire des Religions*, edited by J. Bricout.

THE VILLA ROSSIGNOL. By Maria Longworth Storer. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00.

The first pages of this novel are rather disappointing at first glance, but before many chapters are passed, the reader finds himself caught in the meshes of a tale so absorbing in plot and so brightly told, that there is no putting it down till the last word is reached. Mrs. Storer, in fact, shows herself here quite the mistress of the story-telling art; and in the invention of her altogether unique plot, and the dramatic unfolding of its complications, she scores a hit. The adventures of her young English heroine, who narrowly escapes being carried off to a Turkish harem, are related with a gripping interest adroitly maintained to the end; and while there is no serious attempt at characterization, the various personages of the story are nevertheless sketched in with a quick sure hand. In the light-headed pretty widow, Mrs. Storer comes very near creating a real character.

THE INN OF DISENCHANTMENT. By Lisa Isaye. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

These sparkling essays voice a plea for the romance and poetry of life, and a protest against the cynicism and matter-of-fact spirit that usually comes with old age. The writer illustrates her thesis by many a clever story and apt quotation, and like Chesterton delights in quip and paradox. For example: "If you look for something lying and misleading, for something utterly

untrue, for something in the deepest sense false, you will find it in every verified and sworn-to fact." "We really know only those we do not know, and those we do know are strangers to us. We are never on intimate terms with our intimates." Old age always speaks "of these degenerate days," but the change is not in the age or the people of the age, the change is in the dried-up cynic, who sees things through colored glasses. In the drabbest and dreariest life, however, there is always a longing for the lost Arcadia of youth. It is a pity that the religious note is absent from these pages. The writer tells us she does not know where the truth lies—in a gay and care-free paganism which questions immortality, or a sombre and ascetic Church that holds the joys of this world in little regard, and speaks of resurrection and the life eternal.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1917. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50 net.

This volume, third in the series of *Best Short Stories*, maintains the standard reached by those covering 1915 and 1916. The editor has explained the principle guiding his judgment in these compilations, leading him to count as "best" such stories as are most prominent in combining literary excellence with fidelity to life's activities and emotions. Thus another point of view besides that of entertainment is established; but to enjoy the book it is not essential that it be approached from the angle of critical analysis. The selection has been made in so liberal a spirit that a wide variety of interest is afforded.

DONATISM. By Adrian Fortescue. London: Burns & Oates. 90 cents net.

This interesting brochure first appeared in the pages of the London *Tablet* a year ago. It is a well-reasoned and conclusive answer to those High Churchmen who, like Bishop Gore, try to show that the Anglican Church does not correspond to the Donatists of the time of St. Augustine, or who like the impudent Mr. Lacy, try to prove in defiance of all logic and history that we Catholics are the real Donatists.

Cardinal Wiseman, in the Dublin *Review* for August, 1839, first brought out an effective comparison between the Anglicanism of the nineteenth century and the Donatism of the fifth. This famous article with St. Augustine's words: "*Securus iudicat orbis terrarum*" as its motto, was by the grace of God the beginning of Newman's conversion, as he declares in the *Apologia.*

The parallel between the Donatists and the Anglicans is so

extraordinarily close that it is clearly a case wherein Church history has repeated itself most accurately. The essence of Donatism was its schism—the fact that it was a local sect in Africa which had broken communion with the great Church throughout the world. So the English Protestant Church seceded in the sixteenth century from the centre of unity. At Carthage and elsewhere, where they had intruded a hierarchy, the Donatists were usurpers, as were the Elizabethan bishops.

All Christians are Catholics said the Donatists, a false statement echoed in Anglican writers of today. We answer them with St. Augustine and St. Optatus, that a man does not become a Catholic because he calls himself one. Catholicism means communion with the Catholic Church. The test of St. Augustine is ours today: "Can their bishops give letters of communion to the Catholic bishops?" In Africa the Catholics were a small minority amid a large schismatical national Church, but they were united with the *orbis terrarum* and with the See of Peter. The Catholics of England are a minority today, but they are joined with Peter's See and the church of the *orbis terrarum.*

DOCTRINAL DISCOURSES. By Rev. A. M. Skelly, O.P., Vol. I. Tacoma, Wash.: Aquinas Academy. $1.25 net.

Father Skelly of Portland, Oregon, has just published a volume of doctrinal discourses for the Sundays and chief festivals of the ecclesiastical year. His experience as missionary and pastor for many years has prepared him for the ministry of preaching, which is being so much discussed these days in the pages of the *Ecclesiastical Review.* He makes no claim to originality in his modest preface, and is quite justified in hoping that his twenty-minute talks on the eternal truths will not be without fruit of instruction and edification.

We note with regret an occasional historical exaggeration. For instance, he cites the pseudo-Talmud miracle relating to Zachary, the son of Barachias, and the miracle of the translation of the *Holy House of Loretto,* which he incorrectly declares "to be the best attested in all history."

THE EXTERNALS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By Rev. John F. Sullivan. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.50 net.

This is the second edition of Father Sullivan's well-known volume of the *Externals of the Catholic Church,* reviewed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD some months ago. It has proved a most useful book for the instruction of converts. Its explanations are clear and detailed on many points of Catholic liturgy, devotions, festi-

vals and ceremonies. The nine sections of the volume treat of the government of the Church, the religious state, the administration of the sacraments, the Mass, the ecclesiastical year, the sacramentals, the liturgical books and Catholic devotions.

SKETCHES FOR THE EXERCISES OF AN EIGHT DAYS' RETREAT. By Hugh Hunter, S.J. Translated by John B. Kokengr, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.25 net.

These sketches, presuppose, as the author informs us, the text of the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius. They are not intended, however, as a commentary upon the *Exercises*, but as a development of the points of meditation given therein. While especially composed for priests, theologians and members of religious communities, the author hopes that lay persons, both men and women, may use them with profit. The usual subjects of meditation for an eight-day retreat are here presented after the general plan of the *Spiritual Exercises*. Those seeking a meditation book along these lines will find in these sketches an abundance of material. The book is clearly printed on good paper and tastefully bound.

GERMANY HER OWN JUDGE. G. H. J. Suter-Lerch. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.00.

The author, who is a German-Swiss, presents in this brief volume a conclusive case against Germany. The evidence that he produces is of the strongest character, having been taken from German writings and propaganda. The author bares the record by a clear presentation of the facts as he found them in the "Belgian State Papers" and the official and semi-official publications of both Entente Allies and the Central Powers. In particular he shows that the international policies of the respective belligerent groups were such that no intelligent person can escape the conclusion that Germany was the aggressor in bringing on the War. He points out clearly that there was no coalition directed against Germany before the War, and that her plea that she is waging a defensive war is false in fact.

THE PIRATE'S PROGRESS. By William Archer. New York: Harper & Brothers. 25 cents.

This little volume contains a terrible indictment of the German nation. It is the story of the gradual decline in Germany's employment of the U-boat from honorable to dishonorable and, finally, to atrocious uses. The book is little more than an outline, but it is sufficient to show the transition in the use of the submarine.

AN ELEMENTARY HANDBOOK OF LOGIC. By John J. Toohey, S.J. New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss. $1.25 net.

Father Toohey's *Handbook* is an excellent elementary treatise on logic in unusually condensed form. In 227 pages of text he lays before the average student all that he will require to know. His explanations and illustrations of the laws of the syllogism show the practiced teacher; while the chapter on "Fallacies" is an excellent piece of work, a model of clearness and fuller than one would expect in an elementary treatise.

The typography of the book adds to its attractiveness and utility. We are of the opinion that this volume would be far more instructive and profitable to seminarians than the inscrutable Latin text-books they so often toil over and so rarely master.

IT'S MIGHTY STRANGE. By James A. Duncan. Boston: The Stratford Co. $1.50.

The zeal of the convert, happy in finding the safe anchorage of the True Faith, and eager to share his joy with all the world, is behind this story of New England life; and we would regret to say any word that would appear to dampen such a spirit. But we fear that Mr. Duncan's book fails of its purpose. It is not well written; it is not interesting; it is dulled by the introduction of homilies more calculated to exasperate the reader than to edify him. For the author must remember that, if he proposes to tell a story, his readers have every right to expect a story—not a treatise on apologetics. There is one aspect of the book, however, which is exceptionally pleasing—its many beautiful touches of old-time New England farm life. Here the author strikes a convincing note that finds response. The novel is plainly not his *forte;* but he gives promise of doing well in descriptive work.

THE FLOWER OF THE CHAPDELAINES. By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

Mr. Cable here reintroduces us to the surroundings and the dialect he has made so familiar. The scene of his novel is laid in New Orleans; the "flower of the Chapdelaines" is a young Creole girl who is trying, through other hands, to place a manuscript which relates part of her family history. We are given the content of this work, as well as the love interest that develops from the circumstances of its disposal. The result of this story within a story is fairly entertaining, but ephemeral, and not upon the same plane as the writings upon which the author's reputation rests.

THE GILDED MAN. By Clifford Smyth. With a Foreword by Richard Le Gallienne. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.50.

Into the making of this novel a great deal of the genuine stuff of imagination has entered. The author has a story to tell, fresh and original; and forthwith he tells it with a verve, a gusto and downright directness that we were beginning to fear had passed utterly out of fashion.

The plot has to do with the quest of two young Americans for the sunken treasure in the mysterious lake Guatavita—or rather with the centuries-old quest for *El Dorado,* and the main part of the action takes place in the Andean regions near Bogota. With the arrival in South America of the hero, David Meudon, and his party of friends from Connecticut the story goes swiftly forward, and thenceforth the reader is whirled along on the current of their strange and thrilling adventures.

Particularly noteworthy is the author's inventiveness, especially in his description of the marvels encountered in the vast subterranean cave of the ancient race of the Chibchas; and of the cave itself, as M. Le Gallienne aptly points out, "which may be said to be the Presiding Personage of the book . . . it seems to me impossible to speak with too much admiration. It is, without exaggeration, an astonishing piece of invention."

The book has throughout the authentic and stirring atmosphere of romance—adventure, suspense, action, and in addition a certain whimsical humor wholly delightful. And finally there is a love-story of a singular kind. Just how it is, indeed, that the hero can with perfect good faith and with no loss of the reader's sympathy be profoundly in love with the beautiful Indian queen Saijipona and the charming American girl Una, is somewhat of a mystery. But the mystery is cleverly manipulated, and in the end explained to our complete satisfaction.

THE MARTIAL ADVENTURES OF HENRY AND ME. By William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Mr. White's contribution is the tale of the experiences of two men who go to the front in the interests of the American Red Cross. The author dwells purposely upon the lighter side of things, not attempting to minimize the horrors, but presenting incidents that appeal to the sense of humor that makes life possible amidst appalling conditions. The book will share the welcome always ready for war literature that has this recreational tone. Mr. White does not ignore the more serious side, but his comments and reflections all show more acumen that his singularly crude views concerning Jeanne d'Arc and Domrémy.

FIVE TALES. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

One of the saddest spectacles in the literary world is to behold a gifted writer abandoning himself to the fetish of virtuosity. There is no denying John Galsworthy's powers of observation and expression. But of what possible value are such powers when they are devoted solely to extrinsic display. In this book, Mr. Galsworthy seems to strike a pose and say, "just watch and see how many horrible and sordid things I can detect in life, and how cleverly I can describe them!" Assuredly he can see these things; and likewise he can describe them with such graphic art that they are horribly, disgustingly real to us. But wherefore this? As an example of the technique of short-story writing *Five Tales* might serve in the nature of a handbook; but for entertainment or edification or as social inspiration we could never recommend the volume.

ESTHER AND HARBONAH. By H. Pereira Mendes. Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.25 net.

This Biblical drama, written some forty years ago, but now for the first time published, makes its appearance because the author, a Jew, considers the present hour a timely one for reminding his fellow-believers of the glories of their ancient faith. The play, however, is not well designed, from the dramatic point of view; it is episodic, and something of a cross between operetta and *tableaux vivants;* while as verse it is negligible. The publisher's announcement on the cover is misleading, and the price of the book is unreasonable.

LOVE AND HATRED. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.40.

The material selected for this novel should have yielded a more interesting product. It tells the story of Oliver Tropenell, an Englishman of gentle birth and upright character, who grows to so covet his neighbor's wife that he secretly murders her husband, and, the crime having been traced to him, escapes publicity and legal consequences by a suicide that is interpreted as accidental death.

Though the elements of tragedy are the supreme field of opportunity for genuis, skilled intuition can sometimes manipulate them plausibly and effectively, a truth of which Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has more than once given practical demonstration. That she has failed to do so in this instance is due to an error in judgment as to selection and concentration. Had she from the

first revealed Tropenell's inmost heart, we might have had a valuable psychological study; on the other hand, the plot is sufficiently ingenious to have afforded a high-grade detective story had the author confined herself to externals. In default of either objective, the book lacks color and animation.

WINONA'S WAR FARM. By Margaret Widdemer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

This latest in the Camp Fire Girls' Series will doubtless be as popular as the two preceding volumes. A large farm, which the owner lacks labor to cultivate, is offered for the season to the Camp Fire Girls, Winona and her companions. The offer is accepted enthusiastically and the patriotic work is carried out, with the aid of a band of Boy Scouts who gallantly assume the most laborious tasks. The farm is managed with complete success, its crops of vegetables and fruits harvested and preserved. The young people immensely enjoy their experiences, which include one no less thrilling than the discovery and frustration of the plans of some German spies. The book is brightly written and its tone is sensible and wholesome.

OLD MAN CURRY. By Charles E. Van Loan. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.35 net.

This is a volume of short stories of the race track, in States where betting is not illegal. The interest centres around "Old Man Curry," a horse owner, and the various attempts of swindlers to cheat him out of his rights. In each case the schemes are frustrated by the shrewdness of the patriarchal and apparently simple old man. The stories are fairly entertaining.

THE GERMAN PIRATE: HIS METHODS AND RECORD. By "Ajax." New York: George H. Doran Co. 50 cents.

Among the many compilations of current war history that have come from the press, we have found none more interesting than "Ajax's" little volume of testimony concerning the depredations of the German submarine. Practically all the now notorious cases of German brutality at sea are cited, with a brief recitation of the facts; and through the entire narrative the honest sailor's point of view is evident—his abhorrence of the treachery of the Hun mariner who has violated all the age-old laws of the comradeship of the deep, a fellowship which from time immemorial has existed among those who go down in ships —except, of course among pirates, the outlaws of the ocean.

THE FALLACY OF THE GERMAN STATE PHILOSOPHY. By Dr. George W. Crile. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 50 cents net.

That Germany, even though she should fortuitously win in the present War, would nevertheless lose in the end, is the argument of Dr. Crile's essay. Germany, he says, by choosing to live according to the doctrine of force, and by seeking to impose that doctrine, "the survival of the fittest," on the world, has reverted to the law of the jungle. But the history of man repudiates the law of the jungle. Man has surmounted that primitive law, abrogated it, overcoming nature not by force, nor by wit alone, but by the coöperation of all his powers; by the evolution of the law of social interdependence. It is this law that Germany forgets in the predication of her *kultur*—the law of social interdependence; and violating it, outraging it, she outlaws herself and leagues all the other nations of the earth against her. Yet, given her success in imposing her *kultur* on the world, she would still be but preparing her own destruction. "Rather than share the common fate of passing through a stunting cycle of disintegration, following a present German success," concludes the author, "it were better that we all now perish gloriously on the battlefield." Finally, he argues, the struggle being one of ideas and philosophies, we must look to our education to win in the conflict. The viewpoint of Dr. Crile, however, is rationalistic; and in consequence he leaves the problem in the air, unsolved.

THE WHITE MORNING. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.00 net.

It is unfortunate for Mrs. Atherton's artistic reputation that her sense of humor did not intervene to preserve her from writing this extravaganza. The novelette pictures the end of the War as brought to pass by an uprising of the women of Germany *en-masse;* unsuspected and unbetrayed, they organize into an invincible peace-enforcing machine, led by a young and beautiful woman, Gisela von Niebuhr, who is held up for our admiration. This formidable Amazon inaugurates the day of victory by the particularly treacherous and revolting murder of her lover, a *junker,* lest her tenderness for him should make her false to her cause.

The whole conception is as grotesque as it is unpleasant, and we should be inclined to suspect Mrs. Atherton of amusing herself with a practical joke at the expense of her readers, were it not for the solemnity with which she asseverates her good faith.

LETTERS TO THE MOTHER OF A SOLDIER. By Richardson Wright. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.00 net.

These letters from a supposititious brother to his sister, who is the mother of an enlisted son, embody the sentiments that patriotic writers are striving to disseminate. The brother would have his sister view the War in its nobler aspects, and directs her attention to her duties and privileges and the manner in which she may best prepare herself for her part in the great ordeal. He is perhaps a shade too meticulous in his zeal; it is permissible to hope that comparatively few mothers among the educated classes require guidance along so many lines as seems to be necessary with Mr. Wright's "Molly." However, he sets forth, interestingly and sometimes beautifully, inspiring truths that cannot be too frequently emphasized. The book will repay its readers, and to some may very possibly convey a new message.

MIMI. By J. U. Giesy. New York: Harper & Brothers. 75 cents.

This novelette of the Latin Quarter of Paris in war time, while not written with any high degree of artistic mastery—and falling far short of the inimitable French *contes* on which it is quite plainly modeled—nevertheless is touching and appealing *Mimi* is a poor artist's model who loves and gives without reckoning or measuring. Neither she nor her sisters in toil have any conception of God or religion. But through the War and the sufferings war brings them, they wake eventually to an ideal of patriotic devotion which leads them finally to a realization of God and His laws. The tribute paid by the author through the medium of his hero's letters, to the bravery and devotion of the fighting priests of France, is a pleasing feature of the tale.

ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY. By Shane Leslie. St. Louis: B. Herder. 50 cents.

This little book will bring delight to all who respond to the appeal of Ireland's legendary lore of Catholic mysticism. It treats of Derg, "the holy lough of Ireland," whose waters, shores and ruins are fraught with memories and traditions of past glory, destroyed by ruthless enemies; fragments that suggest and partly reveal material worthy of the poet's art. Mr. Shane Leslie's gifted, sympathetic hand has welded and shaped them into charming forms. The tales are fascinatingly told with a touch of archaic simplicity and strength and a mournful beauty that makes these pages the most poetical of prose.

TOWARDS THE GOAL. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 60 cents net.

Among the distinguished writers of the world none has given of herself more unselfishly and enthusiastically to the cause of democracy since the War began than Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Already crowned with lengthened years, and with more than a full share of a lifetime's work achieved, Mrs. Ward has thrown herself anew into the task of composition, and with remarkable vigor and much fine judgment has already produced three considerable volumes touching on the conflict: a novel, *Missing; England's Effort;* and now this present work, *Towards the Goal.*

To secure the material for this volume Mrs. Ward was accorded every privilege possible by the war authorities, and was thus enabled to go to the sources of things for her facts and experiences. The book is dedicated to Colonel Roosevelt, whom she acknowledges as the inspiration both of it and its predecessor; and the Colonel, who writes the foreword to the volume, very truthfully says that the work is "of high value as a study of contemporary history" and as "an inspiration to constructive patriotism."

DON STRONG, PATROL LEADER. By William Heylinger. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.35 net.

In this continuation of the fortunes of Donald Strong, the Boy Scout, we are shown the young hero elevated by his fellow scouts to a position of authority over them. How he meets the difficulties and problems entailed by his new responsibilities and how he proves himself worthy of the honor bestowed upon him, make interesting and wholesome reading for the juvenile public. Excellent as is the book's moral tone, however, we cannot but deplore as a grave defect the absence of any indication whatever of belief in a Divine Leader and Guide.

GREATER THAN THE GREATEST. By Hamilton Drummond. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

If the title-page of this novel did not advertise a half dozen other tales by the same author, we would be tempted to think it a first book. For the story bears all the ear-marks of the amateur. Young authors are particularly fond of "doing" historical novels. Nothing is easier, they imagine, than to concoct a romance and put it in the frame of a period sufficiently remote to give it a certain vague coloring and glamour, and let it go at that, sans truth, sans veracity, sans everything that makes a book

worth while. Mr. Drummond chose the thirteenth century as his "period," and into a threadbare tale, which is scarcely more than a padded short story, he injected the "atmosphere" of a few really striking descriptions of Rome and Capua to make his novel run full length. Seasoned with a generous peppering of such epithets as "Popedom," and "priestcraft," and concerned wholly with two sharply divided sets of characters—those which are opposed to Pope and Church, and which are therefore everything that is noble and upright; and those of the Papacy itself (darkly mysterious, cunning, conniving, all that is distasteful and reprehensible), the tale drags its dull way through three hundred pages in which nothing happens, and from which the reader rises wondering how the book ever reached a printing press.

RELIGION AND HUMAN INTERESTS. By Rev. Thomas Slater, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents net.

"Religion," says Father Slater, "sheds its benign influence on every department of human life. It is the keystone in the arch of human conduct; it keeps all other duties in their place, while explaining and enforcing them." In these ten brief essays he brings out clearly and forcibly this function of religion. After a brief sketch of the idea of religion, Father Slater discusses man's need of religion, the Catholic concept of the family, modern secularism, true liberty of conscience, the ethics of business, the liberty of the Gospel, the limitations of the States' powers, and the new canon law of the Church.

TARAS BULBA AND OTHER TALES. By Nikolaiv Gogol. Everyman's Library. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 70 cents.

Present-day readers have, perhaps, tended to overlook the excellence of the romantic school of Russian literature, in their desire to do justice to the achievements of the great Russian realists. This present volume is a good corrective for such a fault. Gogol's was a vigorous, ardent spirit, whose one passion was the Little Russia—the Ukraine—which gave him birth. Its history, its legends, its customs, were treasures to him, and there is a healthy, possessive love in the way he displays them to our gaze different, *toto cœlo*, from the detachment we are apt to associate with other Russian names. The longest story in this volume—*Taras Bulba*—has been called a prose epic. It tells simply and very vividly, in the ample manner of a genius dealing adequately with a large canvas, of the life of the fifteenth century Cossacks, with its almost incredible rigors and dangers and its double character of

brutality and heroism. In spite of elements of harshness inevitable in any such faithful portrayal, the impression retained is of a period of vigor and manliness, even touched pathetically at times by the finer emotions. Of the other stories, which deal with the fullest sympathy and a great deal of sly humor, with happenings nearer the present, *The Cloak* is easily the best. In it Gogol shows himself master of the pathos which goes with the type of humor that is sweetened by a love and pity for humanity.

WAR ADDRESSES OF WOODROW WILSON. Boston: Ginn & Co. 32 cents.

This splendid little book cannot be recommended too highly. It has been designed for use in the class-room and is admirably adapted both in substance and presentment for such study. It contains a well-written introduction that summarizes the world conditions previous to the outbreak of the War and outlines the causes leading up to that critical time. This résumé together with a brief review of the President's life and literary work provides an interesting setting for the addresses.

The War Addresses should be found in the class-room of every American college and high school, and the principles they enunciate in the heart of every American.

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE. By Miss Mulock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 50 cents net.

This beloved classic of children's literature loses nothing by comparison with the mass of books for child readers that have appeared since it was first published. It would be a misfortune were any child deprived of acquaintance with it by allowing it to go out of print. The present re-publication is of presentable appearance, with good type, and is illustrated in color.

FROM the press of a technical school in far-away Ernakula, India, we have two small Latin text-books of a *Cursus Asceticus* treating of the Purgative and the Illuminative Ways. The author P. Fr. Aurelian, O.C.D., is the spiritual director of the Apostolic Seminary at Puthempally, India. His work evidences extensive knowledge of the Scriptures and the Fathers, is concise and clear in manner, and breathes a broad, gentle spirit.

A NEW evidence of the merit and usefulness of the booklet entitled *The Honor Legion*, originally published under the joint auspices of The New York Social Hygiene Society and The Chaplains' Aid Association, is its recent appearance in Spanish

dress. The mission field of the little book will be much broadened by this able translation of J. Lara, the Latin-American journalist, well-known for his translation of Colonel Roosevelt's book *The World War.* The translation was made at the request of the War Department, and is published by The Paulist Press, New York. Single copies, 5 cents; $3.00 a thousand.

MARRIAGE AND THE FAMILY, published by The America Press, New York (15 cents), is a little treatise which we gladly recommend to Catholic young men and women contemplating matrimony. It discusses in the briefest possible manner the Catholic teaching on marriage, divorce, race suicide, education, and duties of parents and children.

A SOUL'S APPEAL, by Irene West (Huntington, Indiana: Sunday Visitor Press. $1.00 net), is negligible as poetry, but have an appeal for many who are converts to the Faith or are interested in the story of conversions.

SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS.

The Economic History of the United States, by Ernest Ludlow Bogart, Ph.D. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75), belongs to the series of commercial text-books designed for the reading public as well as high school and college students. The volume begins, therefore, by a general survey of the vast resources of our country, shows the spread of colonization, of cultivation, of industry, of transportation; also the increased power in machinery of every sort. The story is a marvelous one. The author is to be congratulated on the amount of information collated and systematically treated as well as on the restraint with which he has confined himself to his avowed purpose.

In *Community Civics,* R. O. Hughes presents an abundance of information in a form most convenient for the hard-worked teacher. It is much too detailed, however, for the ordinary pupil in the graded school. Naturally the duty of voting comes in for attention and the writer has this to say on the subject, which we heartily commend: "A candidate for office ought to be judged solely on his merits as a man, and on the political principles which he advocates. The sooner we can remove wholly any thought of denominational distinctions in politics the better it will be for the cause of honest, unselfish, patriotic government." The treatment of the labor and social questions is sane and full, and the newer forms of city government too—the commission and manager plans—receive due consideration.

"The nation with low religious and moral ideas is doomed to downfall," says Mr. Hughes; yet when he comes to treat of teaching religion, he is hazy and unsatisfactory. "In the Middle Ages," he says

" the Church possessed almost all the learning in existence, but it made little effort to train any except its own priests. Some religious denominations today believe that schools ought to be a part of the work of the Church, but very few sects raise money enough to carry them on." The author seems somewhat narrow and provincial on this point, but at least he concedes the unity and universality of the Church and admits that she has educated somebody! (New York: Allyn & Bacon. $1.25 net.)

Prof. Kelsey's recent edition of *Cæsar's Commentaries* (New York: Allyn & Bacon. $1.50), contains several books of the Gallic War, selections from the Civil War, a brief history of Cæsar's campaigns, with interesting and instructive references to the present world struggle, critical and explanatory notes, a vocabulary, a grammatical supplement and exercises adapted to the text, and numerous illustrations. It would be difficult to conceive of a more complete schoolbook.

There will always be conflicting opinions in regard to the comparative advantages of books like this, and those that contain only the plain unaided text; but, possibly, the final test of value lies rather in the " personal equation " of teacher and pupil.

Teachers of first-year Latin will find in the little pocket *Notebook for First-Year Latin Vocabulary,* by Stephen A. Hurlburt, M.A., and Barclay W. Bradley, Ph.D. (New York: American Book Co. 24 cents), a valuable help in giving their pupils an easy and intelligent means of acquiring a working vocabulary of some six hundred and fifty representative Latin words. These are arranged in the regular order of declensions and conjugations, and are nicely grouped around their primitive roots, thus emphasizing the etymological and derivative value of the leading words. The book may be easily adapted for use with any first-year Latin book. Accompanying the notebook is a handbook or key for the use of teachers.

Effective English, by Philander P. Claxton and James McGinniss (New York: Allyn & Bacon. $1.25), is a most attractive text-book. It contains a hundred stimulating illustrations, subjects for composition covering a wide field of youthful interest and well within the range of youthful knowledge. Its practical value cannot be so easily affirmed. The authors seem to have revised the old adage so as to read: *non multum sed multa.* Within some five hundred pages they range from a review of elementary grammar through formal rhetoric and the forms of discourse to a study of the principles of literary criticism, and of poetry and the drama, not hesitating to prescribe original exercises even in these. They seem also to enhance unduly the advantage of the cross-correction system for class themes. Still, in wealth of material, in literary quality, in close adherence to the recommendations of the various counsels, in utilitarian aim and in attractiveness, we may admit the claim of the publishers that they have set a new standard for books of composition and rhetoric.

Recent Events.

Progress of the War.

The fifth German drive which began on July 15th had for its object either to seize Paris or to obtain a foothold on the Channel. On the eighteenth, Marshal Foch threw his army upon the German flank below Soissons which Ludendorff had left exposed. From that time to this scarcely a day has passed without recording a French or British victory. The Germans have been receding further and further from Paris and the Channel ports. It yet remains to be seen where they will make a stand.

Practically all of the ground lost since the twenty-first of March has been regained by the Allies, and in several important places the Hindenburg line itself has been pierced both by the British and the French. Important parts of it, however, are still in the hands of the Germans, but these are now threatened by the Allied forces. These places include Cambrai, St. Quentin, Laon and Le Fère. Ludendorff has been able to conduct a retreat and has brought back the bulk of his armies to the old line. He has suffered, according to conservative estimates, the loss of some four hundred thousand men with large stores of ammunition. His future action depends upon the number of reserves still left at his disposal. Many think that these have been so reduced in numbers that he will not be able to resume the offensive, and that the initiative will continue to remain in the hands of Marshal Foch. The latter, it is expected, will give the foe no rest, but will continue to harass him, now on one part of the line and now on another. This is evidenced by the attack made upon the salient of St. Mihiel, a section of the German line which has practically been at rest for the last four years. The brilliant success obtained by the first American army under the command of General Pershing has wiped out this salient, and opened the road not only to the Briey iron region, but also to the fortress of Metz within ten miles of which the American lines now stand. The success of the Americans has won the praise of the world and is an augury of what they will accomplish in the future. Consequent dismay is said to be spreading among the population of those parts of Germany which border upon Alsace-Lorraine.

The expected Austrian attack on the Italian lines has not been made, but in Albania the Austrians have had some success in driving back a short distance the battalions now operating in the neighborhood of Berat. On the other hand the Serbs have

quite recently made a successful attack upon the Bulgarians in the district farther to the east of Berat. No news of any change in the position of the opposing forces in Palestine or Mesopotamia has been received. Nor has anything been heard from East Africa. The British are in possession of Baku and are reported to be at Tashkent in Central Asia also. The operations in the neighborhood of Vladivostok will receive notice later.

Russia.

Finland still remains in name a republic, the proposed change to a monarchical form of government not yet having been effected. It is reported, however, that on the twenty-sixth of September the meeting of the Landtag is to be held to decide the respective claim to the crown of the three German princelings. Accounts of the state of the country and the sentiment of the population towards Germany differ. Widespread dislike of the German invaders is said to prevail. They have robbed the country of all the food stuffs they could lay their hands upon, so that starvation threatens. Appeals have been made to the generosity of this country for succor and sustenance. These appeals, however, can scarcely meet with America's customary response, inasmuch as it might afford indirect support to the enemy. The recent treaty between the Bolshevik Government of Russia and Germany make this the more probable. By this treaty, Finland has placed herself more completely under the power of Germany, the latter having guaranteed in consideration of the payment of 6,000,000,000 marks that no attack shall be made by Finland on the Russia controlled by the Bolsheviki, in the event of a conflict between the Bolsheviki and the Allies, now operating in the Northern Government of Russia. The very fact of such a treaty indicates that sympathy with the Allied cause in Finland is such as to require the restraining power of the Germans, now dominant there by force of arms, to hold it in check.

The treaty in question is regarded as a supplement of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, and indicates the traitorous purpose of the Bolshevik Government of Lenine and Trotzky, although it does not complete the measure of the sacrifice they were prepared to make of their country. A further revelation brings to light the fact that another immense sum, equaling the one mentioned, has been exacted from Russia by Germany, not nominally as indemnity but for damages suffered by Germans during the War. So, while Russians have no medium of exchange but paper money, which no one will take, the horde of gold accumulated by the Tsar has been sent to Berlin to satisfy German greed.

No steps so far have been taken to place the Baltic provinces, Courland, Lithuania, Esthonia and Livonia, under the rulers destined to hold sway in these regions. A recent decree places them under German military control. Germany looks upon this as a temporary solution of the question, and on this point the Allied Powers are in full agreement with Germany. The definite settlement will be achieved by the hoped-for victory of the Entente Powers. Neither has there been any public statement as to who will be king of the "Independent Poland" which the Central Powers have set up. Current rumor had it that the claim of Austria-Hungary for a Hapsburg Prince had been, at last, granted by the Hohenzollerns. This, however, has met with so little credence in Germany that its realization is doubtful. One thing is certain: that, in the event of a German victory, the Poles themselves will not be consulted. They have been told as much in so many words. All information regarding the internal situation in Poland is suppressed, but if the feeling of the people can be judged by the attitude of the Poles living in this country and on the European Continent, no Austro-Germanic settlement of the question will be accepted by them. In fact, there are now fighting in France no fewer than 25,000 Polish soldiers, whose aim is to secure for the 35,000,000 of Poles, large numbers of whom are under Prussian and Austrian domination, the freedom to which they are entitled, and the territory to which they lay claim. This territory comprises: Upper Silesia with its rich coal fields; a small part of Middle Silesia; the province of Posen; West Prussia with the Baltic littoral, including the mouth of the Vistula and the city of Danzig, and the southern Polish belt of the province of East Prussia; Austrian Poland, comprising all of Galicia, the Polish or eastern half, the Principality of Teschen; Russian Poland, virtually along the territorial lines of the Kingdom of Poland as established by the Congress of Vienna. The eastern frontier of what was Russian Poland is not yet strictly defined by the advocates of the new Polish Kingdom. These claims have been endorsed, in substance, although not in detail, by President Wilson, and, following his lead, by the powers allied against Germany.

To add to the list of Bolshevik inconsistencies may seem superfluous, yet one more is worthy of note. This Government, so outraged by the secret treaties made by the Tsar with the Entente Powers, that it violated all precedents by publishing these treaties to the world, made itself, with the German Government, a secret treaty by which the Poles were handed over to the tender mercies of the Central Powers.

In the Ukraine, the Germans find themselves involved in so many difficulties that the judgment of the saner elements who opposed the Brest-Litovsk Treaty and the method of its making, has been completely justified. The assassination of Marshal von Eichhorn was symptomatic of the hatred which German greed and oppression have engendered. The long standing unrest among the peasants is spreading far and wide. Guerrilla warfare exists in many districts. Military regulation of civil life is enforced; some places have been declared in a state of siege, while the capital itself is in danger of starvation. The German forces find themselves in such disagreeable surroundings that in one case, at least, a mutiny occurred. Notwithstanding the dire distress of Germany on the western front, she is faced by the necessity of sending back to Russia at least some of the troops which were removed to aid in the drive towards Paris and the Channel ports.

Some progress has been made in the region of Vladivostok by the Allied forces of Great Britain, France, Japan and this country under the command of a Japanese General and in conjunction with the Czecho-Slovaks. The Bolshevik troops and the Austro-Germans who were fighting with them have been driven back. The complications feared, because the Czecho-Slovak General, Horvarth, had assumed a dictatorship, have been removed by the steadfast refusal of the Allies to recognize anything which involved interference with the civil régime of the country. The Allies were to give only military help to Russia and leave the country free to form its own government according to its own wishes.

In the Northern Government of Russia in which the British, French and American troops are operating, affairs remain much in *statu quo*. Little progress has been reported in the advance towards the south to affect a union with the Czecho-Slovaks who have been operating on the Volga. Nothing has been heard of any advance of the British from Baku for the purpose of joining hands with the Cossacks who are operating in the southeastern district of Russia. By the possession of Baku, however, the road to India has been closed against the Germans, and if the report that a British force has entered Tashkent be true, their last available route to India has been barred.

In what remains of Russia, the Bolshevik Government still retains a control apparently growing more and more precarious. They count a few successes over the Czecho-Slovaks, but are meeting with an ever-rising spirit of resistance. The campaign of assassination, the first victims of which were the German Ambas-

sador at Moscow and Field Marshal von Eichhorn at Kiev, has been extended to the Bolsheviki themselves. Lenine was shot by a woman, but his wounds have not proved fatal. Blood shedding is a daily occurrence both in the capital and in the provinces. To appease the manes of the German Ambassador the Bolsheviki slaughtered more than two hundred of their fellow countrymen, Socialists though they were. This is but one instance of similar proceedings in various parts of Soviet Russia.

No wonder, however, need be felt at anything which the Bolsheviki with Lenine and Trotzky at their head, may do in view of the revelations now being made by our Government. A series of documents, fully authenicated, is being published by the Committee on Public Information at Washington. These show what was suspected before, but not fully proved, that Lenine and Trotzky with other coadjutors, less well known, were from the beginning of the Bolshevik movement, the paid agents of the German Imperial Government.

Hitherto it was believed that the Bolsheviki, although mistaken, were acting for the downtrodden Russian masses, and were hoping to further the material interests of the same class all over the world and especially in Germany. The latter they expected would rise up against the Hohenzollerns and capitalists in general as they had against the Romanoffs and the Russian capitalists. Now we know that Lenine, Trotzky and the rest were simply the base agents of the Imperialists of Germany whom they professed to be determined to overthrow. According to these documents the German Government deposited $25,000,000.00 in a bank at Stockholm to be drawn upon by the Bolsheviki for the purpose of spreading throughout Russia the agitation in favor of peace which has brought, as its result, the so-called Republic under German domination.

But this is a small part of proceedings the turpitude of which would be difficult to equal. These documents show that before the World War was four months old, and more than two years before the United States was drawn into it, Germany was setting afoot plans to mobilize destructive agents and observers to cause explosions, strikes and outrages in this country, and had planned to employ for the purpose anarchists and escaped criminals. The Bolshevik revolution itself was planned by the German Government and carried out with its assistance. The Brest-Litovsk Treaty was a deliberate betrayal of Russia by the Bolshevik Government at the instance of the German Government. Even the defence of Petrograd against the Germans was entrusted to a German officer chosen in Germany with the consent and con-

nivance of the Bolsheviki. German officers were introduced into the Russian Army and were used as spies in the embassies of the powers whom the Bolsheviki were treating as their allies. Incidentally, the fact that Germany was preparing for war before the assassination of the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, is proved by document number three of the series. This circular dated June 9, 1914, is as follows: "To Bezirkscommendanten: Within twenty-four hours of the receipt of this circular you are to inform all industrial concerns by wire that the documents with industrial mobilization plans and with registration forms be opened, such as are referred to in the circular of the Commission of Counts von Waldersee and Caprivi, of June 27, 1887." The reference to the circular of Count von Waldersee and Count Caprivi clearly proves that Germany's organization of the resources of the Empire for war purposes had already been made.

Germany.

The severe reversals suffered by the German armies on the western front and the utter failure of the U-boats to intercept American troops on their way to France are having a salutary effect upon the German mind. The people are beginning to call for a true statement of the facts, and even the Kaiser himself has adopted a tone more in keeping with the present situation. Full as his speech is of the usual German misstatements as to the origin of the War, it is valuable as giving a clear indication of the widespread dissatisfaction now felt, and even openly expressed, in Germany as a result of the failure of the attempt on Paris and the Channel ports. The man who used to tell the recruits for his army that at his command they were to shoot father or mother, brother or sister, is now brought by the necessity in which he finds himself to make an almost suppliant appeal to the workingmen to help him extricate himself from the "thousand difficulties" in which, by the use he has made of his army, he is now involved.

Another indication that, in some degree, the true state of things is beginning to dawn upon the Germans, is found in the speech recently delivered by the Vice-Chancellor of the Empire, Dr. von Payer. This representative of one of the liberal parties makes utterly inadmissible claims for Germany, yet renounces all desire of seeking indemnities from the Allies, and this because the continuance of the War is involving Germany in greater losses than money can repay.

Count von Hertling still remains in office as Chancellor of the Empire. In a recent speech he declared that peace was much

nearer than many thought. It is rumored, however, that he is on the point of proffering his resignation, and that he will be succeeded by Dr. W. S. Solf, the German Colonial Secretary. This event would seem to indicate that more moderate views were beginning to prevail in government circles, for in a recent speech Dr. Solf practically apologized for the utterances of chauvinistic jingoes, by admitting their presence in Germany as well as in other countries. A further indication of the trend towards moderation is the report that a place in the Cabinet or some other position of authority should be given to Studemann or some other member of the Social Democratic Party. The apology of Dr. Solf preceded the reverses Germany has met on the western front. It may be looked upon as certain that one result of these reverses has been to deprive General von Ludendorff of what had been, for some months, a virtual dictatorship. Notwithstanding all indications of something like a spirit of moderation, the exorbitant claims of Germany have been so open and manifest that she herself will not allow it to appear that she is in any way withdrawing from them. That unpleasant task must be left to Austria, and so the latter had to make the peace move which both countries now find necessary.

Austria-Hungary.

The news from Austria-Hungary with reference to the internal agitation is somewhat meagre and somewhat contradictory. On one hand the determination to deal in a most severe way with the Jugo-Slavs' attempt to secure independence is reported, and on the other hand the concession of home rule within the empire is said to have been made. On what is considered good authority, the Premier is said to have promised the Czechs, the Poles, and the Southern Slavs a plan of home rule which will give to them respectively complete autonomy. It is doubtful, however, whether such a concession would be accepted at this time as a sufficient response to the demands which are being made. Great Britain, France and Italy and subsequently this country, stretching, as it would seem, international law beyond all hitherto recognized limits, have recognized the Czecho-Slovaks not merely as belligerents in the War but also as a nation. And this although they are yet far from having secured the independence which has always been looked upon as requisite for such recognition.

The Foreign Secretary, Baron Burian, now asks for a conference of all belligerent powers to meet on neutral soil for the purpose of ascertaining whether or no an agreement can be reached which should form the basis of peace negotiations. There

is every ground for believing that this appeal is due to the disturbed conditions existing in the Dual Monarchy. The conference proposed by the Austrian Foreign Secretary is not to have any binding character, nor is it to be associated with an armistice. The reason for such a conference is found in the alleged disagreement between the utterances of the British Foreign Secretary and of President Wilson; and of those of President Wilson himself. Baron Burian's note shows the amazing ignorance which exists with reference to the mind of the Allied Powers: "An objective and conscientious examination of the situation of all the belligerent States no longer leaves doubt that all peoples, on whatever side they may be fighting, long for a speedy end to the bloody struggle."

While it is true that everyone in every country desires as speedy an end to the struggle as is compatible with obtaining decisive results, yet never has there been a time when the Allied countries were more determined than they are now upon obtaining a decisive military victory. This is proved by the reports of the feeling which exists in Great Britain and France among the workingmen of those countries, as voiced by such men as the Socialist, Mr. John Spargo. In this country the recent utterances of Mr. Taft, Senator Lodge, Senator Hitchcock and Mr. Samuel Gompers, are proofs of the clear purpose of the United States and its Allies as to the results of this War and their determination to effect them by a decisive victory. No wonder then that within half an hour after the receipt of the Austro-Hungarian note, President Wilson instructed the Secretary of State to give the following answer: "I am authorized by the President to state that the following will be the reply of this Government to the Austro-Hungarian note proposing an unofficial conference of belligerents:

"The Government of the United States feels that there is only one reply which it can make to the suggestion of the Imperial Austro-Hungarian Government. It has repeatedly and with entire candor stated the terms upon which the United States would consider peace, and can and will entertain no proposal for a conference upon a matter concerning which it has made its position and purpose so plain."

What effect this reply will have upon the policy of the Central Powers remains to be seen.

September 16, 1918.

With Our Readers.

IT is frequently said that the fighting power of an army is increased two-fold when the men in the ranks know that their people at home are with them, with them in sympathy and sacrifice, bearing also their share of the burden.

Perhaps this will explain the exceptional morale, the inspiring courage that have already been shown by our American soldiers on the western front in France.

Never in the history of the world, we believe it is safe to say, has a people stood so solidly behind its fighting men as have we of the United States. We have not only made financial sacrifices for their welfare, we have taken up personal service in their behalf which embraces in minutest detail their every need in the camps at home; their needs in the cantonments and the fighting lines abroad; their care when wounded; their kinsfolk who might otherwise suffer in their absence. This service has been generous; nation wide; comprehensive. Patriotism has lent wings to the imagination, and there is not a conceivable want of the soldier that has been left uncared for. Not only has the Government taken in hand the greater problems of the soldier's welfare; but private organizations of every kind have summoned all their resources, been supplemented by funds generously contributed by every class of citizen, and given themselves under the direction of the Government to the welfare of the soldiers and the sailors and to the care of those innumerable problems of protection and well-being that have sprung up since America entered the War.

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THE record of this unprecedented service of a nation is of course yet to be written; but historical records that will contribute to its complete chronicle are appearing even now. The fullest that we have yet seen is the September issue of *The Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Service. This issue makes a volume of three hundred and six pages with detailed index. Even a volume of that size can do little more than treat in a brief way of the principal larger classifications of war relief work.

The foreword by J. P. Lichtenberger, editor of this volume of *The Annals*, points out in a brief way the necessity for "the mobilization of the national resources." The editor makes one very serious mistake, which is the more to be regretted because the volume will be frequently referred to by writers on the question of war relief. He states that the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

are non-sectarian organizations. Of course, nothing could be further from the truth, and it is certainly not too much to ask that the editor of a publication of the standing of *The Annals* should know whereof he speaks. Both these organizations are strictly sectarian as their constitution expressly states. In the body of the volume both are placed under the title "Religious Organizations in War Relief Work."

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PART II. considers War Relief in Europe and Canada. Edward T. Devine, of the American Red Cross, sketches the problems presented by the devastated provinces and the ravages of war; Paul U. Kellogg, of *The Survey*, shows how those problems have expanded, and how the Red Cross has rushed to meet them and extended its fields far beyond its original plans.

Ernest P. Bicknell, U.S.A., Red Cross Commissioner to Belgium, recites the marvelous story of human sympathy and human relief extended to that martyred country. There were, for example, in June thirty-two Red Cross establishments in Belgium which gave help to Belgian soldiers at the rate of over twenty-five thousand a day. This number does not include an extensive system of recreation tents and canteens attached to military cantonments. The Red Cross work embraces every needy class of the population, civilian as well as military. It includes also the refugees, and Colonel Bicknell pictures a Belgian town built up and cared for by the Red Cross within the city of Havre.

"A tract of land, agreeably situated on a small hill in the outskirts of the city was taken, and a village of small cottages is now erected. The ground had previously been provided with paved streets, while lines of water mains and electric wires are conveniently near. This village will consist of one hundred cottages, each of three or four rooms. At the head of each cottage will be a small shed to be used as laundry and storage space. Each cottage will have a small garden plot and will be enclosed by a neat rustic fence. Electric light will be provided, and in the centre of the village will be a public water supply. Two schoolhouses will meet the needs of the children, and a coöperative store, which is a familiar and successful institution among the Belgians, will be established in its own quarters. A central building will provide administrative headquarters for the village, and a meeting place for the people on all occasions.

"The population of the village will consist of families selected from the worst quarters of the city, but no family which has less than four children will be granted a cottage in the village. The cottages will be rented fully furnished for thirty francs (six

dollars) per month. If any occupant of the village cannot pay the rent, the payment will be made from some charitable source, but no cottage will be given gratuitously. The income from the rent of the one hundred cottages will meet all the expenses of keeping up the streets, attending to the plumbing, lighting, cleaning, repairs, etc.

"The village, which, at this writing, June, is well on toward completion, will be like a transplanted bit of Belgium. Not only will the people be Belgian, but the schools will be Belgian taught by Belgian teachers. A Belgian priest will look after the moral welfare of the people, and Belgians will have charge of the administration. When the War is ended, the cottages, which are all of the demountable type, may be taken down and shipped into Belgium, there to be set up again in some of the destroyed towns of that unhappy country."

Colonel Bicknell testifies gladly to the courage, the coöperative spirit and the fine sense of responsibility on the part of the leaders of the Belgian people, "as we have learned to know them through a year of close and constant contact."

* * * *

CANADA'S war relief work is discussed by Sir Hebert Ames. He treats especially of the National Patriotic Fund, voluntarily subscribed, and placed under the charge of the National Executive for the relief of soldiers and their families. Interest on the fund provides the expenses of administration. Canada seems exceptional in this, that she has left this obligation to volunteer subscriptions: her government has not accepted it as a direct responsibility.

The different manner in which the same responsibility has been met by the United States is set forth in an article immediately following and entitled *The Social Significance of War Risk Insurance*, by Thomas B. Love, Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury. Back of our war risk insurance is "the authority and financial strength of the greatest and most democratic government in the world."

The Government of the United States now looks upon itself as an employer of over three million soldiers and sailors, and the Government has determined to be an employer on a better basis than ever before in its history. The conditions of employment have been placed according to the full meaning of a living wage. A living wage means something more than the mere cost of subsistence for the worker while he is at work. It must provide also for the expenses of living for his natural dependents during the time he does not work: also during the time when because of dis-

ability he is unable to work, and it must provide for the support of his dependents in the event of his death. By the War Risk Insurance Act the Government has met and provided for all these demands. By that Act the Government as an employer says to the soldier, its employee:

(a) We will pay you a fixed monthly compensation.

(b) We will request you to make to wife and children a definite allotment of this monthly pay which will not exceed one-half; to this allotment the Government will add an equal or greater amount as an allowance, and pay such allotment to your family monthly for their support.

(c) If you have other relatives dependent upon you and wish to make them a voluntary monthly allotment, the Government will supplement the voluntary allotment with an equal or greater allowance and disburse such allotments to the dependent relatives on a monthly basis.

(d) If disabled (through no willful misconduct of your own) the Government will pay you a fixed monthly compensation contingent in amount upon the number and personnel of your dependent family, so long as your disability shall continue.

(e) In case of your death, the Government will pay to your wife, or child, or dependent father or mother, or to all of them, a fixed monthly compensation so long as your widow or your widowed mother remains a widow, and the parents are dependent, and to your children until they reach the age of eighteen years.

* * * *

BUT the Government does not stop even here. If the soldier desires additional protection against his own total permanent disability, the Government has provided a war insurance of not less than $1,000.00 or more than $10,000.00 at peace time rates and without any addition for the war hazard.

This provision for our fighting men is certainly the most liberal provision ever made by any government in the history of the world for its fighting forces in time of war.

The purpose and scope of the War Risk Insurance is further described by S. M. Lindsay, Professor of Social Legislation, Columbia University, and an account of the working of the new law for the period of eight months is given by Colonel S. H. Wolfe of the Quartermaster's Department, United States Army.

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PART IV. of the volume considers *Civilian Relief Work of the National Red Cross.* Training for its home service is outlined by Porter Lee, Director of the New York School of Philanthropy;

the scope and organization of the Department of Civilian Relief are described by Margaret F. Byington of the American Red Cross. The new draft, the vast increase in the army of the United States means that there will scarcely be one home in our country unaffected by the absence of a breadwinner. This means that all homes will be brought, in some way or other, into the field of home service of the Red Cross. It means further that the Red Cross will necessarily touch every influence, religious, social, economic, industrial, that affects the family. It means also that the Red Cross will come in contact with every private agency of charity work and *vice versa*. The need of studying its plans: of preparedness to meet this new and mighty agency with efficient capable coöperation is therefore most apparent.

* * * *

PART V. is concerned with what is probably the most important institution arising out of the needs of the present War—the Commission on Training Camp Activities of the United States Army and Navy, popularly known as the Fosdick Commission, because of its Chairman, Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick. The opening article written by the Chairman is a comprehensive view of the purpose and field or fields of work of the Commission. Under it work the seven organizations which within the camps care for the recreational welfare of soldiers and sailors—the Knights of Columbus; the Young Men's Christian Association; the Young Women's Christian Association; the Jewish Welfare Board; the Salvation Army; the War Camp Community Service; and the American Library Association. This Commission has governmental authority over the work within the camps of all these organizations. It has formulated programmes of entertainment, educational courses, and athletic recreation for the camps at home and abroad. It has the duty of enforcing the Government's rulings concerning the suppression of vice within certain prescribed zones about the camps. It has laid down a programme and a standard of conduct worthy of the highest praise and the most loyal support of every true, clean-hearted American. That programme is built upon the solid Christian truth which the Catholic Church has ever preached to the nations: that sexual continence is entirely compatible with physical health, and should be the rule of life for every unmarried man and woman. And the Commission has evidently sought to build on that programme: to do all in its power to make the American army an army of clean, strong, fighting men; to save its soldiers from the degradation and ravages of sin; to lessen their temptations: to keep them pure as the worthy fathers of generations yet to be; and to present

to American youth of both sexes a standard that is really Catholic, that will make America, in her thoughts, in her community and recreational life, in her drama and her literature, other than she has been in the past. And that there was sad need that she should be otherwise, is unfortunately too apparent from the reports included in this volume of the physical examinations of candidates for the army.

* * * *

SUCH a paragraph as the following, ending the article on *Making the Camps Safe for the Army,* by Lieutenant G. J. Anderson of the Commission, is a delightful inspiration:

"If we had done nothing more than to send across the seas to the aid of our Allies the cleanest army the world has ever seen, a host of fighting men who have been trained in an atmosphere true to the highest ideals of American life, we have proved ourselves fit to fight for the preservation of democracy. For if democracy has not made a man respect his own body, mind and soul, and that of his countrymen, be they man or woman, it has failed. And if it has instilled even the first seeds of this physical and spiritual self-respect, it has succeeded according to its truest tests."

* * * *

BUT when the healthy-minded, normal man or woman reads in detail the extensive programmes of certain divisions of the Commission he will realize disappointment. Instead of remaining true to the high constructive programme of the Commission itself, they have departed into paths that for the most part lead downward, and that are marked out not by a hopeful, constructive estimate of the heights to which we may attain, but by a Calvinistic, pessimistic obsession of the chronic inability of men and women to be true to virtuous and noble ideals.

These detailed programmes, while no doubt containing many good points, are built upon the fundamental fallacy that a knowledge of the physical ravages of sexual sin will act as an effective deterrent. The fallacy is two-fold: it presupposes that such evil results invariably follow, and that is not true. It presupposes that knowledge is virtue or begets virtue which is not true either. Knowledge may be vice and may propagate vice. It may and often has taught the individual how to gratify his evil passions: and yet escape the temporal consequences of sin.

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AGAIN these programmes labor under this fearful indictment—that oftentimes they promote the very evil which they profess to combat. It must be remembered that these programmes are

made for the entire army: that officers are obliged to give these lectures at stated intervals to all their subordinates. Such lack of discrimination is fatal. All men are not diseased either in mind or body. Many are clean-minded, and rightfully resent these lectures imposed upon them that give them an hour of thought upon matters utterly distasteful to the healthy-minded. Some sadly need the lectures, no doubt. Are the good and worthy to be polluted unnecessarily because of the need of those who are evil? If lectures of this kind are to be given, will not the end sought be more speedily and surely achieved if the positive ideas of virtue: the sanctity of the body as the creative work of God, reverence for womanhood, for home, for wife, for friend, be so emphasized and repeated that an atmosphere of pure air be created to drive out this polluted gas attack of sexual disease? Out of negation nothing can come. Out of a fear simply of physically evil consequences nothing can come when the danger of such consequences are removed. Purity is not simply abstinence from sexual indulgence: purity is the moral life of the soul. Since it concerns primarily an act that brings man closest to His Creator, it is inextricably interwoven with all the thoughts, estimates, actions, relations and standards of a man's life. Purity is the man. And unless this right estimate of the virtue is cultivated, every other attempt will fall short: will share in the perverted or ignorant notion that begot it and eventually play into the hands of impurity itself. That is why the rehearsal of these details about sex create the atmosphere of sex. The hearers talk and discuss and are oftentimes obsessed by sex. It is a strong enough passion in itself but when thoughtfulness upon it is thus sanctioned by military authority, the old prohibition that these things should not be so much as mentioned among you, is robbed of its force, and the hearer will be led to experiment, feeling that if infected he will be saved by the prophylactic treatment supplied.

Such is the law of psychology: and such, in the larger way, is the law of life. These programmes are handling life, and they give evidence that those who prepared them are not altogether fitted for a task that has challenged the wisdom of the centuries.

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WE might comment at further length upon this important matter but our space does not permit it. In the article contributed by Mrs. Katharine Davis entitled *Women's Education in Social Hygiene*, she states that with regard to the Committee of which she is Chairman, The National Catholic War Council will appoint two representatives; or at least such will be the inference

from her words. We wish to state here that the National Catholic War Council has officially requested changes in the programme, and has refused to appoint representatives until such changes are made.

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PART VI. deals with the different *Religious Organizations in War Relief Work.* The war work of the Young Men's Christian Association is outlined by Mr. John R. Mott; that of the Young Women's Christian Association by A. Estelle Paddock. The work of The National Catholic War Council, which includes that of the Knights of Columbus and other Catholic activities, is treated by John J. Burke, C.S.P. The Jewish Relief work is described by Albert Lucas.

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PART VII. is under the heading of the Council of National Defence, which was formed by Act of Congress in August, 1916, to create "relations which render possible in time of need, the immediate concentration and the utilization of the resources of the nation." This sentence at once indicates the unlimited field and the innumerable questions with which the National Council deals. It is worked through State committees, and has interested itself in giving legal advice to selectives; in National and State provisions concerning public health; in public recreation; in proper housing conditions; in child welfare work and in vocational education.

The last article in the volume entitled *The War Chest Plan,* by Horatio G. Lloyd, is of particular interest in view of the coming united war work campaign for all seven allied war relief organizations.

WE have received a protest from Mr. Stevens, the author of the new life of *Joan of Arc,* reviewed in the September issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The protest is presented in all sincerity of purpose; yet its very sincerity helps to show more plainly the line of demarcation between Protestant and Catholic thought—the one nebulous, vague, in the making; the other clear cut, definite, mature. Mr. Stevens is deeply grieved because despite his good will and painstaking effort to "achieve Protestant and secular appreciation for one of the noblest characters in the history of Catholicism," "his feeling of a mission to do a great service to Catholicism, Protestantism and Americans," his work has met with appreciation only from Protestant denominational reviewers, and has been "repudiated and censured without exception by all Catholic reviewers." The author adds that each Catholic re-

viewer "quoted something to censure, and changed the wording to favor the censure." To say the least such unanimity is surprising.

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BUT, quite at a loss to understand the alignment of reviewers mentioned, and so frustrating to the author's purpose, he seeks an explanation in the external causes rather than by an internal analysis, in line with the comments of the reviewers, of his own work. Yet only through the latter process may the cause be found.

Of course, it is incredible that Mr. Stevens has been misquoted by all his Catholic reviewers. In the case of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, for example, we carefully verified every quotation made by our reviewer and found every one accurate, and we may well ask further, what malicious purpose (for such concerted falsification could not be accidental) could the Catholic reviewers have in condemning the work of a man whom they recognize as having "for his purpose a book of inspiration and loyalty, and to interpret the meaning of Joan's life for Americans?" To continue to quote from our own reviewer: "He (Mr. Stevens) has written in fullest sympathy with his subject and has collected from sources and authorities a telling number of facts and appreciations, and has made of them a thrilling narrative." So much in commendation. But Mr. Stevens' interpretations are not in harmony with history.

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FOR the cause of such concerted disapproval, we must look within the pages of Mr. Stevens' book, and then we will find that the looseness of his own thought is alone to blame. He says: "This lovely girl gave a life, as loyal as was ever known, in illustrious revelation of the religious principle that became the Protestant Reformation. As her Lord was the greatest martyr of humanity, so was she the greatest martyr of Christianity, for that freedom of conscience in which the 'just shall live by faith.' Nearly a hundred years before Martin Luther nailed his fundamental propositions on the cathedral door, she perished at the stake for her loyalty to a life of 'justification by faith,' and that life was afterwards enrolled among the saints by the Roman Catholic Church."

Does Mr. Stevens mean that Joan was a forerunner of Luther and also a saint of the "Roman Catholic Church?" Surely a strange paradox. Does he mean that Peter and Paul, James and John, and the hosts that followed in their train were less martyrs for Christianity and for freedom of conscience than the Maid

of Orleans; that she was greater even than the Voices who were her inspiration and her strength? Had these others not perished for freedom to believe in Christ, the Son of God, and the right to follow His leading, there would have been no "Christianity" for which Joan could die. In what sense Joan, so valiant in deed, can be said to have died for "justification by faith alone," is also difficult to see. We admit that Mr. Stevens does not add "alone," but he necessarily implies it by associating the Maid with Luther and the doctrines of the Reformation.

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WHEN he used philosophical terms, Mr. Stevens is guilty of the same looseness. "Joan of Arc was a revelation of Faith. Her enemies were a revelation of Will. Faith and Will are antagonists in the limited regions of individuals, and are only one as they coalesce in the infinite regions of the divine system of minds which we call the social universe." Since when has "Will" become synonymous with force and ceased to be a faculty of the soul, the very prop of Faith? How may "Faith and "Will" "coalesce" in the "social universe;" the "infinite regions of the divine system of minds," and be "antagonists in the limited regions of individuals?" Again we ask, what does Mr. Stevens mean? Does anyone know what he means? Does he himself know?

We do not know whether Mr. Stevens is a Catholic or not. We do full justice to the sincerity of his intentions; we deeply regret his wounded feelings, but until he can think more clearly and define more accurately, he will, inevitably, run amuck of all well-informed reviewers.

* * * *

WHEN those who do not believe in Christian dogma seek to interpret a life that was essentially the expression of Christian dogma, they are foredoomed to failure because they attempt the impossible. They may faithfully portray certain characteristics, certain activities, achievements that have secured the acclaim of subsequent generations, but when they seek the deeper sources that begot those characteristics, the springs whence came those activities, the principles which made such achievement possible, they cannot understand because they do not know. The lives of the saints are written in Christian dogma. One who does not know it and know it through intimate, personal understanding, can as little understand or interpret it, as one who knows nothing of Greek can thoroughly understand and capably translate a Greek classic.

"Joan of Arc being wholly religious," says Mr. Stevens, "I

conceived her life would have to be written in the form of psychological religious speculation that could be free from all doctrinal controversy and yet be adaptable to any orthodox interpretation." John of Arc was a Catholic; bred in the simple, intelligent faith of the peasant. That faith, which was as definite then as it is today and ever will be, guided her every thought, was the root source of her every action, molded her character, inspired her every achievement. Yet a twentieth century biographer may state that he can make this definite, fixed, clear, dogmatic religious faith the plaything of his "psychological religious speculation;" and that he could so conceal or juggle or misinterpret as to make a story that "could be free from all doctrinal controversy and be adaptable to any orthodox interpretation."

* * * *

THE process is all too common and merits even on the ground of historical accuracy alone, the severest condemnation. The Catholic glories of the past, the Catholic heroes of the past are pictured as worthy of imitation, but the readers are robbed of what belongs to them, the knowledge of the faith that made possible their achievements and molded ordinary mortals like ourselves into the heroic stature of saints. It is a process that is not confined to Catholic achievements or Catholic heroes of the past. It endures to the present. And not uncommon is the biography of a Catholic scientist or the estimate of a Catholic poet that omits or lays little stress upon his Catholic faith.

We are looking forward to the announced biography of a noted Catholic poet who has just fallen in battle. The Catholic faith inspired much of his best work. We are eager to see with what reserve, what frank honesty his history will be written.

THE priest who realizes that the spiritual welfare of the world is contingent upon the outcome of this Great War, will not be loath to use his power of reaching and influencing large masses of the people in behalf of the coming Liberty Loan campaign.

Among our Catholic foreign population there are many who are too ignorant of the English language to follow the course of current events: yet habits of thrift generated in long years of struggle at home have provided them in many cases with the wherewithal to render substantial help to our Government. Illustrative of this class is the following story:

"A Polish servant girl had been employed for a number of years by an American family residing in one of the large cities. She was an illiterate individual and had never mastered more

than a few of the most ordinary phrases of the English language. Attendance at church where her native tongue was spoken, comprised her only recreation. Through her inability to read she knew little of current events.

"In the first two loans her employer pleaded with her in his simplest English to purchase at least a $50.00 bond, but without avail. In the third loan he made no further effort.

"One Monday evening she came into the sitting-room and in the presence of the whole family said to the master of the house, 'I want buy $500.00 Liberty Bonds. Priest say Germans very bad and kill Polish and American peoples,' and with these words handed him $500.00 in bills. Desiring to ascertain the reason for her sudden change of mind, he elicited the information that she did not know these facts before, and that on the previous day the priest had preached on the subject for the first time. The result was that she acquired an interest in worldly affairs and thereafter inquired daily about the War."

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WITH many others, as with this woman, to know is to act; and a simple explanation of the facts by one whose knowledge and honesty they respect, will stir coöperation to the extent of their ability in the cause of the persecuted nations which is one with the cause of America.

JUST as the last of this issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD was going to press, news came of the death of His Eminence, John Cardinal Farley of New York. The press of the country will carry extensive notices of his remarkable career; of his exceptional administrative gifts as head of the largest diocese of the world; of the great loss that both Church and country have sustained by his death—a loss that will be keenly felt for many years to come.

In this paragraph we wish simply to express our personal gratitude to the dead prelate who from its first struggling years gave his support to THE CATHOLIC WORLD and continued its friend and adviser even unto the end.

Since we assumed the editorial responsibility many years ago, Cardinal Farley was to us not only a guide, but an inspiration, a personal friend, whose kindly sympathy, keen interest and moral guidance were among those rare comforts and helps that can never be replaced.

Our readers will earnestly pray that the peace which his good life merited, will be speedily given to him in its divine fullness.

MR. CONDÉ B. PALLEN, Chairman of the Board of The Catholic Art Association, requests us to announce that he is in no way connected with any other Motion Picture Company; that "The Victim" was produced by The Catholic Art Association, and not by any other concern. Any statement to the contrary is false and dishonest in purpose, and should receive no credence from the Reverend Clergy or the laity.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

AMERICAN BOOK CO., New York:
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By L. Carroll. *Happy Tales for Story Time.* By E. L. and A. M. Skinner. *New Mediæval and Modern History.* By S. B. Harding, Ph.D. *First Principles of Agriculture.* By E. S. Goff and D. D. Mayne.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
The Greater Value. By G. M. M. Sheldon. 55 cents. *The Mystical Life.* By Dom S. Louismet, O.S.B. $1.10.

GEORGE H. DORAN CO., New York:
The Economic Weapon. By A. E. Zimmerman. Pamphlet.

SILVER, BURDETTE & CO., New York:
The Progressive Music Series. No. III.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:
The Inferno. By H. Barbusse. $1.50 net. *Free and Other Stories.* By T. Dreiser. $1.50 net.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
Religion and Democracy. The Model Student. Pamphlets. 5 cents each.

ALFRED A. FURMAN, 368 West Fifty-first Street, New York:
Martial Lyrics. By Alfred A. Furman.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York
The Shorter Bible—The New Testament. Arranged by C. F. Kent. $1.00 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
The Dartmoor Window Again. By Beatrice Chase. $2.00 net.

DODD, MEAD & CO., New York:
Herself—Ireland. By Elizabeth P. O'Connor. $2.50 net.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., Boston:
The Victim's Return. By Noëlle Roger.

GINN & CO., Boston:
The Corona Readers—First Reader. By James H. Fassett. 36 cents.

RICHARD G. BADGER, Boston:
Beaumarchais and the War of American Independence. By Elizabeth S. Kite. Two vols. $5.00 per set.

U. S. FUEL ADMINISTRATION, Washington:
Fuel Facts.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:
Teton Sioux Music. By F. Densmore.

"NORD-AMERIKA," 1006 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.:
The Crusade of Grace in Honor of St. Rose of Lima. Pamphlet. $7.50 per hundred.

JOHN THEODORE COMES, Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Catholic Art and Architecture. By J. T. Comes. 50 cents net.

THE EXTENSION PRESS, Chicago:
Christ's Life in Pictures. By Rev. George A. Keith, S.J. $1.50.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF CANADA, Toronto:
On Prayer. By Rt. Rev. Alexander Macdonald, D.D. Pamphlet.

BLOUD & GAY, Paris:
Guerre et Patriotisme. Par Monsignór S. du Vauroux. *Le Moral Français.* Par F. Veuillot.

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BROTHER CHAPLAINS.

BY FRANCIS AVELING, S.T.D.

IN a former article, I wrote of the effect which the present War seems to have had upon the religion of the soldiers at the front. I propose now to deal with an aspect and, at the same time, an effect of the War which is no less worth recording. I refer to the relations obtaining between the Chaplains of the different religious bodies who are engaged in their common and privileged task of working for their men. And I wish more especially to refer to these relations from the point of view of the differences in their several doctrinal positions and outlooks; and particularly of this from the standpoint of the Catholic Chaplain.

When we Chaplains came out first to France—and I take it the same is equally true of the other fields of the War, when, understanding the crying need, we first sent in our names to the several authorities of the "Churches" as moved by the call of the men at the front for our service, we did so each with the one idea and motive of doing his utmost for those men—those fighting, suffering, dying men—of his own faith. The Protestant minister volunteered, his heart full to bursting with sympathy for the craving of his boys for human encouragement and guidance, for divine consolation and help; the Catholic, urged on by the thought of his lads waiting for the sacra-

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ments; going up to the battle perchance unassoiled, brought back broken, and possibly dying unanointed.

At the outset of the War, few of us realized the grave pressure of the need. For the most part we, like those around us in other walks of life, saw the War from afar as a thing unreal and apart, a struggle which had no direct claim upon us personally, though in it we were so intimately involved; a distant drama upon which our fate depended indeed, but which, none the less, was to be enacted by those whose business it was to defend the honor of our country and protect its liberties. And they had their Chaplains, their priests and ministers—the regular Chaplains of the old and now gloriously renowned "Contemptibles." The call had not yet sounded in our ears; though it is true, some of us—those who knew what war was and had served as volunteer Chaplains in South Africa—discerned it before the rest and went.

It was not, I think, that we were timid or preferred the routine to which we had become accustomed in times of peace or shirked the hardships which we believed were associated with warfare or, least of all, slurred over the needs of our men in the field. We did not know; we did not realize; we did not understand. But at last we heard—and understood. For some of us the call came in fragments of letters from the front—those wonderful letters from amid the blare of battle and the thick of death, full of comfort and courage for those beloved hearts, to cheer whom they were written, bringing tears and smiles to the dear eyes of those who read. For others it came when we began to realize that every British citizen had a stake and a part in the struggle; when we met with men or Chaplains home in hospital or on leave, and heard what was going on in France and Flanders at first hand. And some of us read a paragaph in the *Tablet* stating that the Cardinal needed priests to send out to the men, and asking for volunteers. In one way or in another our *Ephpheta* came to us. Our ears and our eyes were opened.

Of course, it cannot be said that the Chaplains made up their minds to give up their familiar work at home, and plunge into the unknown responsibilities and dangers of war led by any one single consideration or obeying the stern call of duty alone. They hesitated between conflicting motives, doubtless, no less than those magnificent, great-souled and generous-

hearted men and lads who freely responded to the appeal for soldiers to fight their Country's battle. Human minds and hearts are extraordinarily complex in their workings. A thousand factors, obscure often and unappraisable, go to the making of a single human act; and not seldom do the emotions outweigh the more calm and steady dictates of the judgment. Still, in the main the heart may be trusted as well as the head; and the balance will move with its weight more often than not towards right decision: where mere judgment, hesitating for lack of data, or embarrassed by their wealth, would never incline it at all. No one would condemn the counsels of prudence, the thoughts of family or career, business or profession, and the emotions connected with them, which give pause to great enterprises such as this. But who would blame any one of that glorious band which enrolled itself under the banners of the "New Armies" if the alluring call of novelty and high adventure, the glamour of chivalry and romance, outweighed these, colored the more sober patriotism and gilded the idealism that spurred him on to enlist? Doubtless there was a tangle of feelings and calculations: but the decision was made, and made on grounds of patriotism and duty. A million acts of self-abnegation and heroism were its outcome.

Doubtless also the Chaplains had conflicting thoughts and feelings to reckon with. But they, too, when they finally decided to serve were actuated, each and everyone, by a common motive. No matter what considerations affected it, no matter what emotions brought it to birth or nurtured it in individual cases, there was one thing common to them all. There was a common union and a common aim, notwithstanding the differences of training and of outlook, of religious belief and ecclesiastical adherence that separated them.

Chaplains thus entered the army with a common bond of fellowship despite their differences, ready to help each other in the pursuit of their common purpose—the service of the men; ready to sacrifice all save principle in its attainment; zealous for the welfare of the soldiers committed to their pastoral care. At the outset organization was meagre. There were a vast number of posts to which Chaplains could be sent—camps, brigades, batteries of guns, hospitals, and so on. And as the army itself increased in numbers and complexity, as old formations multiplied and new came into being, so did the chap-

laincy service grow and become more complex. It was presided over, in France, by a Principal Chaplain,[1] under whom all denominations were represented. This officer, who belonged to the Adjutant-General's Branch, posted Chaplains to the various units, or moved them from one to another, according to the needs of the service. He had as advisors and assistants representatives of the religions recognized by the Army: Church of England, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, Wesleyan and United Board; this last consisting of Methodists, Baptists and Congregationalists. The Principal Chaplain, who still enjoys the office and dignity, was the senior Regular Chaplain of the British Army, according to the Army List, when the War broke out. He happened to be a Presbyterian; an officer of long military service, great parts, wide experience, and knowledge of human nature.

For a time the chaplaincy service was conducted upon these lines, the department remaining under the direction of its one official head. In 1916, however, the Chaplains of the Church of England were organized under a head of their own —the Deputy Chaplain General; and to each Army and Great Base was posted an Assistant Chaplain General. Their organization was completed by Deputy Assistant Chaplains General at Army Corps Headquarters and Senior Chaplains (C. of E.) at Divisions. This left all the Chaplains, other than C. of E., still under the Principal Chaplain; and their organization became similar to that of the other side of the department, with this modification that the appointments to administrative and Corps and Divisional posts was shared alternately by Catholics and Protestants, and that the assistants to the Catholics were Protestants, and *vice versa*. As a consequence of the division of the department, and the organization of the Principal Chaplain's side of it, Catholic Chaplains are thrown much more closely into touch with non-C. of E. Protestants than with their C. of E. brethren; and a general result of this has been a very wide and friendly understanding of each other's position. Were it for this alone, I think we have much reason to be thankful.

Whereas, before the War the clergymen of the various denominations who are now laboring among the troops out in France, came seldom, if ever, into close contact, they now meet

[1] THE CATHOLIC WORLD, February, 1917.

frequently and freely, helping each other, and, what is more, helping the men to the ministrations of their own priest or minister. Instead of looking at the non-Catholic as a mere compendium of heresies, the Catholic priest generally finds him to be a very courteous, kind and exceedingly zealous man. He is frankly Protestant, of course; that goes without saying: just as the Catholic is frankly Catholic. But he shows a largeness of mind and of outlook, which has a place—and a very exalted place—for the Catholic and his religion.

There probably are exceptions: but the experience of the writer has led him very largely to modify his opinion of the attitude of Protestant clergymen towards the Catholic Church and its clergy. It is doubtless due to the conditions of war that this has come to be. Many of the Protestant clergymen had never met, much less spoken with, a priest before. They knew nothing of the Catholic Church at first hand; and their opinions in its regard were formed, as they must have been, from the old ignorant and intolerant tradition, from popular fiction of the "Jesuit-in-disguise" type, and from the "revelations" of scandal-mongering backsliders. They, too, must find their opinions of Catholics changing. The priest is no longer for them scheming, intriguing, underhand and shifty. He does not slink like a silent, black-robed shadow round corners, or glide softly by the wall instead of crossing open spaces. He is much like other men, after all; has much the same interests as themselves; can run a canteen, play a game of football, or get up a concert for the men with the best. And as to his religious ministrations: well, they may not be those which a Protestant approves; but they certainly appear to be earnest and very real. The Catholic men understand them and prize them most highly; and to every appearance they derive the greatest comfort and consolation from them.

The writer has frequently spoken with Protestant Chaplains on these subjects. He has never met with unsympathetic criticism or bigotry; though he has frequently noticed lack of understanding of the doctrines of the Catholic religion, and a tendency to mistake some of our devotional customs or local uses or popular practices for essentials.

"You Catholics," it has more than once been remarked, with almost obvious envy, "know exactly what to do in any emergency: and your men know exactly what to expect."

That, of course, is so; whether it be in regard to so simple a thing as providing a Mass for a unit, or preparing the soldiers for battle or for death. Confession and Communion, on the one hand; absolution, Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction, on the other: the Catholic men do know what to look for when the priest is beside them.

One wonders, too, how many non-Catholic soldiers wear the beads about their necks. It is a common sight: and the new Chaplain not seldom mistakes such for members of his own flock. A ready and probably true explanation comes from the lips of a non-Catholic clergyman, in reply to the hazarded suggestion that the men might look on them as a sort of superstitious charm. "No, it is not quite as a charm. It is a tangible symbol of religion of some kind for them. And your practice of carrying the Sacrament for your men is tangible and practical, too. I myself"—remember who is speaking—"have adopted the plan of carrying the 'sacrament' in a silver case, so that my men may take it in the field." The man who spoke those words wears a little silver crucifix, given to him, at his request, by a priest: and he does not bear it either as a superstition or a vain thing.

One could multiply such instances almost indefinitely. They show a growing insight into the value—the deep religious value—of Catholic practices. That non-essentials should sometimes be mistaken for essentials is, in the circumstances, not astonishing. It is the unfamiliar which strikes most strongly on the mind, and compels attention—the procession of Our Lady through the streets, the manifold wayside crucifixes, the *pain bénit* of the French churches, the repetition of the prayers of the rosary, the elaborate ceremonies of the liturgy. "Surely you are not obliged to carry all those things with you when you go to say Mass," was a comment heard by the writer, with reference to the gorgeous vestments used in a French cathedral on a great feast. A lack of understanding and proportion in the mind of a non-Catholic is almost inevitable when he first comes to look on a religious system so closely coördinated as the Catholic. In order to understand any one part of it properly, it must be understood in its relation to the whole. Otherwise it tends to appear grotesque and monstrous. Consider, for example, a devotion such as that which Catholics pay to the Blessed Virgin. Were it trans-

planted—the devotion and the doctrine it exemplifies—into a purely Protestant theological environment, it would undoubtedly be out of place; for, so long as Protestants continue to think that honor paid to Our Lady must be honor taken from God, so long they could not join in the Catholic devotion to her without idolatry. It is only when it is conceived in its place in the *ensemble* of Catholic dogma and practice, as a consequent of the divinity of Christ, and in its relation to the absolute and divine Sovereignty, that it has a reasonable and, indeed, an irresistible claim upon us.

This not all Protestants realize, although many of them are beginning to see it in its true perspective among the other beliefs and practices of the Catholic Faith. Their tributes to our organization, to the beauty and humanity of our religious doctrines—such as that which justifies prayers for the dead, or our attitude towards the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar—are spontaneous acknowledgments of the worth of individual truths. But these can never be "individual truths" for the Catholic, who has in his religion one revelation in which all religious truths are coördinated and integrated, having their full meaning and value in the whole. Though his non-Catholic brethren do not perhaps fully realize or appreciate this absolutely fundamental truth of the whole Catholic position, they certainly do see something in the Catholic attitude in it towards God and the things of God, to be admired.

The two ideals in presence are those of Divine Authority and Human Liberty—authority in the sense of a definite and determined divine revelation of the whole will of the Creator in man's regard; liberty in the sense of a personal freedom, guided in each case by the Spirit (for such is the belief of our non-Catholic brethren) in determining the particular claims of any given doctrine or command to one's adherence. There is, however, far more liberty in the system of authority than they generally realize: for it is but one instance of the truth making free, in the sense that all truth, religious or secular, frees from error and its consequences. Equally is it exact to say that the liberty claimed by Protestants in matters of religious opinion works out towards a *quasi* authority, even if this be of little more weight than concerted approval.

Whatever may be true of non-C. of E. Protestant Churches and clergymen at home, they appear to have few or no funda-

mental religious differences out here as Chaplains, and minister impartially and acceptably to the men of any Protestant denomination.

Living, as one does, much with them—often, for instance, in the same mess: visiting the same hospitals, serving the same battalions—the Catholic Chaplain comes to know, and to esteem as men, his Protestant brethren. There are occasional theological discussions, sometimes polemics: but all, as a rule, conducted on the lines of quite academic argument. No blood is shed, and rarely is temper lost; for no matter how keenly and whole-heartedly a Chaplain may hold to his guns, the amenities of the situation keep him within the limits prescribed by the social code.

It is supposed to be bad form to talk either religion or politics in a mess—probably because of the strong feelings likely to be disturbed by a discussion of either topic. But, as this War has developed a new sort of mentality among officers and soldiers, so has it brought about a new tolerance in the matter of subjects of discussion at mess. Political personalities and their doings are criticized and apologized for as in purely civilian circles; and the keenness with which religious subjects are often raised is an indication that they are of sufficient interest to allow a departure from an old, and a very wise, rule.

However it may be, these questions are ventilated from time to time; and the Catholic priest often feels that he has his finger upon the pulse of the non-Catholic heart when he hears the opinions that are voiced, and the reasoning adopted, by his Protestant friends. His opportunity, perhaps, has never been so great as this for understanding the strength of its appeal to human nature, and at the same time the weakness of the non-Catholic position. That there is a strength in it, is not to be denied. Its appeal to the individual is strong—to his personal feeling, his abhorrence of interference, his love of self-determination. He is, or thinks himself to be, free in other things: why not in this? He is free to hold whatever political opinions he wishes, to be a conservative or a liberal, or to belong to no party at all; to believe in protection or free-trade as he pleases. Why should he not be free to believe what he chooses in religion? The idea of authority is irksome to most people, even if it be a constituted and legitimate authority.

But in this matter the Protestant contends that he is the authority.

On the other hand, the weakness of the position lies in the extreme vagueness of its fundamentals, in the indeterminateness of its theology, in its substitution of trust for faith, in its lack of logical coherence. One Chaplain—he happened, though, to belong to the C. of E.—actually made a boast of this last point to the present writer, with the remark that he distrusted the intrusion of logic into religious matters. "That's the worst of you Roman Catholics," he wound up: "you are so logical!" But the same Chaplain made use of a striking phrase to characterize the certainty with which the priest formulated a doctrine in his hearing. "That is the audacity of the Roman Catholic Church!" Audacity and logic. Something of a combination!

The fact that Catholic Chaplains, and therefore presumably other Catholic clergymen have always the same answer in substance to give to the same question regarding religion, strikes our non-Catholic brother Chaplains with no less force than the fact that they know exactly what to do for their men in emergencies. And the Protestants have come to realize, already to a very large extent, that this is not merely due to our accepting our doctrines blindly from "Rome," and having learned parrot-wise, in college and seminary, the questions and answers of a kind of glorified catechism. They have come to see that there is such a thing as systematic theology in the Catholic Church, and that, once granted the principles, the conclusions follow from them. They have found that the Catholic is not altogether unintelligent in matters other than religious; and realize that there must be some sort of justification for his holding as true, doctrines which they cannot see their way to accepting, which, indeed, they have been taught to regard as false. But they will very generally admit that he can make out a good hypothetical case for his attitude and beliefs, provided his view of revelation once be granted him. And that, of course, is the great crux and dividing line between the Catholic and the Protestant religions. But it is all to the good that understanding has progressed as far as it has.

I prefaced the present article with the statement that I proposed to write in the main from the point of view of the differences of the doctrinal positions of the Chaplains. Is

there nothing upon which they can agree? Has their merely social intercourse, their human comradeship, cemented in common dangers of mutilation and death, done nothing to draw them more closely together in the religious life?

That is a consummation scarcely to be hoped for. The Catholic remains a Catholic, and the Protestant a Protestant Chaplain, though each may have come to know the other personally a little better, esteem him a little more highly, and appreciate his honesty and good faith more thoroughly than before. The non-Catholic has evolved a view, during the course of the War (though, perhaps, it lay hidden in his principles all the time) strikingly akin to our doctrine regarding the soul of the Church: and he is not only willing, but sympathetically anxious, to act upon it and to put such Catholic soldiers as he may meet with in his pastoral search among the scattered troops, into touch with their nearest priest, or to advise the latter as to where stray members of his flock are to be found. As to "communicating in divine things," of course that is out of the question; and must, from the very nature of the case, remain an impossibility.

Sometimes, in the stress of operations, or because of distance and lack of time, it has happened that funerals have been taken by clergymen of another faith than that of the dead soldier. At times this is inevitable. The last and official mark of respect is paid to one who gave up life for his country. Should a Catholic so be buried, his last resting place can receive the blessing of Holy Church later on, and his memory brought before his Maker in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. But with the living, what? The writer remembers being asked by a young minister, just as the great battle of the Somme was about to commence, what he could do for Catholics who might be badly wounded, or dying, if a priest were not to be found. He received the obvious answer: "Help them to make an act of contrition." The phrase was unfamiliar to him, and needed explanation. "Tell them to ask God's pardon for their sins, because by them they have offended so infinitely good a Father and God." And the *Simple Prayer Book for Soldiers* was put into his hands, and the homely, familiar acts of faith, hope, charity and contrition shown to him.

The organization of the Chaplains, during that offensive, was already so complete that it would have been difficult for a

wounded Catholic to pass down the lines of evacuation without seeing his priest and having ample opportunity for receiving the sacraments. But I like to think of that young minister, should the need have arisen, kneeling by the stretcher of some one of our own poor boys in direst plight, and helping him to resign his soul to God in the hallowed words of a Catholic act of contrition. I know that, if in God's providence the sacraments of Holy Church were denied to any of our Catholic lads in their need, His overflowing mercy would compass them about and His eternal arms uphold them. But I like to think, when their poor, battle-wrought brains, and failing strength had borne them to the lethargy which has one only issue, that some kind friend was there, even if he were not an anointed priest consecrated to the sacred ministry, whose hand would press in his the nerveless hand, whose voice would pierce the creeping, growing, shrouding darkness; who would rouse the fleeting mind with those old, familiar words of truest sorrow for sin, so that, thrilled at the last by sentiments of sorrow and of love, the happy soul should appear before its Sovereign Good, radiant and triumphant, to receive its recompense of everlasting blessedness.

Though they may not worship at the same altar, or profess the same belief, the Chaplains have learned during the War to know each other; and have become, with all their differences, brethren in the service of the troops. The Catholic has learned to respect his "opposite number" for his humanity and zeal. He recognizes the many virtues by which he is naturally distinguished. And for his part, the Protestant has come to see something of the wide humanity and religious value of that Church for which the Catholic stands. Though he may not realize its divinity, he looks upon it with no little admiration and respect.

And this is as it should be; for the Protestant makes his Church, whereas the Church makes the Catholic.

LAUS DEO.

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

Praise! that when thick night circled over me
In chaos ere my time or world began,
Thy finger shaped my body cunningly,
Thy thought conceived me ere I was a man!
Thy spirit breathed upon me in the dark
Wherein I strangely grew,
Bestowing glowing powers to the spark
The mouth of heaven blew!

Praise! that a babe I leapt upon the world
Spread at my feet in its magnificence,
With trees as giants, flowers as flags unfurled,
And rain as diamonds in their excellence!
Praise! for the solemn splendor of surprise
That came with breaking day,
For all the ranks of stars that met my eyes
When sunset burnt away!

Praise! that there burst on my unfolding heart
The colored radiance of leafy June,
With choirs of songbirds perfected in art
And nightingales beneath the summer moon—
Praise! that this beauty, an unravished bride,
Doth hold her lover still;
Doth hide and beckon, laugh at me, and hide
Upon each grassy hill!

Praise that I know the dear capricious sky
In every infinitely varied mood,
Yet under her maternal wings can lie
The smallest chick among her countless brood!

Praise! that I hear the strong winds wildly race
Their chariots on the sea,
But feel them lift my hair and stroke my face
Softly and tenderly!

Praise! for the joy and gladness Thou didst send
When I have sat in gracious fellowship
In firelight for an evening with a friend
When wine and magic entered at the lip!
For laughter, which the fates can overthrow,
Thy mercy did accord—
To Thee, Who didst our godlike joy bestow,
I lift my glass, O Lord!

Praise! that a lady leaning from her height,
A lady pitiful, a tender maid,
A queen majestical unto my sight
Spoke words of love to me, and gently laid
Her hand into my own unworthy hand.
(Rise, soul, to greet thy guest,
Mysterious love, whom none shall understand—
Through love be all confessed!)

Praise! that upon my bent and bleeding back
Was stretched some share of Thy redeeming cross.
Some poverty as largess for my lack,
Some loss that shall prevent my utter loss!
Praise! that Thou gavest me to keep joy sweet
The bitter salt of pain!
Praise! for the weariness of questing feet—
That else might quest in vain!

ST. MATTHEW AND THE PAROUSIA.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

XI.

THE Saviour made a strange remark to the Pharisees. He told them they "would not see Him again till they said: 'Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.'" [1]

In the Lukan account, Jesus is journeying towards Jerusalem when the remark finds utterance on His lips. A group of Pharisees, evidently with a view to frightening Him out of the territory of Herod Antipas into their own jurisdiction of Judea, approach Jesus with the warning to betake Himself at once from that region, as Herod was openly resolved upon compassing His destruction. The Saviour bids them go tell that crafty fox of theirs that the future course of the Messias is determined, and not subject to the will of Herod, until His work is done. "It is ordained of God that I go on My way hence today, tomorrow, and the day following, because it is not fitting"—in view of her long list of kindred crimes!—"that a prophet should perish out of Jerusalem." [2] A most cutting and ironical statement in regard to them and theirs.

It was as if the Lord had said: "Take no alarm for My safety in Herod's dominions. I am now on My way to the Jewish Capital, where death awaits Me, not from Herod's hands, but from yours." After saying which, the Lord laments over Jerusalem, the stoner and slayer of the prophets, the city that refused to come to safety when He called. "Behold," He next adds with solemn emphasis, "your house shall be left to you a desert waste. *And* I say to you, you shall not *see* Me, till it come that you shall *say:* 'Blessed is He that *cometh* in the name of the Lord.'" [3] In St. Matthew's account, the remark is reported at the end of the Lord's arraignment of the Pharisees for their crimes. Jesus threatens "the sons of them that slew the prophets" with dire disaster to their city and themselves.

[1] Matt. xxiii. 39; Luke xiii. 35.

[2] Luke xiii. 31-33. πλὴν δεῖ με.

[3] Luke xiii. 34, 35.

"Behold, your house *is* left to you desolate," He tells them; a prophetic future in a present tense. "*For* I say to you, *from now on,* you shall not see Me, till you say: 'Blessed is He that *cometh* in the name of the Lord.'" The remark was made on the occasion of the Saviour's last visit to the temple, and draws added significance from that fact. There is nothing inherently impossible in its having been uttered twice, and under conditions substantially similar, as reported by the first evangelist and the third.

To what point of time was the Lord referring when He made this impressive declaration? Palm Sunday? It is not an event of sufficient magnitude; nor did the Pharisees proclaim Him the Blessed One on that occasion. The Final Advent? St. Matthew never uses the bare phrase "coming" to designate that glorious event; nor does the New Testament anywhere assure us that the Pharisees will welcome the returning Christ with hymns of praise.[4] The conversion of the Jews throughout all time? The supposition does not fit the context. The Lord is speaking of an event which His *hearers* are to live to witness; He is not referring to generations yet to be. Something more immediate is in view—a recognition wrung from minds rebellious, that have at last been forced to see. May we venture to propose an altogether new interpretation, capable of critical establishment, and not the mere product of uncontrollable surmise? The time indicated is *the destruction of the temple,* and the "coming" of which Jesus speaks is His "coming in His Kingdom with power."

Grammar and criticism are not without their urgings for the acceptance of this view. The causative particle "for," which introduces this verse in the Matthean text, directly connects it with the verse preceding: "Behold, your house shall be left to you a desert waste."[5] The employment of this particle clearly compels us to regard what the Pharisees are to *see* and *say,* as connected with the laying-waste of their house, unless grammar be of no moment in the threshing of the problem. The presence of this connecting link bids us look for the *time and manner* of the "coming," as also of the "seeing" and the "saying," in the desolation that is to befall the House of

[4] On the contrary, it is said that "all the tribes of the land shall mourn," on that occasion. Matt. xxiv. 30.

[5] Λέγω γὰρ ὑμῖν· Οὐ μή με ἴδητε ἀπ' ἄρτι. The "Me" is *enclitic,* not *emphatic* in both accounts. Matt. xxiii. 39; Luke xiii. 35.

Aaron, when "the sceptre passes from Juda," and the power of the Jewish priesthood is crushed. A study of the grammar of the verse in the Matthean text plainly indicates this particular point of time as the period of fulfillment. And that the House of Aaron is meant, appears not only from the fact that the persons addressed are the Pharisees, but also and more strikingly, from the verse of the psalm which the Saviour is quoting; it was the part *assigned to the priest* in the chanted thanksgiving for victory.[6]

The connection between the "coming" here mentioned and the laying-waste of the House of Aaron, is as clear from the standpoint of criticism as from the lesser and more mechanical lights of grammar. The whole drift of the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew is against the likelihood of the Lord's ever saying to the Pharisees that they would see Him again, in any other sense or manner than by an exhibition of sovereignty or show of power. Jesus has just finished a flaying denunciation of the priestly class for shutting the Kingdom of Heaven against men; for consuming the mite of widows in the name of religion; for their low manner of making proselytes; for the blind guidance which they gave the people on the taking of oaths; for leaving the heart unclean, and identifying morality with external conduct; for looking to the beauty of outward appearance, and not building character up and onwards from within; and, finally, for their insincerity in honoring the tombs of the prophets whom their fathers foully slew. After this sevenfold indictment, Jesus tells the Pharisees that He will give them an opportunity to fill up the measure of their forebears, by the "new prophets, wise men, and scribes," whom He shall send among them, to be scourged, hunted down, and slain; that upon their heads may come all the just blood shed in the land, from Abel to Zacharias, who was hewn down between the temple and the altar. And lest there may be any mistaking of the time when the threatened blow is due to fall, He tells them that it will descend upon *the present generation,* and laments over the Jerusalem that refused to recognize the Divine Visitant within her walls, and went on, unheeding, to her doom.[7] "Judgment, mercy, and faith" had pressed their gentler claims in vain.[8] The time was ripe for a more drastic method of instruction, to let the Jewish priesthood see that it

[6] Ps. cxvii. (cxviii.), 26. [7] Matt. xxiii. 4-39. [8] Matt. xxiii. 23.

could not withstand the word of God, without national death. Jerusalem is the centre of thought in the Matthean and Lukan accounts; and the acknowledgment of the "Blessed One" is clearly connected with its fate.

The second person of the verbs employed, the adverb of time *henceforth,* and the solemn assurance that "all these things shall come upon the present generation," leave room for no other supposition. It is impossible to prove, and suspicions are not evidence, that the prophecy refers to the Final Coming, or that this event is expected within the generation then alive. The thought is not of impending judgment for mankind in general; it is limited to the governing class in Israel, by all the grammatical indications of the text. Jesus does not say that the whole inhabited earth shall be laid waste. He says: "Behold, *your house* shall be left to *you* desolate." Nor is there any mention of *glory* or *the angels,* as would, of a surety, have been the case, from all that we have thus far found, had St. Matthew understood this verse in connection with the Return. We are, therefore, shut to the conclusion that Jerusalem is the reference intended in the "acknowledgment of the Blessed One," which the Lord predicts; and the sole question is how we shall best proceed to determine the meaning of this prophetic verse.

The safest way is to study all that has intervened between the first and second occasions of its use. When the Saviour rode into Jerusalem on the Sabbath of the Palms,[9] the people strewed the streets with garments and green boughs, shouting all the way to the temple, and even within its walls: *Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest!* The chief priests and the scribes, indignant that Jesus should allow Himself to be acclaimed with these Messianic titles, sought to have Him restrain the throng and disavow their plaudits. "Hearest Thou what these say?" they indignantly asked Him. "And Jesus answered, Yes; have you never read: 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise?'"[10] The complete verse—Jesus quoted only the first half—expresses the purpose of this "perfecting of praise," in the significant words: "Because of Thine adversaries, that Thou mayest silence the

[9] Matt. xxi. 5-11.

[10] "Strength," "power," in Hebrew original.

enemy and the vengeful one."[11] As thus quoted in answer to the remonstrance of the Pharisees, it meant that the governing class in Israel were incapable of the spontaneous recognition which the people gave, when, but shortly before, He rode into Jerusalem, as prophesied, on "a colt the foal of her that is used to the yoke."[12] Every incident narrated, every quotation made, and every parable uttered between the time of His triumphal entry into the City and His telling the Pharisees that they would yet acknowledge Him as the "Blessed One," has this *incapacity of the rulers for its theme.* The incident of the barren fig tree;[13] the questioning of His authority;[14] the Parables of the Two Sons,[15] the Wicked Husbandmen,[16] and the Marriage Feast;[17] the three attempts to involve Him in a treasonable, ludicrous, or blasphemous utterance;[18] and, finally, the embarrassing question which He asked the Pharisees about David's Son and Lord,[19] all this steady growth of statement and demurrer shows the hostility of the Government to His Person, their unwillingness to receive His message, and the failure of all the efforts of Jesus to disabuse them of their views. The whole thought of the narrative sheers away from Hosannas of acclaim and hymns of benediction to a note of another sort—the refusal of the Pharisees to join the choir of praise. Not to minds so closed as these, did the Saviour ever say that He would come in any other sense or manner than by a destructive show of power. The great offer had again and again been made, only to be followed by the great refusal. Israel had chosen; and her choice was national death.

Four quotations made by Jesus between His triumphal entry and the utterance of the prediction in question, have very instructive *contexts* in the original, from which He singled them out—the "house of prayer;" the "den of thieves;" the "Stone which the builders rejected;" and the "Son of David, Who also is His Lord." We have the best of evidence that the Pharisees caught the new un-Jewish meaning which Jesus gave to these four citings from their Sacred Books. Anger and resort to cunning are not natural psychological reactions, when things wholly to one's suiting have been announced. And the recorded mental reactions of the Government to the words

[11] Ps. viii. 3.
[12] Matt. xxi. 5.
[13] Matt. xxi. 18-22.
[14] Matt. xxi. 23-27.
[15] Matt. xxi. 28-32.
[16] Matt. xxi. 33-46.
[17] Matt. xxii. 1-14.
[18] Matt. xxii. 15-40.
[19] Matt. xxii. 41-45.

of Jesus go clearly to show that neither He, nor His leal reporters, shared the moribund world-view of the times. Great Teacher that He was, He sent His hearers to the *sources*, that they might *see* for themselves, without His *telling* them formally, what was there. And they had this advantage, that they knew by heart what we must find by delving.

When Jesus expelled the tradesmen who had turned the temple into a place of barter, He said to them: "My house shall be called the house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves." [20] The first part of this quotation is from Isaias, and in the original has the very instructive addition: "My house shall be called the house of prayer *for all nations*" [21]—a piece of corrective teaching reported in full by St. Mark,[22] who also tells us that upon its hearing, the officials "sought how they might destroy Him" for His words.[23] They had seen through text to context, and knew it was of them and their destruction that He spoke. The latter half of the quotation—it was about "the den of thieves"—is taken from Jeremias;[24] and when we turn to the original context in which it lay embedded, we find the Lord declaring that "He will do to this House, and to the place which He has given them and their fathers, as He did to Shiloh [25] for the wickedness of His people Israel" [26]—namely, "cast them out of His sight,[27] make their carcasses meat for the fowls of the air,[28] and lay waste their land." [29] All of which goes to confirm the conclusion already substantiated in the fifth study, that the "coming of the Son of Man" at the end of Israel shall not be the glorious Advent expected, but defeat and destruction. And the effectiveness of the Lord's method of teaching—He taught by suggestion rather than through open statement—may be seen in the resolve of the Government to destroy the Prophet Who dared beard it with such a threatening picture of what lay in store.

The two other quotations in this section—one from the psalm *Confitemini* and the other from the *Dixit Dominus*—we shall consider the latter first—paint this picture still more *positively*, and prove its truth with telling force and point. When the Pharisees questioned Jesus about the "greatest commandment in the law," [30] they expected that He would lay Himself open to the charge of blasphemy, by claiming Divine

[20] Matt. xxi. 13. [21] Isaias lvi. 7. [22] Mark xi. 17. [23] Mark xi. 18.
[24] Jer. vii. 11. [25] Jer. vii. 14. [26] Jer. vii. 12. [27] Jer. vii. 15.
[28] Jer. vii. 33. [29] Jer. vii. 34. [30] Matt. xxii. 34-40.

honors as "the Son of God." Jesus kept well within the bounds of Deuteronomy,[31] merely quoting its text, and saying nothing of Himself in His reply. Soon afterwards, however, He put the Pharisees a question that filled them with confusion. "What seemeth it to you about the Christ? Whose Son is He?" And they answered: "David's." Whereupon the Saviour asked them: "How then doth David in the Spirit call Him Lord, saying: 'The Lord said to My Lord, sit Thou on My right hand, until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool? If David then call Him *Lord,* how is He His Son?'"[32]

The psalm[33] to which Jesus thus referred His questioners needs to be quoted in full before the thought that lay behind its citing becomes open to discovery. Accordingly we append Professor Briggs' translation, not that we are thereby making his views ours, but simply to secure a text that is considered free from gloss.

Utterance of Yahweh to *my* lord: Sit enthroned at My right hand,
Till I make *thine* enemies a stool for thy feet.
With the rod of *thy* strength, *rule in the midst of thine enemies.*
Volunteers on the sacred (mountains) are *thy* people in the day of thy host.
From the womb of the morn, come forth to *thee* the dew of thy youth.
Yahweh has sworn, He is not sorry: "Thou art a priest forever."
My (lord) at (His) right hand doth smite in the day of *His* anger.
He executeth judgment on kings. He doth fill the valleys with *nations.*
He doth smite chiefs, (going over) a wide land,
(An inheritance) on the way he maketh it, therefore He is exalted.[34]

In the original, the Messias is presented "as sitting at the right hand of Yahweh, with a strong sceptre to overcome His enemies. People volunteer for the war in multitudes like dew-drops at dawn (vv. 1-3). An oath of Yahweh makes Him priest forever (v. 4). He goes to war, overcomes kings and nations,

[31] Deut. vi. 5.
[32] Matt. xxii. 43, 45; Mark xii. 36, 37; Luke xx. 42-44. The accounts vary slightly.
[33] Ps. cxvii. (cxviii.).
[34] *Psalms.* Briggs, p. 373.

and is finally exalted in victory." [35] *Propterea exaltabit caput.* His sovereignty is to be slowly won after widespread strife. This is the idea expressed, however much the readings may vary. He shall be King by human choice no less than by Divine selection. The world is to be won after widespread strife.

This picture of the Messias, sitting enthroned at the right hand of the Father, and ruling thence with the rod of His strength in a world of enemies; overcoming an *indefinite* number of kings and nations, by an army composed wholly of *volunteers;* smiting the leaders of His enemies over a wide and far-away land; taking possession of this extensive battlefield of the enemy, as His inheritance; [36] and coming to the joy of victory and sovereignty, only when such a far-flung area of conflict had actually been covered by His victorious arms—this is not the swiftly conquering Messias of Jewish expectation, Who was to sit enthroned at Jerusalem after having overcome His enemies in a short campaign. It is another and quite opposite portrait of the *Elect One.* "The same utterance which enthrones Him makes Him priest, and this was in the covenant of David at the institution of the dynasty, and is a very different conception from the *reëstablishment of the Kingdom.*" [37]

What was the object of Jesus in asking the Pharisees *their opinion concerning the Christ?* for such is really the nature of His question.[38] Was it to prove His Divine Sonship, or to correct their misconceptions of the expected Christ? Both; with the preponderance of intention leaning towards the latter. The official theologians did not conceive of the coming Christ as "Son of God" in the literal sense. That thought was blasphemous in their eyes; and they framed the question about "the greatest commandment of the law," to see if Jesus would openly make the claim. He did something far more effective. He made them see their own view of the Christ and the Kingdom, shattered before their eyes in the verse of a Messianic psalm. If the Pharisaic conception of the Messias as a victorious human King reigning in state at Jerusalem were true—how came it, Jesus asked them, that David said He would sit enthroned at the right hand of the Lord in heaven, until His

[35] Professor Briggs' analysis. *Psalms,* p. 373. Italics ours.

[36] Compare Ps. ii. 8.

[37] *Psalms.* Briggs, p. 375. Italics ours.

[38] τί ὑμῖν δοκεῖ περὶ τοῦ Χριστοῦ; Matt. xxii. 42.—For same construction, see Matt. xvii. 25, xviii. 12, xxi. 28, xxii. 17, xxvi. 66.

enemies on earth had been made the stool of His feet? When the two relations of sonship—the Davidic and the Divine—were thus powerfully brought to their attention, the Pharisees saw that they had lost out in the mental contest, as the Sadducees [39] before them, and forbore questioning Him further. The simple picture of the Messias *reigning in heaven and conquering on earth* had put the theologians of the Synagogue to confusion. This was neither their view of the Kingdom, nor their conception of its King.

Does the force of the Lord's reasoning in this particular instance depend on His having thought that David wrote the psalm from which He quotes? Not necessarily, not demonstrably. Even granting, but not conceding, that the Davidic authorship were disestablished, the Lord's knowledge would in nowise be involved. His argument is not *necessarily* based on David's being the *author* of the psalm, but on his being the *spokesman* in whose mouth the words are put by the psalmist; and the words so put retain their Messianic reference to the *seed of David,*[40] in the covenant made with the latter, when the Lord called him from the sheepcote to be prince over His people Israel. So that, by whomsoever written, their Messianic significance would still remain, and the Lord's argument be as strong as ever in its point.[41] For its point is the contrast between the *Divine Lord* of the inspired Psalmist and the *human World-King* of Rabbinical speculation.

A striking proof that the question put to the Pharisees on this occasion had for its aim the correction of their views concerning the Kingdom and its King, is furnished by the Lord Himself in His answer to the High-Priest at the trial.[42] When Caiphas asks Him if He is the Christ, the Son of God, Jesus not only replies in the affirmative, He draws the same twofold picture of *His reigning in heaven and ruling among His enemies on earth.* "*Besides,*[43] I say to you, *from now on,*[44] you shall see the Son of Man *sitting* [45] on the right hand of Power and *coming* on the clouds of heaven." The Saviour's doctrine of the Christ and the Kingdom could not be more succinctly summarized than in this dual picture of His *sitting* enthroned at

[39] Matt. xxii. 34.

[40] 2 Sam. vii. 12; Ps. lxxxviii. (lxxxix.) 4, 36, 49; cxxxi. (cxxxii.) 11.

[41] The Biblical Commission, *Dubium*, V., May 1, 1910, prohibits the specific denial of the Davidic authorship of this psalm.

[42] Matt. xxvi. 63, 64.

[43] πλὴν, [44] απ' ἄρτι. [45] κάθημαι—Matt. xxii. 44 has same verb.

the right hand of Yahweh, and *coming* on the clouds *from that time on.* He is not to reign in state at Jerusalem, as the Jews expected; and the Kingdom in which He is to come is an historical one, the growth of which, in its *component volunteers,* His judges themselves shall live to see. The grammatical likeness of the "sitting" here mentioned, to the first verse of the psalm, with which the Lord challenged the Pharisaic conception of the Messias, is very noticeable; and the adverb of time employed to describe both the "sitting" and the "coming" clearly indicates that the participles[46] are employed in the sense of a progressive process, and not in that of a single event. It is the Psalmist's picture of Yahweh's activity in putting down the enemies of the King; and the activity of the King's people—the "volunteers fresh as drops of dew;" and as abundant, who are to make the nations His inheritance. In other words, the Saviour solemnly declares to Caiphas that He is indeed the Christ, the Son of God; immediately correcting, however, the Jewish conception of His "reigning" and His "Kingdom." The words had a political sense in the minds of the High Priest and the Roman governor, which Jesus disavowed, by asserting that *He* is, indeed, the Messias, but not the kind expected, either in His Person, or in the Kingdom which He came to found. And it was exactly this same thought that He wished the Pharisees to realize through a *re-reading* of the psalm. He instructed His friends and enemies to the last; and in the fiery midst of such opposition as He met, Jesus was too discerning ever to have said or thought that a folk so minded would either acknowledge or acclaim Him with shouts of thanksgiving as the "Blessed One." We have His own sacred word for it that "all the tribes of the land shall mourn," not that they shall rejoice, "when they see the Pierced One returning."[47] And for this reason alone, had we not the numerous others mentioned, the Saviour was not speaking of His Second Advent, when He told the Pharisees that they "would not see Him from that time on, until they said: 'Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord.'"

So much for the simple glories of meaning hidden in the *Dixit Dominus,* until the Lord's answer to Caiphas revealed

[46] καθήμενον. ἐρχόμενον. 1 Cor. xv. 25-28; Ephes. i. 20-23; Col. iii. 1; Heb. i. 13; ii. 8; x. 12, 13; 1 Peter iii. 22 prove that an historical process is meant.

[47] Matt. xxiv. 30.—Apoc. i. 7 has a different application of the prophecy.

their presence. The last quotation—the fourth—is now before us; and in it lies the key to what Jesus meant, when He predicted His acknowledgment by the Pharisees. "Have ye never read in the Scriptures: 'The Stone which the builders rejected, the same has become the Head of the corner? By the Lord this hath been done, and it is wonderful in our eyes.'"[48] The Saviour has just finished the Parable of the Wicked Husbandmen, in which He explains the *coming* of the Lord of the Vineyard as the destruction of Israel and her superseding by another folk. Some of the officials present, when this Parable was uttered, took exception to its being scripturally founded;[49] and Jesus confronted them with the quotation just mentioned, as proof that Israel is to have no triumphant rising when she falls.[50]

In the original of the Psalm *Confitemini*,[51] from which the Lord is quoting, we have a very imposing scene. A procession is passing through the streets of Jerusalem on the way to the Temple. The leader calls upon three classes—*House of Israel, House of Aaron, and them that fear the Lord*—to *say* the liturgical phrase appropriate to the situation. The chorus responds with the phrase: "His kindness endureth forever." Whereupon the solo proclaims the *deliverance* of Jerusalem from "the nations that encompassed her, as bees encompass wax"—an allusion to the vain attempts of the Gentiles to deprive Israel of her national existence, the latest failure to achieve that purpose being the defeat of Antiochus, King of Syria. "Hark! a shout of joy and victory! The right hand of Yahweh is exalted. The right of Yahweh performeth valiantly."

The procession reaches the gates of the Temple. "Open to me the gates of Zedek, that I may enter therein to give thanks to Yah." The chorus replies: "The Stone that the builders rejected has become the Head of the corner." The priest responds: "From Yahweh this has come. It is wonderful in our eyes." Finally the chorus declares: "This is the day which Yahweh hath made. Let us exult and be glad in it." Whereupon the priest closes with the blessing: "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of Yahweh." The

[48] Matt. xxi. 42-44.

[49] Luke xx. 16. "Which they hearing said to Him: God forbid!"

[50] For proof, see THE CATHOLIC WORLD, May, 1918, pp. 165-167.

[51] Ps. cxvii. (cxviii.).

crowds disperse; the celebration of the festival of victory is at an end.

The most striking thing in the interpretation of this psalm by the Saviour is His *substitution of the verse,* "Blessed is He that cometh," for the liturgical formula of thanksgiving: "His kindness endureth forever." [52] This substitution changed the whole nature of the psalm from a commemoration of victory to an acknowledgment of defeat. By quoting the verse about the "Blessed One that cometh," immediately after the call of the leader upon the House of Israel and the House of Aaron, to *say* what was appropriate to the situation, Jesus put in the mouth of the priesthood a recognition of that very sovereignty which they refused to accord Him, when the King came into Sion *meek,* and riding on a colt, the foal of her that was used to the yoke." What His meaning was, the officials knew all too well. He had recently interpreted the "Stone," in the sense pure and simple of destruction; and it was from the very same psalm that He drew His words. He had furthermore said that when the Lord of the vineyard *came,* it would not be to bring glory and rehabilitation to the sorely straitened, but "to destroy those miserable men, and to let out the vineyard to a folk more fruitful." [53] This interpretation of the "coming" in the sense of inglorious destruction so incensed the priests and scribes that, as St. Luke graphically tells us, "they sought to lay hands on Him *in that very hour,*" [54] forbearing only through fear of the populace. All three accounts testify to the effect produced on the Government by this public denial of Israel's expected glory.[55] And when Jesus told them that what the priestly House of Aaron was to *say* when they *saw* Him again, would be: "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord," and not: "The Lord's kindness endureth forever," they knew that He was speaking of the overthrow of the nation, and quoting in that most unfavorable sense a psalm which had always been associated in their minds with the indestructibility of Sion. *Yahweh's kindness was not to endure forever. The Blessed One coming in Yahweh's name would not bring glory, but destruction.* That was the meaning; and His prediction of national death and disaster was all the more galling, because a trimeter tetrastich of the psalm

[52] Jesus substitutes v. 26 for the last half of verses 1, 2, 3, 4, in Ps. cxvii. (cxviii.).
[53] Matt. xxi. 41. [54] Luke xx. 17.
[55] Matt. xxi. 42; Mark xii. 10, 11; Luke xx. 17.

which He quoted represented Israel as shouting: "I shall not die, but live, and give thanks to Yah."[56] Alas! There would be no cry: "Hark! a shout of joy and victory!" The hand of the Lord "would, indeed, be exalted," but not to save. The nations that "encompassed Israel as bees encompass wax" would destroy her from the earth. The expected *Parousia* of the Son of Man in glory would be a *Parousia* in destructive might instead, and Jerusalem "would lie trodden of the Gentiles, till the times of the Gentiles were fulfilled." "Where the body (Israel) is, there shall the eagles (foreign armies) be gathered together." "Behold, your House shall be left to you, desolate." Jesus told the Pharisees on this occasion—He had preached in Jerusalem before—exactly what He gave the disciples to understand on the Mount of Olives. The *Benedictus qui venit* is no excerpt from the apocalyptic propaganda of the year seventy, or thereabout; it is a most powerful contradiction of Jewish expectation, a defiant rejection of the world-view of the times.

The textual and critical drift of the twenty-first, twenty-second, and twenty-third chapters of the First Gospel is unmistakably towards the conclusion that the Lord meant His Return in Power, not His Return in Person, by the famous verse about His eventual recognition by the Jewish government and people. And if this were not enough to establish conviction, we have the Lord's own personal avowal in the twenty-fourth chapter that such, indeed, was the meaning which He had in mind. When the disciples showed Him the beautiful buildings of the temple, He declared that not a stone of them would be left upon a stone, and that the generation then living would witness the national disaster, without any glorious coming of the Son of Man to appoint Israel to the headship of the nations and the undisputed mastery of a world made new. The simple but effective picture, which, by a master-stroke of teaching, He drew forth from the *Dixit Dominus*—the picture of the Christ *sitting* at the right hand of the Father in Heaven, and progressively *coming* in a Kingdom of *volunteers* on earth, spelt the doom of Jewish expectation, and left the educated Pharisees without an arrow of reply in their well-stocked quiver. But why, if this were the meaning, should Jesus use so realistic a form of expression as "You

[56] Ps. cxvii. (cxviii.) 17, 18.

shall not *see Me* henceforth," if He did not intend thereby His personal reappearance? It is the sole difficulty remaining, and one over which it is not unnatural for Western minds to stumble.

The answer is furnished in the text itself, without there being any need on our part to launch forth some frail argosy of speculation that might or might not secure the proper clearance-papers for its port of call. It will be remembered that after the Parable of the Wicked Husbandmen, the Lord was challenged by the officials of the Government to prove the Scriptural basis of His threat, that the *Parousia* of the Son of Man at the end of Israel meant death and destruction, not glory and exaltation. The verse which the Lord flung at them in reply, and flanked by positive proofs from other sources, was a neighboring verse to that about the "Blessed One," namely: "The Stone which the builders rejected, has become the Head of the corner. From Yahweh this has come, and it is wonderful *in our eyes*. Therefore I say to you, that the Kingdom of God shall be taken away from you, and given to a nation bringing forth its fruits. And whosoever shall fall upon this Stone, shall be bruised; but on whosoever it shall fall, it shall grind him into dust." [57]

Is it not to the wonder which the rejection of Israel, instead of her exaltation, shall occasion *in their eyes,* that the Lord is plainly referring when He speaks of their *seeing Him* again? Is not this the kind of vision which He intimates, to wit—*prophecy realized and prediction fulfilled?* And is it not in this same sense of the *necessary* fulfillment of prophecy, that the phrase, "Until you say" is added?

> "O let (the house of) Israel now *say:*
> *For His kindness endureth forever.*
> O let the house of Aaron now *say:*
> *For His kindness endureth forever.*
> O let them that fear Yahweh now *say:*
> *For His kindness endureth forever.*

It matters not that this liturgical formula of thanksgiving violates the strophical organization in the present condition of the psalm. The thought is the thing that matters, not tech-

[57] Matt. xxi. 42-46. For commentary, see THE CATHOLIC WORLD, May, 1918, pp. 165-167.

nique. The text of the *Confitemini* expressly states that the testimony of the House of Aaron to the "Blessed One coming in the name of the Lord" shall be given, as Jesus reinterpreted the psalm, when the Stone rejected by the builders has become the Head of the corner, and when this particular doing of the Lord has excited wonder *in their eyes.*

All the words out of which the prediction of Jesus is built are found in the original source, at least equivalently. The "seeing" and the "saying," the "henceforth" and the "Me" [58] —who can fail to detect their presence, actual or implied, in a psalm which Jesus changed from a commemoration of *past* victory into a *future* acknowledgment of defeat? Instead of chanting hymns of praise and shouts of thanksgiving, the priesthood, He tells them, will yet be made to confess that Israel lost the cornerstone, when it rejected the Son of David and withstood His word. The priestly class need not think it can escape the Divine appointments. The testimony of the House of Aaron, so indignantly withheld when the Saviour came in *meekness,* shall yet be given when He comes in strength.

The whole thought of text and context moves steadily within the confines of prophetical necessity. Jesus tells the Pharisees—what He has told them all along—that the *Parousia* of the Son of Man shall not be to glorify Israel, but to remove her from His path. Not because of any change of mind or heart shall their acknowledgment of Him come, but because of the necessary fulfillment of prophecy. In view of the new interpretation which Jesus gave to the "coming of the Son of Man," and the distinction which He drew between the destruction of Jerusalem and His personal Return in glory—who can doubt that He was speaking of the former event, not of the latter, when He told the Pharisees that they "would not see Him henceforth, until they said: 'Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord?'"

The Pharisees continued believing in the eschatological King and Kingdom to the very end. It mattered not that Jesus had arraigned the Government and pronounced its doom. They trusted in their own reading of the Scriptures, and confidently expected that the war with Rome would issue in their everlasting favor. What Jesus foretold, came to pass instead.

[58] The "Me" is enclitic, not emphatic.

His wholly different doctrine of the Kingdom was brought to realization, is being brought to realization still. He is still "sitting on the right hand of the Almighty and coming on the clouds," though this *progressive coming* is marked, as He said it would be, by much "false teaching and want of love." Israel was but a passing incident in the history of His Kingdom—the beginning, not the end; and though the expectation of world-disaster persisted long after the overthrow of the Jewish Commonwealth, like "winter lingering in the lap of spring," neither Jesus nor His reporters can successfully be charged with having lent countenance to the opinion of their times. Jesus preached the approaching destruction of Israel. He never said that His Kingdom was to be consummated within the generation then alive. A searching study of all that intervenes between the first and second mention of the "Blessed One that cometh in Yahweh's name" puts this conclusion beyond the pale of doubt.

What must the surviving Pharisees have thought when they saw the heathen arms victorious and the glorious Temple of their fathers ground to dust? Did no troubling flash of hindsight on the triumph of the Nazarene's predictions come to ruffle their pride-blown spirits, when they beheld *His* reading of the prophecies actually converted into history, and their own made a memory full of mocking? And when they found themselves reciting the verse: "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord," did they not realize that they were *acknowledging* Him, as He said they would, *in the consecrated language of the Seers?* Not Sion, but He, was the indestructible cornerstone rejected by the builders. "He that hath (My word of the Kingdom), to him it shall be given; but from him that hath not, even that which he *thinketh* he hath, shall be taken away."

MUSIC AT THE FRONT.

BY LORNA WALSH.

MUSIC is the most eloquent tongue, the most powerful adjutant in all the ritual of war. The trumpet sounds the call to arms, and drums and fifes steady the feet of the marching men. "The heavenly maid becomes the Mother of Heroes." In her notes are courage and fortitude; at her voice hunger and fatigue are forgotten. We conquer or we die.

History is filled with her endless triumphs, for as far back as we can see she has been war's inseparable companion. The greatest commanders of all time, from the Cæsars down to our own General Pershing, have given almost as much attention to the subject of music as to guns and training, although it is not improbable that this most colossal War of long-distance guns and trench warfare, in lessening the personal contacts, relies less upon the powers of music than any previous struggle of history.

The musical forces of the Allies, like their other forces, were found in an unprepared state. Rudyard Kipling, pleading for bands for the English regiments who were marching off to the front in silence or with no better music than concertinas and whistles, pointed out that music was the reviver of memories, that it quickened associations, opened the hearts of men as nothing else can do, that it has always been the most important element in the maintenance of the soldiers' morale. "The roll and flourish of drums and fifes around a barracks is as cheering as the sight of a fire in a room . . . discipline is sweetened by melody and rhythm. No one can say for certain just where the soul of a battalion lives, but the expression of that soul is most often found in the band . . . it stands to reason that men, whose lives are pledged to each other, must have a common means of expression. . . . A wise and sympathetic bandmaster feels and interprets their moods in music, or has power to change that mood if need be. He can lift a battalion out of depression, cheer it in sickness, and steady it in times of almost unbearable stress."

The chief prerogative of early battle music seems to have been to terrify the enemy with all sorts of deafening and weird noises: blowing of horns, beating of drums. These earliest of war instruments were associated with many superstitions, ancient warriors believing that by rubbing the skin of the drum against their thighs they became endowed with irresistible strength. We may judge of the attitude of past ages toward war music from the fact that through ancient, mediæval, and modern times until within the past few centuries, all military musicians, minstrels and instrumental players, and their instruments, were considered sacred, so many were the victories attributed to their timely aid.

Rome, that greatest military centre of all time, plays the most significant rôle in the history of military music. The Romans borrowed their brasses, woodwinds, and percussion instruments from the Egyptians, whose frescoed temples display their vast array, and developed a most elaborate system of music; the Greeks derived their instruments from the same source, but being an artistic people, chose the smaller types as the flute, fife and lute. They considered the trumpet too emotional for marching, appropriate for signaling only. The Romans, on the contrary, had whole bands of trumpets, some of them as long as twelve feet. The military musicians must have been Samsons in those days. There were also bands of various other instruments. With the Romans originated the practice of training troops to march in perfect time to drum beats—the secret, it has been said, of their great victories—and they were the first to have a permanent code of musical signals: trumpet, for "cavalry;" drum, for "foot."

A tremendous musical display appeared in the military triumphs of the Cæsars, particularly in the "noisy days of Augustus." After a great victory, it was customary for the Senate to appropriate money for the brilliant entry into the city of the victor and his army. A holiday was declared. To quote from Macauley's *Lays of Ancient Rome:* "The grand procession entered the city, headed by lictors, clearing the way for the Senate and the high officials, then followed players upon the pipe and the lute, succeeded by the spoils of war, art treasures borne by bay-crowned soldiers, on stands or heads of lances . . . prisoners of war, with vanquished leaders, perhaps a captive king. White oxen with gilded

horns, were led accompanied by the priests who were to slay them; and last, preceded by a throng of singers and musicians, came the victorious general, standing erect in a four-horse chariot, clad in an embroidered white robe, an eagle tipped sceptre in his hand, a triumphal wreath of gold held by a slave above his head. Last came the army, and the great pomp marched down the Sacred Way, through the Forum."

With the fall of Rome all knowledge of its vast military system was lost for centuries. Meanwhile, the modern races had come into being, the salient feature of the musical side of their warfare being the rush into battle with war cries and taunting songs.

William the Conqueror is the first modern king we read of who made elaborate musical preparations for his conquests. As he sailed forth for the invasion of England in 1066, "his ships resounded with music;" "a complete noise" or "big noise," as bands were then called, and large bands of minstrels were on board. The latter marched to battle singing the *Song of Roland,* whilst the troops joined in the refrain of *Dieu Aidé.* So many victories were attributed to the minstrels, they came to be in great demand all over Europe. Men who had been vagabonds, now became dignified officers with the princely salary of twelve pence a day. William's time marked, too, the beginning of military pomp, the days of fanfares and superb court functions. The trumpeter was a creature of great splendor, wearing the feather of nobility in his cap, ranking as an officer; with his own horses and grooms, and even directing military movements. Every noble houshold now had its minstrels and trumpeters.

The Renaissance in the sixteenth century brought notable progress in the history of modern military music, with its revelation of the vast military organization of the Romans. Many new treatises were written on the "Art of War." An important one by Machiavelli in 1521, recommended the adoption of the Greek flute and fife corps for marching. The Italians, delighted to find that the Romans had had a permanent code of military signals, and a substitute for the voice, set to work, at once, to adopt them. The trumpeters of horse signaled for "saddle," "mount," "mess," "march," "alarm," "charge." The drummers for "foot," "march," "assault," "battle," "skirmish," "retreat." The training of troops to march in per-

fect time was speedily adopted: this was followed by the reorganization of all the armies of Europe and from this time dates the foundation of the standing armies of kings and nobles. Drum and fife corps were in such demand that even so powerful a monarch as Henry VIII. was unable to secure these "wry necked musicians," as he called them.

One cannot wonder they were scarce when one reads the extraordinary list of accomplishments expected of them: "they must be secret and faithful; ingenious in the use of their instruments, and office of sundry languages, for ofttimes they be sent to parley with their enemies, to summon their forts or towns, to redeem or conduct prisoners, which of necessity requireth languages."

But who would not have been a kettledrummer in those days? Attached only to the noble regiments, he was a magnificent creature, mounted on a gold chariot, drawn by six white horses. He must die first, rather than have his guns taken. On the other hand, he who captured enemy guns was ennobled immediately. Grace as well as courage was expected of the kettledrummer: "he should have a pleasing motion of the arm and an accurate ear. . . ."

Whilst honors thick and fast had come upon the military musicians, our great composers were eating with the servants in the kitchens of their noble patrons; no feathers of nobility in their cap.

Such was the position of Lully at the court of Louis XIV.: he was the first great composer to have a share in shaping the destinies of military music, arranging music for the bands in four parts, for previous to his time fanfares, tunes, marches had been played in unison.

A most thrilling event of the seventeenth century was the descent upon Europe of the spectacular Turkish bands, "full of irresistible music," of fife-shriek and cymbal-clash. Gigantic blacks, gorgeously arrayed in brilliant, slashed tunics, and high feathered turbans, performed all sorts of acrobatic feats as they played, shaking cymbals, tambourines, jingling johnies'—crescents outlined with countless bells mounted on a long pole—over their heads, under the arms, between the legs. A big novelty was the drum major twirling a baton with skillfully easy air. The unspeakable Turk has been responsible for a good many things, too terrible to mention, not the

least among them our sad introduction to a vast assortment of percussion instruments.

That apostle of militarism, Frederick the Great, founder of the standing army of Prussia for conquest, ever on the alert for all things military, sent to the Sultan for one of these bands "in full rigg." This great commander, talented musician and flute player, was the first to see in a more cultivated system of music a powerful means to popularize the military; he set about to form a more harmonious combination of instruments, known as *harmonie music,* which later became a favorite with composers.

The coming of the greatest military genius of modern times, Napoleon, brought another artistic advance: the band of the National Guards under Surette became world famous. Surette was the founder of the first school of military music, which formed the embryo of the Paris Conservatory. Moreover, it was the inspirational power of music on the English side that put an end to Napoleon's dreams of world conquest. It had been the custom to send bands to the rear whenever a battle seemed imminent, but at Waterloo, when the English soldiers were weary and starved and victory seemed uncertain, Wellington reversed this rule, sending bands to the front to play the National Anthem. This clever stroke of strategy brought the refreshment and inspiration needed to produce a victorious finish.

Soldier songs have played a very important part in modern warfare, each nation having its own chants for marching, and those for relieving the tedium of camp life; their power for nurturing patriotism has never been equaled. The country that gave a pension to the composer of the words and the music of *Die Wacht Am Rhein,* certainly realized this fact. Bismarck, that diplomatic framer of pretexts to start wars against his neighbors, said: "It has been worth many regiments to Germany." However, all the beautiful German war songs had a noble origin in the hearts of men fighting for their own fields. An English woman hearing that her country had declared war against Germany, exclaimed: "I am not afraid of their guns, their numbers, or their perfect organization, but I am afraid of their songs." In the pocket of every German soldier is to be found his song book—*The Good Comrade.* That solemn little word, *Tod,* death, seems to haunt nearly all:

the soldier goes forth to meet death; he expects no other end.

The English attitude embodied in their war songs is in sharp contrast—the soldier takes leave of his family as though he were going on a week-end trip; it would be very ill-bred to hint that he might never return. They rather give expression to the pleasant facts of war: cheer around camp fires, the glory of victory. Tommy shocked Fritz as he met him with the flippant, *Tipperary;* Fritz singing soberly his hymn-like tunes. *Rule, Brittania, Rule the Waves,* that splendid song written by Dr. Arne, in 1740, is doubly significant now. But when all is said, it will be conceded, generally, that the most stirring national song ever written is *The Marseillaise,* which proves that the most skillful composers have not been the most successful. Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle wrote it while engaged in active duty, as Captain of Engineers, at Strasburg, in 1792. Since then it has inspired many a brave deed, as in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, during the battles around Sedan. In an adjacent village, Bazeilles, defended for many hours by the French against greatly outnumbering Bavarians, the former seeing no reënforcements coming, gave up hope and started to retreat, when an officer arrived to announce the coming of troops. He was unable to stop the tide of fleeing soldiers, until a happy inspiration seized him. Upon seeing a regimental band drawn up on the side of the road, he shouted: "*La Marseillaise,* play it!" And the retreating soldiers stopped to join in its patriotic notes long enough to form new columns and advance to victory.

The Italian camps are perfect nests of nightingales; there are ceaseless bursts of song on plain and mountain top, even Alpine frosts do not seem to chill the beautiful Italian voices. A superior officer is solicitous, at once, for the health of a songless soldier. The Alpine soldier must have an official warning where he must not sing, such as the signs "*Pericoloso di Valanga*"—danger of an avalanche—where the vibrations of the voice in singing are apt to precipitate such a catastrophe. The war song most popular with the Italians—*The Young Warrior*—is by that talented American-negro composer, Harry Burleigh, better known there, it would seem, than in his own country.

Toscanini played an important part in the war news a few

months ago, when his countrymen made a big advance on the Austrians at Monte-Santo, the Italians with knives between their teeth. Toscanini's band mounted higher and higher with them, under fire from both sides, until he reached the summit, all the while calmly leading, baton in hand, as though at a concert. He was decorated for this bravery.

The American temperament, like that of other countries, is reflected in its songs; a spirit of optimism, a care-free, jaunty air pervades them, also an alertness, an electric spark, a waking-up note; there is the English attitude of refusing to look on the dark side, as *Send Me Off with a Smile, Pack All Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag.* Like all wars, our Civil War had a great deal of music: *John Brown's Body,* the most popular Northern marching song; *Dixie,* the favorite Confederate one. In the retreat before Richmond, 1862, when the Confederates were being driven back, one of the latter said to a comrade: "It's no use, Rem, we won't lick the Yanks: look what we've been givin' 'em and they're still singin' as if they were goin' to a weddin'."

The most significant fact in regard to music in our camps is the training of our soldiers to sing in large masses. General Bell has been fully alive to the tremendous need of music in the life of a soldier. "Singing men are fighting men," he said at Camp Upton and at Plattsburg; "I wish each company to learn new marching songs. It is well to march to battle with a song on one's lips, and nothing will so unify the mind and spirit as singing together in large groups."

Many of our most talented musicians have enlisted in the service: Sousa is a Lieutenant in the United States Navy, training a band of players at the Great Lakes Naval Station, its members to be sent out, in turn, to form new bands; Albert Spaulding, the violinist, is with the forces in France, a Lieutenant in the Signal Service of the Aviation Corps. The War Department has placed song-leaders in all the camps—Aviation, Ambulance, Army and Navy. Harry Barnhardt, the well-known leader of community choruses, has planned the opening of a school in New York for the training of song leaders and the discussion of band problems.

As to the actual part played by music at the front just now, the English Captain Dugmore has been telling us something in his lectures of his life of two years at the French front. Every

regiment has its own band, that plays, however, only within eight miles of the front, and there are many song rallies. Twenty-four hours before a charge a big concert is given, attended by the thousands who are to go "over the top." Music is depended upon to send them off in patriotic mood, united in bravery and courage, "until death do them part."

No singing or music of any sort is, of course, permitted in the first line of trenches, nor do any bands advance to battle, with the exception of bagpipes which, Captain Dugmore says, have been found necessary for a successful charge. The brave pipers play under the fiercest fire, and they have succeeded in turning the tide of battle when the men seemed ready to collapse. The British navy has revived the use of bagpipes: there is scarcely a ship without them now and some have whole bands of them.

NOVEMBER VIGIL.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

November whispers death, they say;
And on the wind a voice of grief;
And in the rustling of the leaf
A symbol of the ended day.

The sun is silver now, they cry,
And all its golden warmth is fled:
The chill of dying things or dead
Is on the air and in the sky.

And where but yesterday we strolled
By tuneful stream and flowery field,
Now all the watercourse is sealed,
The blossoms rotting in the mold.

And so have come the lonely years
Upon me, stealing without warning:
A golden eve—a silver morning!—
And where the dew was, only tears.

Yet O November of the skies
Of sapphire light and silver air,
I love you still! I make a prayer
Of joy to you—not tears, not sighs,

But song!—because, whate'er the flame
Of starry frost your blue nights bring,
Or withered green or vanished wing,
Life still remains to me the same—

Deathless and beautiful, though I
Mark it and measure it alone
Beside a grave-mound's fallen stone;
Beautiful, deathless, fair and high!

For now, because the air is clearer,
Swept by November's windy broom,
I see beyond the leaf-strewn tomb
Horizons that bring Heaven nearer;

And in the rustling of a leaf
That trembles on the sunken mound
The echo of a voice! a sound
Of other things than tears and grief!

JOHN CARDINAL FARLEY.

(1842-1918.)

BY PETER GUILDAY, PH.D.

IN his funeral oration over Cardinal Lavigerie in 1892, Belgium's eloquent orator, Monseigneur Cartuyvels, gave expression to a truth which crystallizes the judgment posterity must form upon the late Cardinal Farley.

Every man, he says, called by God to exercise a powerful influence over his contemporaries, is conducted towards his destiny almost by hand. Nothing is fortuitous in the span of his life; a fatherly Providence enables him to find at every moment all that is useful and necessary in the preparation for his future ministry; and if the design of Providence finds in such a man a docile and obedient subject, his entire life unfolds itself with a divine logic.

That Cardinal Farley lived such a life—a life filled with the divine logic that renders it simple to the beholder, is a touchstone of understanding for us who saw him pass beyond the shadows to his eternal reward. There had never been in his heart any striving for place or vantage in the leadership of the Church. Promotion and success, from the viewpoint of the world, and honor upon honor came to him during his long span of seventy-six years. Truly, in looking backward now, it may be recognized that the hand of the Almighty led him from one post of importance to another until he reached the highest princely honor, save the Papacy, the Church can confer upon her sons. He died as he lived—simply, kindly, unaffectedly. His last wish was to be brought home to the scene of his many labors, for the parting would be easier and the farewell less poignant in the midst of activities he had been forced to lay down when his last illness came upon him.

The simplicity of his life was in vivid contrast to life's last courtesy; for the stranger visiting New York on September 24, 1918, would have been met with what has been acknowledged to be the most wonderful tribute ever paid to a dead ecclesiastic. The scenes which took place that day, when the

authorities of Church and State met to say farewell to the remains of the august Cardinal, surpass description. The splendor of his obsequies threw into arresting relief the motto —*non nobis Domine*—which he had taken as the keynote of his episcopate. Around his funeral casket stood the élite of the day—leaders of Faith and of Government, representatives of America's Allies, detachments of soldiers and sailors, while the streets around his Cathedral were blocked by the thousands for whom there was no room within. What funeral services, it may well be asked, ever outshone his in splendor? Sad as all Catholic hearts were in the loss of their devoted shepherd, it was but human to display to a world which gazed upon them, the depth of their love for the man of God who had led them from year to year in the way of righteousness. At the very moment they were laying him down, thousands of unseen hearts were breaking over the losses chronicled that morning from the red-rimmed battle fronts of Europe. Death had brought its dark mantle to the firesides of so many homes in the episcopal city that there were few who gazed upon the procession of ecclesiastics and laymen, thronging across the space in front of the Cathedral to find their places within, who did not feel that in the Cardinal's passing went the father of them all. For a father he had been to all in his beloved city; a father to all the gallant young souls who had left with his benediction to fight the fight of justice and of right three thousand miles across the sea; a father to the little ones that filled the schools and asylums of his diocese; a father to the religious who daily taught them in these temples of learning; a father to his priests, fellow-workers in Christ for the salvation of the generation around them. A city mourned him; a nation considered his loss a calamity; the world saw in his passing another broken link with a past which ever grows more dim with time.

Of the many fine things said of the late Cardinal Farley in the public press at the time of his death, there is one which will receive greater prominence as the years pass by. His modesty, his gentleness, his energy and tact made themselves felt in everything that he did; but it was only during this last year when his country found itself in the throes of war, that all the patriotic love he possessed, reached its fullness of life and expression. The War showed him to be one of the most reso-

lute patriots in the land. His message to the Catholic life of America awakened every heart to whom the world crisis had brought its sacrifice. He will be remembered for many long years as one of the kindliest figures that graced the metropolitan See of New York. His keen sense of all that was orthodox made him one of the theological leaders of the Church in America. His place in the life of the nation will always have the added prestige of his sturdy patriotism, and the blessing he gave to our armies is one that will be enshrined in every history of the War.

No American of our time realized more keenly the meaning of the world struggle which began in 1914. "We are fighting," he said, "to uphold those ideals of political liberty and freedom which guarantee to every nation, great and small, peaceful possession of its territory, unhampered development of natural resources and equal opportunity in industrial and commercial competition." His constant prayer from the day that America entered the conflict was that the God of battles would give us justice, freedom and peace. John Cardinal Farley stood for everything that America is fighting for—for the restoration of honor and rectitude among the nations of the earth; for the right of small nations in the pursuit of their own self-determination; for the emancipation of oppressed peoples; for responsibility in government.

A life of such varied activities can hardly be described in a simple way. Father Faber says somewhere in his letters that every man has several biographies that run along parallel in his life. To one in Cardinal Farley's position there were so many demands upon his talents and energy, that it would be difficult to sum up in a word the net result of such a life both to Church and State. His entire ecclesiastical career was spent in and around the city of which he died the Cardinal Archbishop. Of the three-score and sixteen years which were given to him, almost sixty were spent in New York. His priesthood spanned the pontificate of four Popes. Pius IX. he saw often as a student in Rome. Leo XIII. he knew intimately; and his affection for Pius X. was one of that saintly Pontiff's happiest possessions. He assisted at the election of the present Holy Father, Benedict XV., in whom he saw the divinely chosen leader of the Church for the crisis through which the world is still struggling towards its freedom.

He was born April 20, 1842, at Newton Hamilton, County Armagh, Ireland, the son of Philip and Catharine (Murphy) Farley. His parents died when he was a child, and through the generosity of an uncle he was enabled to begin his studies at St. Macartan's College, Monaghan. The sectional controversy which was soon to blaze out into the world's worst civil war was reaching its apex of intensity when young John Farley reached America in 1859; and first among the books he read in the new land which was to be his permanent home, was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. South Carolina seceded the following year, and the whole North was soon convulsed by the turmoil which followed in the wake of this dread decision. In St. John's College, Fordham, where young Farley entered in order to complete his college course, and later in St. Joseph's Provincial Seminary at Troy, where he finished his philosophy, the Civil War and its aftermath—the impossible, and to some extent, the infamous, Reconstruction—were almost as far away from the students as the Great World War is to many today. Possibly the nearest the war ever came to them in their quietude was when the Draft Riots broke out in New York City in July, 1863. But it was in the American College, Rome, where he matriculated in 1867, that the future Cardinal met with students from the various sections of the United States, and here Civil War was still a burning topic. His diaries bear witness to the interest he displayed in discussing this vital question with his fellow Americans. His years at Rome were spent in an assiduous study of theology, and he was ordained to the priesthood on June 11, 1870. It was in Rome in the fall of 1869 that he first met Archbishop McCloskey, who had come to attend the Vatican Council. There is an incident related by Cardinal Farley in his diary for this year which had a deep significance in his future. Father Farley was questioned at Rome by Archbishop McCloskey about continuing his studies for the doctorate, but he declined to do so, on the ground that he did not consider himself worthy of that honor.

The truth, was, as he confessed in later life, that he was anxious to begin his ministry among the poor of New York. After his return to New York in 1870, Father John Farley was appointed assistant-pastor of St. Peter's Church, New Brighton, Staten Island. During the next two years he devoted

himself in his spare hours, few as they were in such a busy parish, with a course of reading, and there are among his papers several well-filled notebooks containing excerpts which he culled at this time from a large number of books. He displays a keen perception of the best in literature. His poetic instincts were a good guide in such a study, and it is clear from the works he read that he had already acquired a fine taste for *belles-lettres.*

In 1872, Archbishop McCloskey called him to New York and appointed him his private secretary. "From 1872 to 1884," he tells us in the preface to his *Life of John Cardinal McCloskey,* "I was Cardinal McCloskey's secretary. During those twelve years it was my custom to write down with as little delay as possible all our conversations regarding his own personal history." Much that has entered into this biography, the last important work he did, was taken from these diaries.

Father Farley's method of relating and collating these conversations show a marked historical power. No incident is left without its proper historical emphasis and in the indexes which he made for each of his diaries, there are cross-references and other aids that help one to search for the facts in question. In the initial chapters of this *Life,* which he published in 1899 in the *Records and Studies* of the United States Catholic Historical Society, and in his *History of St. Patrick's Cathedral,* which appeared in 1908, Cardinal Farley gave evidence of possessing the modern historical method. The completed biography of his eminent predecessor has been acknowledged as among the best books of the year. He accompanied Cardinal McCloskey to Rome in 1875, and was present on September 30th, when Cardinal McCloskey took possession of his titular Church, Santa Maria sopra Minerva, where New York's first Bishop, Dr. Concanen once lived. On October 3, 1875, Father Farley described to Monsignor Preston in a humorous way how he managed to get "into a 'cubby-hole' through the contrivance of the master of ceremonies and the connivance of the *cameriere,* so that we could see the whole proceedings of the Secret Consistory. We saw the Cardinal getting the ring and the title of which you will have read before this reaches you." It was on this visit that the young secretary saw at Paris "the grand altar of our Cathedral," before which he lay the other day in the repose of death. "It was set up so

that His Eminence might see it all together. Well, I assure you, I have seen nothing equal to it in richness as an altar in all my travels." Other trips to Rome followed this one of 1875, and as the years passed by, Cardinal McCloskey depended more and more upon the prudence and judgment of Father Farley. The year before the Cardinal's death, Father Farley was made private chamberlain to the Pope, with the title of Very Reverend Monsignor. He was appointed this year, 1884, to the pastorate of St. Gabriel's, New York City. We find him in November of that year numbered among the notaries of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. No part of the Council's proceedings interested him more than the discussion which arose over the creation of the Catholic University of America; and five years later he rejoiced when Divinity Hall, the first building of the University, was dedicated. In 1891, he was chosen Vicar-General of the Diocese by Archbishop Corrigan, and in December, 1895, he was consecrated Titular Bishop of Zeugma and Auxiliary Bishop of New York. At the death of Archbishop Corrigan in 1902, he was appointed his successor, and during the next sixteen years he ruled over the Archdiocese with a success which rivals to a great extent the episcopate of his three noted predecessors.

Among the historic events of his rule, first in order of time comes the greatest work, perhaps, undertaken during his episcopate, the making of the *Catholic Encyclopedia,* of which he has been given the title of Founder. This superb undertaking owed its origin as well as its success to his constant and enlightening help. Volume after volume appeared from 1907 down to 1914, and the Cardinal always looked upon the completed work as the result of his own fostering care. The centenary of the erection of the diocese in 1908, the consecration of St. Patrick's Cathedral in 1910, and his elevation to the Sacred College of Cardinals in 1911 are among the noteworthy events of his later years. During the seven years that remained, his one endeavor was to promote Catholic education in his diocese, and his most unfailing attention was given to the Cathedral College and to the Seminary at Dunwoodie.

Next to his own diocese, Cardinal Farley loved best of all the Catholic University of America. He had watched its growth from the mustard seed planted at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1884; he had seen its development as

the years went by; and he recognized in it the hope of the rising generation of Catholic educators and scholars. At the laying of the corner-stone of Gibbons' Hall on October 12, 1911, Cardinal Farley left no doubt in the minds of his hearers of his unswerving devotion to the ideal the Catholic University enshrines. "This corner-stone," he said, "is one of the milestones in the path of our University on its way to what we may now confidently regard as a glorious future." The University, whose trustee he was from the beginning, always turned to him for guidance in times of stress. His presence at the semi-annual meetings of the Board of Trustees was looked forward to with pleasure on the part of all connected with the University, and the kindly smile and firm hand-grasp were always anticipated and never forgotten.

Seventh in the succession of prelates who have ruled over the Church of New York, his sixteen years as its Archbishop were spent in molding the institutional Catholic life his predecessors had created into a perfect system of Church government. We are too close to the results of his labors to judge them with the historic impartiality which would give them their proper place in American ecclesiastical history; but the expression of sentiment at the time of his death is a guide to the appreciation of the future. Each one of his predecessors contributed to the ecclesiastical life of the province, over which Cardinal Farley was placed by Pope Leo XIII. in 1902, stable elements of control which he inherited and which he brought to a culminating perfection. The biographer of John Cardinal Farley must judge his success as the head of America's greatest diocese in conjunction with the constructive work of Archbishop Hughes, Cardinal McCloskey and Archbishop Corrigan.

These three ecclesiastics were different in education, character and spiritual insight; and it was not surprising to find John Farley on the morning of his succession to Archbishop Corrigan, September 15, 1902, giving expression in his diary that day to an overpowering sense of fear at the exalted position to which he had been appointed by the Holy See. It has been our privilege to read all his private diaries, the first of which was begun as a student at Rome, and few pages of religious biography reach such a height of humility as the one he penned the morning that the mantle of these three great predecessors was placed about his shoulders. Probably the secret

of his success as Archbishop of New York can be found in that page. The time has not yet come to give these intimate outpourings of his soul to the world, but the secret of his success in the work which he accomplished and in the manner in which that accomplishment took place, is not hard to find. For, as Canon Sheehan's keen-visioned biographer has written: "He had striven to be humble; and for that reason he was able to achieve what men of perhaps greater talent leave unaccomplished."

In the *Thoughts* of Pascal there is one to this effect, that the circumstances in which it is easiest to live according to the world are those in which it is most difficult to live according to God. Nothing is so difficult according to the world as the spiritual life; nothing is more easy according to God. Nothing is easier than to live in great office according to the world; nothing is more difficult than to live in it according to God. It has been the happy lot of some of the servants of God to combine by their modesty and gentleness both the one and the other. It is these men who win the hearts of their fellowmen to the things of God, who enkindle them with the desire to know and love Christ the Master, and who bind them to His service. John Cardinal Farley gave the keynote to his own life in a passage which may be found in his address on Catholic Unity at the meeting of the American Federation of Catholic Societies at Madison Square Garden, August 20, 1916: "The best, the most fruitful thing we can do for the Church is to make her spiritualizing influence so resplendent in our character and conduct, that the religiously indifferent who surround us will see her claims verified and illustrated in the self-sacrificing devotion of her children to the service of God and to the service of man. The world is trying to do good to humanity from purely human motives. Let us prove to it that the faithful who serve God are the best because they are the most disciplined servants of men." This was his own exalted purpose; this can be made his best epitaph, for his life stands a memorial to a singleness of endeavor which has made him one of the truly great citizens and patriots of our day.

His work as a churchman almost surpasses belief. His was the constructive power which kept religion step by step abreast of the tremendous growth of the city and State of

New York. His sixteen years as Archbishop witnessed the construction of over one hundred new churches, and the method which he inaugurated for financing the exceptional growth of churches and schools, hospitals and asylums, has made it possible for his successor to keep a strong guiding hand over every aspect of the Catholic life of New York which he may be said to have institutionalized for all time.

His journals and diaries are filled with honest and outspoken expressions of opinion on persons and events of the day. There are many pages of wise and judicious comment on all that he saw and heard about him; and it is from these pages that he drew many of the incidents chronicled in the later years of Cardinal McCloskey's life. One cannot escape the conclusion in reading the *Life of John Cardinal McCloskey,* that here with surety can be found the influence which guided and modulated John Farley's life. Those twelve years of his secretaryship from 1872 to 1884 left an impression upon him which could never be altered. There was a difference, however. Cardinal McCloskey he has described as one whose soul's serenity had never been disturbed by trouble. No difficulty, he has written, ever marred the sweet tenderness of Cardinal McCloskey's faith. He drew to himself all those who loved both God and the children of God. He disliked public display and avoided everything that might bring him before the public gaze. Modest in speech, benign in manner, with great personal simplicity of heart, he was noted for his coolness and self-possession under every circumstance. Utterly fearless in the presence of danger to the Faith or to the institutions of the Church, he was nevertheless self-contained and reserved, and did little that would enable the general public to estimate the profound depth of his heart. All these ideals of character Cardinal Farley possessed in no small degree; but there was added to these one which he possessed in a unique manner—the spirit of joy. His name must always be ranked in the gallery of the joyful people of this country. There was a quiet joy in the way he worked; he prized labor as a joy; his spirit gave a charm to whatever toil he was engaged in, and in everything that he did the lightsomeness of his heart never ran dry and the spirit of gladness was never absent.

Cardinal Farley was slight of figure, though robust to the

last. His keen Irish blue eyes never lost their humor. He was graceful to a degree uncommon among men. His soft voice which never quite relinquished the silken accent of his native land, attracted all who met him. Little children forgot his crimson robes, the sparkling ring, the red sash and biretta, and saw in him up to the last the same loving father he had been when forty years before he took up his life work as God's priest among the Catholics of Staten Island. When roused to just indignation by infidelity or disloyalty to civic or spiritual trust, grown men never forgot the swift stern flash of his eye and the thundering power of his words. He was always easy to approach; he was considerate in listening to callers, and he never failed to send his visitors away encouraged and cheered in the difficulties they laid before him.

As a citizen he occupied the first place in the greatest metropolis of the New World. His loyalty to the Government was prompt and entire, and from the moment the United States entered the War he was foremost in proclaiming the duty every American citizen owes to his country. Obedience to constituted authority he considered the sacred duty of every Catholic in the land. "Criticism of the Government," he said, "irritates me, and I would consider it little short of treason." His letters to the clergy asking their coöperation with federal, state and municipal war measures are among the best documents issued so far on the War. He took every opportunity to recommend to the pastors of the Archdiocese a ready and enthusiastic support in all patriotic movements. As a churchman he appreciated the fact so strongly expressed by the late Archbishop Ireland at the Third Plenary Council at Baltimore that the American people have had false prophets in the past who strove to create prejudice against the Catholic Church on the question of loyalty. Again and again in his early student days and in his years in New York, he had heard the echoes of these accusations of the lack of Catholic allegiance to the free institutions of America. And in all his relations with those outside the Church, he never failed to leave the impression that he was no less an American citizen than a member of the Catholic hierarchy of the land. Gentle and tolerant as he always was with non-Catholics, the narrow insular viewpoint of those who proclaimed, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, the Church to be the enemy of free institutions, taxed

his patience more than anything else he met with in life. He was a true American in this, that he expected every man to take his loyalty as an American Catholic for granted.

In announcing the death of Father Faber to his congregation at St. Mary of the Angels, Manning broke through the studied reserve which marked his attitude in the pulpit and said with tears: "He was a great priest . . . and he died as a priest should die, amid the prayers and tears of his flock. Though he lived in the world, I never saw anyone so detached from the world; if ever there was a higher or a lower path to choose, he always chose the higher; if ever there was a truth to be spoken he spoke it unhesitatingly, without any desire to accommodate it to the tastes and fashions of men. I know of no greater glory than can come upon the head of a priest than this." John Cardinal Farley died thus, mourned by a world made up of many who were not of his faith, by a world of which he was a great moral leader but from which he remained spiritually aloof to the end. His name is enrolled in that singularly favored class of God's servants whose lives bear the closest scrutiny, for he lived but for one purpose—to give glory to God before men and to bring all men to the feet of Christ by love. He died rich in virtue, his name is a benediction throughout the land, and he will be remembered as one whose heart was ever devoted in Christ to his fellowmen.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

BY HUMPHREY MOYNIHAN, A.M., D.D.

ON the morning of Wednesday, September 25, 1918, a prelate passed away whose memory will always be a golden spot in the annals of the Church in America. For seven and fifty years, John Ireland towered up among the priests and bishops of America, never ceasing, with vision of mind undimmed and enthusiasm of soul unquenched, to lead the way in all the high and holy enterprises that starred the crowded years of his long life. To analyze the secret of greatness is ever a difficult task—a task all the more difficult when one has to do with a mind world-wide in sweep and sympathy. Within the narrow limits of a magazine article we can only trace the bare outlines of Archbishop Ireland's career, sketch the causes in which his life was spent, and seize the qualities of soul that fitted him to do great things for Church and Country.

He was born at Burnchurch, County Kilkenny, Ireland, September 11, 1838. When he was fourteen years of age his family, which had emigrated to this country in 1847, settled at St. Paul, at that time a village of some six hundred souls. A year later Bishop Cretin sent him to France. With him went Thomas O'Gorman, the present Bishop of Sioux Falls, who was to be his life-long friend and co-worker. Having completed his preliminary course at Meximeux, and his theological studies at the Grand Seminary at Hyères, he returned to St. Paul and was ordained to the priesthood December 21, 1861. To France he owed much of the idealism that colored his whole life. His love for France, his trust in her soul never wavered, not even in the darkest hours through which in after years she was fated to pass.

An indication of Father Ireland's future career was given when, a few months after his ordination, he entered the army as Chaplain and accompanied the Fifth Minnesota Volunteer Regiment to the South. A mural painting in the Minnesota State Capitol shows him with his regiment as it plunged through the battle of Corinth. How Father Ireland was found

with the men posted closest to the enemy's pickets, how he rallied a company that had left a gap in the Union lines, how under fire he rushed ammunition to the men when cartridges were failing—these and many other picturesque stories were told around the camp fires and endeared the young Chaplain to soldiers everywhere. In the G. A. R. reunions, no name was more warmly cheered than the name of "Chaplain Ireland." It was also an open secret that the old soldiers had no more powerful friend in the Pension Department at Washington.

In 1869 he launched a campaign against intemperance, the curse of those rough days. One winter's night three men under the influence of drink called upon and begged him "for God's sake" to organize a temperance society. The total abstinence society which was organized the following Sunday was the beginning of a nation-wide crusade against the drink evil. From hut to hut Father Ireland went, and from hamlet to hamlet, and wherever he passed roads became safer for travelers in the evening. When, in 1875, he was appointed coadjutor Bishop of St. Paul, he did not relax his efforts. He made war upon the liquor traffic, which he characterized as "lawless and reckless, deliberately fomenting and spreading intemperance, fattening upon the putrid fruits of alcohol, defying all law, human and divine, fostering sin and crime, fastening itself upon the laws of land." Never in America was an evil denounced with more fiery eloquence than was the liquor traffic by "the Father Matthew of America." That the campaign on which Father Ireland entered as a young priest, and which closed only with his life, helped to arouse public opinion and awakened the country to a sense of its peril, that it inspired others to become leaders in the movement, that it placed high-license laws on statute books—all this is familiar to those who are conversant with the history of social welfare in America.

Side by side with the campaign for temperance went the campaign for Catholic colonization in Minnesota. Bishop Ireland set out to do for Irish emigrants what was being done with such happy results for German emigrants. While German emigration flowed through the seaboard cities out upon the broad plains of the West, the thousands of Irish who landed on the wharves of New York, poor, friendless, and untrained save for farm work, settled down in the cities, where

they were exposed to intemperance, the besetting temptation of drudgery and poverty. In those days it was a gigantic task to organize, on a large scale, an emigration movement to the far-off prairies of Minnesota, but when friends pictured the difficulties of it Bishop Ireland simply said: "I will risk it all in view of the blessings which will follow if I succeed." He organized the Catholic Colonization Bureau, and scattered emigration pamphlets far and wide.

In these pamphlets he emphasized the moral and spiritual advantages of country life for emigrants. "There is about the same difference," he wrote, "between the moral atmosphere of the rural Catholic colonies to which we invite our people, and the back streets and alleys of the overcrowded city, as there is between the pure air of the prairie and the foul air of the city lane." Success crowned the movement. At Graceville, within the short space of three months, one hundred and fifty comfortable homes were built around the church. At Adrian a village sprang up almost over night. At Avoca, De Graff, and Clontarf vast tracts were settled. In Swift County, for a stretch of twenty-eight miles, one was never out of sight of a settler's house. These colonies developed into the most flourishing parishes of the diocese. No wonder that in hundreds of homes dotting the prairies of Minnesota there was mourning as for a father when the news of Archbishop Ireland's demise traveled from door to door.

The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore marked a turning point in the history of the Church in America. It also marked a turning point in the career of Bishop Ireland. The occasion was a memorable one, and with the unfailing judgment that he always showed in fitting the theme to the time, he selected as the subject of his address the relations of the Church to modern society. The foundations of authority in eternal law, the origin of society in the ordinances of God, the mutual relations of liberty and authority, the need of social virtues in republics—subjects so vital to a nation's welfare—he expounded with all the fire and force of his impassioned eloquence. For a people who regarded the Church as the foe of progress, or looked askance upon her as irrevocably wedded to obsolescent institutions, he painted an arresting picture of the Church as the guardian of liberty in all ages. They who listened to the voice from the West declaring the imperishable principles

from which government derives its authority and laws their sacredness, went home with a new realization of the truth that the Church is the strongest bulwark of the nation.

Five years later, November 10, 1889, the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States, called forth another stirring address—*The Mission of Catholics in America.* This discourse, breathing love of Church and Country in every line, must be read in the light of contemporary events. The inspiration of it came from the conviction that "the greatest epoch of human history, if we except that which witnessed the coming of God upon earth, is upon us, and of this epoch our wisdom and our energy will make the Church the supreme mistress." It was a trumpet call to Catholics everywhere, and it went reverberating over the land—and far over the seas, also, rousing from lethargy those who "in utter oblivion of the living world behind them sat at the gates of cemeteries weeping over tombs that shall not be opened."

Two years later Archbishop Ireland was the outstanding figure in a controversy which deserves more than a passing notice.

Mr. Peter Paul Cahensly, a member of the German Imperial Parliament, presented to Pope Leo XIII. in 1891 a memorial praying for the appointment of bishops, in proportionate representation, for the different nationalities to which Roman Catholics in America belong. This brought to a climax a movement which for some years had been gathering force, and which aimed at fostering and perpetuating among the various foreign elements of the Church the use of their own languages and traditions. By such means, it was alleged, the interests of religion would be safeguarded and leakage from the Church diminished.

Archbishop Ireland was quick to see the danger to the unity of the Church in America, and the peril of accentuating the taint of foreignism already attached to Catholics. He threw himself at once into the breach. "Our country," he declared, "is not a Poland, to be partitioned at the good pleasure of foreigners. We have, under Peter's successor, our autonomy, and for the sake of the American Church and the American Republic we will retain autonomy." "The mass of our Catholics are Americans," he argued. "They resent any

attempt to make them Irishmen or Germans, or any other kind of foreigners. The bishops of America are fully able to ward off any foreign invasion in the Church and to maintain it on thoroughly American lines."

Meantime, statesmen also were growing alarmed. The controversy found its way into the halls of Congress, where Senator C. K. Davis declared that "there is more matter for profound concern in the attempts Herr Cahensly made last year to denationalize American institutions and plant as many nations as there are people of foreign tongues in our midst, than in all the Chinese questions which have arisen since 1858." Had Mr. Cahensly succeeded in his scheme of appointing "national" bishops, the manifold elements composing the Church in America would have remained so many foreign colonies, living in weakness and isolation, shut off from one another and from the country by the barriers of language. If these elements have been fused into a compact whole, throbbing with vitality, and presenting an unbroken front to the world, it is, in large measure, due to the man who saw farther than other men and saved the Church and the country from Cahenslyism.

While the field on which that battle was fought has now only historical interest, a passage in the Cahensly memorial, read in the light of recent events, is seen to have momentous significance: "Through their immigrants the nations are acquiring in the great Republic an influence and an importance of which they will one day be able to profit. These nations are doing everything in their power to have those of their nationalities settled in the United States develop and strengthen themselves in every respect. . . . The people of the United States is not a people of one race, only, but of all races and of all nationalities. Every race, every nationality may take its place in the sunlight. Precisely owing to this fact, and because religion is the corner-stone and the keystone of every social edifice, the nations have an immense interest in their emigrants being represented in the episcopate of the United States by bishops of their own. And therein lies the reason why all the nations whose populations are emigrating to the great Republic are expecting from the paternal solicitude of the Holy See the bishops whom their dearest interests call for."

Another controversy which was fought out at the same time created a great *furore*. It turned on the so-called Faribault school plan. In two parishes of his diocese Archbishop Ireland made an arrangement with the school boards by which, in consideration of the nominal sum of one dollar a year, the parochial school building, during the hours devoted to secular branches of knowledge, was to be regarded as a State school, preserving its character as a parochial school before and after the regular school hours. In this manner State aid was secured for the schools, while the schools retained their own teachers and their Catholic tone. The children heard Mass as usual every morning, and received religious instruction every afternoon within the walls of the school. This arrangement was, as the Archbishop declared, a measure of internal administration, intended to meet a difficulty in well-defined and well-understood circumstances. It was never meant to supplant the Catholic school system as it existed within and without the borders of Minnesota. Indeed, it had been in operation for years under less favorable conditions in scores of parishes throughout the country. When introduced into Minnesota it made two towns of the diocese storm centres of a controversy that attracted the attention of America. The fact is that the connection between the controversy on Cahenslyism and the controversy on the school question is much closer than may appear to the cursory eye. The motives underlying both were the same, the issues at stake in both were identical.

The matter was carried to Rome, and again Rome supported the Archbishop. Now that Archbishop Ireland's career is before us in its fullness, and that we scan the whole tone and trend of his life and thought, it is superfluous to say that to no man did he ever yield in love for the Catholic school and in solicitude for its safety. Never, for an instant, did he alter his views on a question so vitally bound up with the Church's existence, nor deviate from the position which he held on Catholic education from the first days of his priesthood. On this point there can be no lingering misconception in the minds of those who knew him. The just words spoken by Archbishop Keane of Dubuque in the course of his funeral sermon were well-weighed: "He was a life-long, consistent, wise, and uncompromising advocate and promoter of Chris-

tian education. One would look far for a diocese better provided with buildings and teachers. He leaves a rich heritage of carefully studied programme, and a wonderfully adequate equipment for the further development of this great Catholic work." These words may serve as a final commentary on a famous controversy.

The year following the closing of these controversies saw Archbishop Ireland once more at Baltimore. The twenty-fifth anniversary of the episcopal consecration of Cardinal Gibbons, October 18, 1893, suggested the discourse on *The Church and the Age,* which at once attracted universal attention. He drew a picture of the age as one who could look into its very soul and see that with all its faults "it worships unwittingly at Christian shrines, and only awaits the warm contact of Christ's Church to avow itself Christian." It was on this occasion that he spoke of the great need of the hour: "The want in the world, the want in the Church, today as in other times, but today as never before, is men among men, men who see farther than others, rise higher than others, act more boldly than others."

This was the greatest task to which Archbishop Ireland addressed himself—to bring the Church and the country into closer contact, to dissipate misconceptions, to make the Church understood by his fellow-countrymen—this, the work which gives him a place of his own among the bishops who have built up the Church in America. He strove to do in America what Manning and Lacordaire and Schlegel had striven to do in Europe. And he did it in discourse glowing with intensity of feeling, often startling in boldness of thought and candor of expression, and lit up with truths of lasting wisdom. His methods were conciliatory: men of large mind do not deal in objurgation. He had implicit trust in the power of truth to win its way in the world. Bigots of the baser sort he did not stoop to notice. Only once did he allude to a certain class of them, who were making themselves unusually obnoxious, and them he dismissed with the remark, "Let the frogs croak."

He had too much faith in the American people to believe that they would discriminate against any class of citizens on the ground of religion. Men who knew little or nothing of Catholicism, or who viewed it with suspicion, came to trust the Church, once they felt the charm of Archbishop Ireland's

spirit. Under that spell came all classes of men—gentle and simple. He could soar to heights accessible only to the most cultured, and descend to the level of the humblest intelligence. It is a wonderful tribute to the greatness of such men as Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Mercier, and Archbishop Ireland that they could win the hearts of entire nations.

Proofs of the confidence with which the country responded to his appeals came to him in many pleasing forms. The document in which he refuted the free silver fallacy was reprinted by the million. His words condemning the recall of judges echoed through the country—"Let us pray the God of nations that there be no sacrilegious hand laid upon the courts, impairing their independence or lowering their majesty." More than one administration consulted him and carried out his suggestions. The embassy to Rome at the conclusion of the war with Spain was, perhaps, the most striking proof of the trust reposed in him by the statesmen of the nation. That embassy, with Mr. Taft as its head and Bishop O'Gorman as its ecclesiastical advisor, was unprecedented in the history of the Church in America. And it was not in America only that Archbishop Ireland's broadminded policy of conciliation won friends among all classes. In France men of all shades of religious and political thought looked up to him and were willing to listen to him. As the unofficial representative of Pope Leo XIII. in 1892, as the official representative of President McKinley, on the occasion of the presentation of the statue of Lafayette to the French people, as the panegyrist of Jeanne d'Arc, he drew around him men who had nothing in common with one another, but who, one and all, were at home with him, and could discuss frankly and amicably with him most delicate questions of policy.

When it was necessary to defend Catholic teaching he presented the case for the Church fully and calmly, appealing always to the reason of his hearers. Nowhere, perhaps, was the Temporal Power of the Sovereign Pontiff more grievously misunderstood than in the United States. Suspicions were to be allayed, prejudices removed, public opinion enlightened. Archbishop Ireland undertook the task, pleading with voice and pen that, as the Catholic Church is the Church of all nations, its Supreme Chieftain must be of no nation, but have a territory of his own where all nations are at home, and where

no nation is master. "Will any one assert that it is merely a right to what is vitally essential to its life and its work that the Papacy, the Chieftaincy of Christ's Church, received from its Author, or that it was not the intention of its Founder that it should not always have that integrity of outward form and freedom of action required for the exercise of its ministry with dignity and efficiency." Cogent reasons drawn from the mission of the Church, telling historical illustrations, testimonies cited from friend and foe drove home his powerful plea. Whoever reads the Archbishop's article on the *Civil Princedom of the Pope,* in the *North American Review* for March, 1901, will see him at his best as an apologist, and will be filled with fresh wonder at the justice of the Pontiff's claims for the independence essential to the exercise of his high office.

There was no movement vital to the welfare of the State, no theme vital to the interests of the Church that he did not make his own. Of patriotism he spoke as only one could speak who had served on the battlefield. When last year with failing voice he bade good-bye to the first volunteers of Minnesota, he said: "The man should not live who does not love and cherish his country. To defend America is to defend not only the nation that protects you, that nurtures you, but the nation that stands in the universe for the highest ideals, the noblest principles governing mankind." And while he spoke as a soldier-patriot, he also spoke as a bishop whose duty it was to give warning that "for its own protection the age of democracy must be an age of religion."

In education, as in all things else, he translated his ideas into acts. School and college and seminary he fostered, ever striving to awaken in his people ambition to take the place that was rightfully theirs, ever insisting that education severed from religion cannot mold character nor give to the country the men the country needs. From its inception the Catholic University found in him a powerful friend and advocate.

Of labor and capital and their relations he often spoke and wrote, allaying the passions and prejudices that spring from the strongest of human motives and holding the balance of justice between clashing interests. Rarely was the judicial character of his mind more clearly evinced that in an article on *Personal Liberty and Labor Strikes,* which dealt so sanely and impartially with the most contentious aspect of a thorny ques-

tion that it was referred to by judges on the bench and quoted by law journals in several States. The triumphs of science and industry he eloquently portrayed when the world was pouring into the Columbian Exposition all the material evidences of human progress; but still more eloquently did he plead that the greatest triumphs of humanity are spiritual and moral victories.

From time to time themes of gentler strain would evoke addresses full of sweet inspiration. Charity in the Catholic Church would touch the chords of his soul to words of music; the story of the Maid of Orleans would move to its depths a soul full of chivalry; the convents of the Northwest could draw forth noble tributes to the devotion and sacrifices of cloistered life. Thus it was: wherever good was to be done, wherever the cause of the Church was to be championed, Archbishop Ireland was always found, each new theme bringing into play some new quality of mind, some new flight of eloquence, some new vein of a nature richly dowered.

While Archbishop Ireland was winning prestige for the Church at home and abroad, and vindicating the place of religion in the life of the nation, he never allowed the exacting demands made upon his time and energies to divert his thought for a moment from the field of his special predilection. His heart was in his diocese. He harked back with pride to its early days and told again and again the story of its pioneer missionaries; death snatched the pen from his hand as he was writing the life of Bishop Cretin. How he toiled for his diocese his works proclaim. Like the Homeric husbandman standing in the harvest field and gazing at the golden sheaves that ripened under his fostering hands, Archbishop Ireland in the closing years of his life could look around upon the field to which he had devoted his life, and behold on all sides the fruits of his labors—the colonies he planted, the parishes he organized, the churches he erected, the priesthood he trained, the schools and colleges and cathedral he called into being.

The St. Paul Seminary, founded and endowed by the illustrious James J. Hill, and the College of St. Thomas, he cherished with special affection. The Cathedral of St. Paul was the consummation of his life work. The boy who, in 1852, had drifted on the tide of emigration to the frontier settlement

by the Mississippi, and had watched the hamlet grow into a great metropolis while he himself was growing into greatness and world-wide influence, crowned his city with a basilica which is one of the noble temples of the world. "He has done a great work and finished it"—these words written by Cardinal Newman of the prelate with whom Archbishop Ireland had much in common, may be applied with equal truth to the Archbishop of St. Paul. He was one of the few men to whom it was given to do a great work and to enjoy its consummation.

Nature endowed John Ireland with the gifts that fit a man to do great things in the world. The splendid physique, the commanding presence, the massive grandeur of countenance, the rugged yet refined personality, stamped him as a man among men. His intellect would have achieved eminence in jurisprudence, statesmanship, learning. It was a mind singularly alert and retentive, quick to grasp a subject in all its implications, a mind in which the mingling of the ideal with the practical was as wonderful as it was rare. His dauntless spirit had a splendid scorn of difficulties: "Do not," he said on a historic occasion, "lose time in thinking of the opposition that will come to you," and no one ever accused Archbishop Ireland of counting the odds when the interests of religion were at stake.

His oratory, while recalling the style and spirit of his French masters, was peculiarly his own, forging language and fusing words in the flame of its inspiration. It was the eloquence of a great tribune of the people, as well as of a great prelate of the Church. His industry was untiring; such industry as is required to carry out the works that genius inaugurates. These endowments of nature were enhanced by others of a more personal character: a high sense of dignity, a keen insight into human nature and all its ways, a feeling for the simple things of life, a faculty of thinking largely and liberally on the common things of life, a delicate perception of the word to be spoken and the thing to be done, a kindly sense of humor that never failed, a temperament that took interest in everything, and a gentleness of soul known best to those who came in closest contact with him. Dr. Johnson said of Edmund Burke that no one could meet him under a gateway in a shower of rain without seeing that he was the first man in England. It might be said with truth that

even a chance meeting with Archbishop Ireland left the impression that he was one of the great men of the world.

The secret of Archbishop Ireland's real grandeur, the inspiration of his whole life, is to be sought in his devotion to the Church of Christ. If ever a man was enamored of the Church, of its beauty and its truth, of its mission through the ages, it was Archbishop Ireland. Whether he was hearing confessions by night on a Southern battlefield, or carrying help and hope to his colonists on the prairies, or fighting for souls against the demon of intemperance; whether he was speaking to the little ones of Christ in some remote parish of his diocese, or addressing the hierarchy of the United States assembled in Council, or the Catholics of France at Orleans or Paris, in all his varied activities, as manifold as the activities of the Church itself, love of the Church was the passion of his life, dominating and overshadowing all other motives and purposes. Love of the Church it was that, at a time when other men lay down their burdens, led him to take upon himself tasks the fulfillment of which would be the work of a lifetime for men of less ardent zeal.

As there rise up before us his breadth of vision and splendor of devotion; the monuments of piety and learning with which he adorned religion; the words of power he spoke proclaiming that Christ is, indeed, the Way and the Truth, the Life and the Light of man; the battles he fought for religion with a majesty of thought and utterance that brings back the days of the Basils and the Chrysostoms; the austere life and the illustrious example; the wisdom that saw afar, the patience that never grew weary, the courage that never faltered; the zeal burning day and night on the altar of his soul, setting aflame all hearts that came within its glow and kindling them to deeds of generous enterprise; we see that John Ireland was all that a great Bishop should be in an age that calls for the consecration of glorious gifts and devoted allegiance to the cause of Christ.

THE UNIVERSAL GENIUS OF ST. THOMAS.

BY GARRETT PIERSE.

TREATING of one who has been proposed by the Church as the model of Catholic students, it is of interest to inquire what was his special characteristic. In the life of every great man there is some unifying principle governing all his actions; there is some dominant quality which explains every other endowment. In the case of St. Thomas, what was this supreme gift? He belonged to a period when the Church was illumined and adorned by a galaxy of doctors and learned men. He could be brilliant like Abelard, yet brilliancy was not his distinguishing quality. He could be subtle like Duns Scotus, yet subtlety is not the characteristic by which we remember him. He could be seraphic in his writings like the saintly Bonaventure, yet ardent mysticism was not his dominant qualification. What was it then? Tradition supplies us with the answer. All the centuries have given him a special epithet which points to the vastness, the universality of his attainments; all the centuries have proclaimed him the Universal Doctor.

Owing to his universality of gifts, St. Thomas is at once the symbol and the product of the Catholicity of the Church. There are some who find it hard to realize how the Catholic Church could have produced in St. Thomas so universal a genius as well as so great a saint. There are some who point with scorn to the Catholic Church as possessing a system of narrow intellectualism and as cramping the various powers of her children. There are those who refer to Scholasticism, or the philosophy favored by the Church, as inconsistent with the full development of the imagination, or of the nobler qualities of the heart. They forget, however, that the Catholic Church is suited to all men, and to all the faculties of man. They forget that the same Mother Church, who in her intellectual capacity is characterized by the most accurate and legal definitions of dogma, in her system of cult and public ceremonies is calculated to strike the imagina-

tion of all, and in her preaching of the solace of religion for the living and the dying can satisfy the human heart as nothing else upon earth is able to do. They forget that St. Thomas, while the most finished product of the Scholastic philosophy of the Church, had all the highest faculties of man harmoniously developed. The pen that wrote the *Sum of Philosophy* against the Gentiles also wrote the familiar *Pange Lingua,* one of the noblest effusions of the human heart aided by divine grace. The mind that composed the strictly intellectual *Sum of Theology* was combined with an imagination that created the immortal *Lauda Sion.*

Against those who say that the Catholic Church is purely intellectual, narrow, and formal, against those who assert that she supplies no fitting outlet for the varied forms of human genius, against those who refer to her Scholastic philosophy as a means for contracting the heart, against the shallow theories of all those cavilers regarding Catholicism, there stands one decisive fact, and that fact is St. Thomas of Aquin.

Though St. Thomas had all his higher faculties harmoniously developed, yet it is to his intellect that humanity looks for the largest results. His intellect, too, partook of his general character for universality. What a broad range of mental vision he enjoyed! What liberality of mind in the purest sense of this much-abused phrase! He took all knowledge for his province, and, doing so, he had to dare greatly; he had to give evidence of the inspiring force of truly Catholic ideals. The authority of Aristotle, the greatest philosopher of antiquity, was to some extent suspect in the days of St. Thomas, and yet St. Thomas did not hesitate to make him his own. The Aristotelian philosophy was contaminated by the grossness of pagan principles; much that was good was embedded in the corruption of much that was evil. In addition to this intrinsic repulsiveness of some of his doctrines, Aristotle had acquired an odious name through the misrepresentations and adulterations of Arabian scholars. What marvel then that some within the Church, seeing how he was utilized against the Faith, fearing that his teaching might corrupt the precious deposit of Catholic doctrine, regarded Aristotle as unsafe? Their feelings resembled the instinctive attitude of St. Peter when he was shown in vision the multitude of beasts and reptiles and fowls, symbolizing the Gentile nations, when he was com-

manded to kill and eat them, and when he exclaimed: "Far be it from me, for I never did eat anything that is common and unclean."[1]

Thus many children of the Church regarded the teaching of worldly philosophers as something that would defile the Faith by its very touch. Nor were their fears altogether groundless. How tremendous a task it is to reconcile with Catholic dogma the real knowledge of all the philosophers and scientists, we may faintly realize if we remember those who have attempted it since the days of St. Thomas, and have suffered shipwreck of the Faith. Trusting to their own unaided powers, venturing on the unknown seas of speculation without the lifebuoy of St. Thomas' sanctity, they were sadly submerged. The venom of pride, always a lurking danger in human science unaided by divine grace, proved fatal to their intellects. When philosophy conflicted with faith, those proud minds rejected faith and kept philosophy; St. Thomas would have rejected philosophy and have kept the Faith.

Yet St. Thomas did not shrink from the noble, though herculean labor of accepting all the truths of all the philosophers known to him, and of harmonizing them with the Catholic Faith. It was his characteristic to seek out truth rather than error, good elements rather than mistakes—hence the positive and constructive character of his work. He was broad-minded enough to recognize that whatever is true, whatever is good, even though alloyed with the corruption and the pride of man, comes from the Giver of all gifts, and that to find fault with the truth in any form or from any source is implicitly to find fault with God.

St. Thomas became all things to all philosophers. He was the broad-spirited St. Paul of the intellectual world, making himself the apostle of the Gentile philosophers, purifying them, correcting them, and converting them to the service of the Christian faith. He did but follow out the liberal counsel of the Doctor of the Gentiles: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame, if there be any virtue, if any praise of discipline, think on these things"[2]

Hence we find the best product of pagan philosophers and of Christian writers in the pages of St. Thomas. The influence

[1] Acts x. 14.

[2] Philipp. iv. 8.

of Socrates is there, the forerunner of Christian modesty, with his abhorrence of ostentation, and his great principle that we should know ourselves, and knowing ourselves, know that we know almost nothing. In the works of Aquinas there is no inflated display; no superfluous paragraph or word; the smallest term is employed to express the greatest idea. Plato, the contemplative of paganism, imaging and feeling the elevated ideals of eternal truth and beauty, meets us in the writings of St. Thomas. There, too, we have the analytic, discursive Aristotle, master of all who know. Beside these excellent exponents of natural reason, we find, also, the noblest instruments of the higher light of revelation. Knowing the Scriptures almost by heart, he knew also the traditionary writings in which the remainder of the divine message is enshrined. He was acquainted with the great ecclesiastical writers. The martyrs who "underlined the doctrines of Christianity with their life's blood," saints like Justin and Cyprian, meet us in his works. The Fathers of the Church, these giant minds that polished Christian dogma in their conflicts with the unorthodox, and embellished it in their homilies for the orthodox—with them and their characteristics St. Thomas was familiar, and their commentaries on the Sacred Word are felicitously combined in his work entitled *The Golden Chain.* St. Augustine, called the Christian Plato, because of his soaring genius; St. Jerome, greatest Scriptural scholar, of whom Augustine said that nobody knew what he was ignorant of; St. Athanasius, who for the Christian truth was ready to take issue with the world; St. Gregory the Great, with his practical Roman mind and his Oriental gift of allegory; the orator, Chrysostom, with lips of gold—all these Fathers honeycomb the pages of St. Thomas; they were his models, and more than one Pope has instituted a favorable comparison between him and the greatest among them.

At first view of the universal attainments of St. Thomas, contemplating what the Church in her sacred Liturgy calls his "marvelous erudition," the mind is bewildered. We are like one beholding for the first time a vast forest; the mind is overawed by a sense of the boundless and by fear of the unknown; it recoils before this symbol of infinity itself. But, soon, its native power asserts itself, because capable of ideas greater than the greatest wilderness, the mind grows accustomed to

the vastness of the scene, and undergoes a gradual enlargement; its hitherto narrow horizons of thought become indefinitely extended; and it is enticed to explore what is stretched before its view.

On account of his extensive knowledge St. Thomas has been compared with Solomon. Although according to the words of Holy Writ, "God gave to Solomon knowledge and wisdom exceeding much," and a largeness of mind "as the sand that is on the seashore," though he could discourse of all living creatures, of beasts and of fowls, and of reptiles and of fishes, though he could "treat about trees from the cedar that is in Libanus unto the hyssop that cometh out of the wall," though he was wiser than all men of his time, or of preceding ages, wiser than all the Orientals and the Egyptians, yet one of the Sovereign Pontiffs of the Church, Innocent V., in a moment of divine inspiration, applied to St. Thomas the grand tribute taken from Scripture: "The Queen of the South came from the ends of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold a greater than Solomon here." [3]

A man of such wide attainments could not have neglected the science of God. Possessing a genius for universal study he would be sadly inconsistent if he omitted the study of God, Who is the All-in-all. For, what goes to make a man? What powers distinguish him from the other beings of the earth? His intellect and his will. What is the deepest thought of his intellect? The thought of the Infinite! What is it that most mightily moves his will and thrills his soul and agitates his being? The magnet of boundless good and happiness. And this infinite reality, this boundless happiness ever pursued by restless humanity, as the pole is sought by the magnetic needle, is none other than God Himself. We estimate the greatness of a science from the greatness of the matter with which it deals. The knowledge of a small thing is a trivial knowledge; the knowledge of a greater thing a greater knowledge; the knowledge of the greatest Being is the greatest knowledge. The science of God may be driven from its rightful place; it may be expelled from the schools and the universities; it may be dethroned for a while by the pride of men, but St. Thomas gave it for all time its proper rank; he enthroned theology, the science of God, as the empress of sciences by divine right.

[3] Matt. xii. 42.

It was the privilege of St. Thomas to see in vision the glory of that Infinite Being Whom he had already perceived, in a dark manner, through the dim glass of earthly knowledge. It was in the year before his death. In comparison with what he then saw, all mundane things, even human science, even his own *Sum of Theology,* his life's work, appeared to him as so much straw. Partly owing to failing health, partly owing to absorption in the Eternal Reality disclosed by his vision, he lost all interest in temporal things, and from thenceforth the Universal Doctor threw down the pen for ever. He died before completing his *Compendium of Christian Doctrine,* and before fully adding the great *Sum of Theology.* The pen that had begun the *Commentary on the Prophet Jeremias* left it unfinished to the present hour. A sad reminder of the imperfect character of man's performance notwithstanding the magnificence of his plans! A sad reminder that not this life, but the next, is intended to satisfy worthily the boundless ambitions of the human heart! All the achievements of St. Thomas, gigantic as they appear to us, appeared little to him, viewing them from the truer standpoint of a higher world. His works have been called perfect masterpieces, but in comparison with that heaven which he saw in vision, St. Thomas realized that there is found no perfect masterpiece here below. The greatest painter in his master achievement did but fix on canvas some faint shadow of the All-in-all. The one earthly mood that will endure for ever, the one reality of realities is the love of God. St. Thomas found this reality; to God he devoted all his labors. He sounded the keynote of his life when receiving the sacred Body of Jesus Christ for the last time: "Thee have I preached: Thee have I taught, against Thy name have I never uttered a single word."

THE SUPREME COURT AND CHILD LABOR.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

THE decision of our highest court of appeal, that the Keating-Owen Child Labor Act is unconstitutional, has called forth pretty general expressions of regret. Many of the critics have used rather severe language. They have intimated that the majority of the Court could just as well have given a favorable decision, and that the verdict of unconstitutionality represents an unnecessary and inexplicable perversion of judicial reasoning. Others seem to have gone further, and to assume that the unfavorable decision is equivalent to a usurpation of power. Something of this sort must have been in the mind of the United States Senator who proposed that Congress reënact the law and add a clause forbidding the Supreme Court to declare it unconstitutional a second time! A few commentators have assumed that the unconstitutionality of the law is so fixed and definite that the Court could not have decided otherwise, so clear and indisputable that Congress should have known better than to attempt such legislation.

Both these views are extreme and unjustifiable. It is not necessary to assume that the majority of the Court followed any but the most straightforward processes and standards in arriving at a negative decision, and it is a virtual attack upon the rights of the Court to assume that the Court had no business to declare the law unconstitutional. Whether or no the framers of the Constitution intended the Court to have the power of nullifying laws, its right to do so has through long usage become an essential element of our constitutional system.

Persons who criticize Congress for passing the child labor law, and who hail every decision of the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of a statute as an official announcement of something inevitable and obvious, forget that not all the parts of the Constitution are as definite and inflexible as a carpenter's rule. Some of its articles are, indeed, of this nature; for example, the provision that "no person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained to the age of thirty years."

Should the people of any commonwealth send to the United States Senate a man of twenty-eight years, the election would be patently unconstitutional. The Supreme Court would not be called upon to interpret or apply this article of the Constitution. To prevent the man from taking his seat, the only thing necessary would be to establish the fact of his age. When this was done, the unconstitutionality of his election would be obviously, objectively and infallibly certain.

Not all the provisions of the Constitution are of this character. Not all of them are so clear in scope and content that when applied to a law which they affect, they immediately, unmistakably and infallibly pronounce it constitutional or unconstitutional. Many of them are so indefinite that honest and competent men disagree concerning their meaning and application. This is particularly true of those provisions which relate to social and labor legislation.

It may be well to recall the fact that Congress has no direct authority to pass laws concerning child labor, or any other condition of labor, in private employments. Our federal Government is one of "enumerated," or delegated, powers; that is, it can do only those things which have been explicitly committed to it in the national Constitution. Among these specifically enumerated powers and functions, we find no mention of the age, hours, wages or other conditions of labor. All such matters are left, or "reserved," to the control of the several States.

Therefore, the Keating-Owen Act by which Congress attempted to regulate the labor of children, sought that goal by an indirect route. It followed that clause of the Constitution which specifically authorizes Congress to regulate commerce between the States. It prohibited the shipment in interstate and foreign commerce of the products of factories, mines or quarries in which were employed children under fourteen years of age, or in which children between fourteen and sixteen were permitted to work more than eight hours a day or more than six days a week. By a vote of five to four, the Supreme Court declared this law unconstitutional on two grounds: first, that it goes beyond the authority conferred upon Congress by the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution; second, because it interferes with a local matter which the Constitution reserves to the jurisdiction of the States.

Justice Day, who wrote the majority opinion, contends that the power to regulate interstate commerce does not include the power to prohibit the interstate movement of articles or products. The constitutional authority to regulate, he says, is merely the power to "control the *means* by which commerce is carried on." This is the first issue between the majority and the minority of the Court. It turns upon the interpretation of the verb, "to regulate." According to the majority, this refers only to the means, methods, instrumentalities and processes by which goods are taken across the borders of a State; in the view of the minority, it extends in a very comprehensive way to the goods themselves.

Had such a measure as the child labor law been brought before the Court previous to the Civil War, it would probably have been proclaimed unconstitutional without a dissenting voice. Up to that time, the Court had always construed the commerce clause as conferring merely the power to "control the means by which commerce is carried on." Since then, however, it has handed down several decisions upholding the contrary view, and sustaining legislation which actually excluded certain objects and commodities from shipment in interstate commerce. Taking account of these cases, Justice Day asserts that they were all exceptional. The excluded articles were all of such a peculiar character that interstate commerce in them could be regulated only through absolute prohibition. The most important of these "exceptional" cases were presented by the laws concerning the Louisiana Lottery, Pure Food and Drugs, the White Slave Traffic, and the shipment of intoxicating liquor into "dry" States. "In all these instances," says Justice Day, "the use of interstate commerce was necessary to the accomplishment of harmful results," and genuine regulation could be exercised only "by prohibiting the facilities of interstate commerce to effect the evil intended."

This situation, contends the Justice, does not obtain in the present case; for when the goods made by child labor are offered for shipment, the evil has already been accomplished. And "the goods shipped are in themselves harmless." The first reply to this argument is that not all the evil which the law seeks to prevent has been done, once the goods are produced. The law aims not only to render impossible the employment of

young children, but also to protect against unfair competition the manufacturers in those States which have good child labor laws. It would prevent the products of cheap and exploited juvenile labor from underselling commodities that are made under more humane and expensive conditions of employment. Without such a law the textile manufacturers of Massachusetts who wish to sell their goods in, say, New York or Illinois, are unfairly handicapped in their competition with the textile manufacturers of North or South Carolina. This is an evil which, to quote the words of Justice Day, "can be accomplished only by the use of interstate transportation." It is quite as dependent upon the facilities of interstate commerce as the evil done to the morals of a New Yorker who bought a lottery ticket made in Louisiana.

Justice Day does, indeed, take note of this aspect and effect of the law, but he deals with the subject rather summarily: the commerce clause of the Constitution was not intended to give Congress the power to equalize unequal economic conditions among the States; for example, to close the channels of interstate commerce against the products of States that have no minimum wage and maximum hours laws.

Nevertheless, it would seem that the framers of the Constitution did intend the commerce clause to be utilized for the general purpose of protecting the citizens of some States against the selfish action of other States. The main object of the clause was to prevent one State from erecting tariff and similar barriers against the commerce of another. Is not Congress acting upon the *spirit* and *principle* of this purpose when it legislates to hinder one State from imposing upon another the disadvantage of unfair competition resulting from lax child labor regulations? We may admit, indeed, that this particular use of the commerce clause is contrary to the *letter* of the intentions of the authors of the Constitution; for they were strong individualists who neither believed in nor foresaw the necessity of protective labor legislation. Inasmuch as they did not think that the age, or hours, or wages of labor should be regulated even by State laws, they undoubtedly would not have desired the commerce clause to authorize federal action against those States that have done least in the field of regulation.

However, the prevention of unfair competition was only

the secondary object of the Keating-Owen law. Its primary purpose was to put an end to the employment of child labor. Justice Day contends that to exclude the products of such labor from interstate commerce does not directly prevent the evil, since the undesirable labor has already been performed when the goods are offered for shipment. One might reply that the same was true of the anti-lottery law. The evil was committed when the resident of another State yielded to the temptation to gamble by purchasing a ticket in the Louisiana lottery; therefore, it had been accomplished before the ticket was presented for interstate transportation. Yet the anti-lottery law was sustained by the Supreme Court.

The anti-lottery law put an end to the evil of interstate gambling in lottery tickets, not directly by its exclusion of those pieces of paper from interstate commerce, but indirectly by its action upon the minds of prospective purchasers. As soon as such persons realized that lottery tickets could not legally be sent to them from Louisiana, they ceased to buy the tickets.

The child labor law was calculated to operate in precisely the same way. It could not have undone the evil that had been committed in connection with child-made goods that it actually excluded from shipment; but it could and would have prevented the repetition and continuance of the evil by inducing manufacturers to discontinue the employment of child labor upon goods that they wanted to send out of the State. Although the evil was committed in production, not in transportation, the production itself would cease with the closing of the channels of interstate commerce. Therefore, the Keating-Owen Act complied with the test laid down by Justice Day; for it dealt with a situation in which "the use of interstate commerce was necessary to the accomplishment of harmful results."

Should it be objected that the interstate transportation of child-made goods caused the evil of child labor only indirectly, not by any harm that the goods did after they were shipped, but by its encouragement of the continuation of the evil, the reply must be that the objection has no force since the anti-lottery act was sustained by the Court. For the operation of that act to prevent the evil inherent in this form of interstate gambling, was equally indirect. As Justice Holmes ob-

serves in his written expression of the views of the four dissenting members of the Court, "it does not matter whether the supposed evil precedes or follows transportation. It is enough that, in the opinion of the Court, the transportation encourages the evil."

A complementary point made by Justice Day in his statement of the difference that he conceives to exist between the child labor case and the anti-lottery and other cases, is that the goods made by child labor "are of themselves harmless." But the same is true of lottery tickets. The evil which the law sought to reach consisted in a previous transaction concerning the tickets, not in any harm that they directly inflicted upon their possessors. Justice Holmes points out that the Pure Food and Drug Act, which the Court sustained, "applies not merely to articles that the changing opinions of the time condemn as intrinsically harmful, but to others innocent in themselves, simply on the ground that the order for them was induced by a *preliminary* fraud."

In like manner, the "innocent" goods made by child labor were affected by *preliminary* evil conditions of employment.

Nevertheless, Justice Holmes does not seem to think it necessary to defend the constitutionality of the child labor act by laying much stress upon its similarity to other acts upheld by the Court. He flatly denies that the constitutional power of Congress to regulate interstate commerce includes the power to prohibit only in exceptional cases. "Regulation means the prohibition of something, and when interstate commerce is the matter to be regulated, I cannot doubt that the regulation may prohibit any part of such commerce that Congress sees fit to forbid." He points out that the Constitution gives Congress the power to regulate interstate commerce "in unqualified terms." Therefore, he construes the words of the commerce clause of the Constitution according to their widest extension and comprehension, regardless of the intentions of their authors, the character of the commerce, or the evils to be prevented.

Whatever may be thought of this principle of constitutional interpretation in the light of traditional methods, there can be no doubt that it is more conducive to political and social welfare than the principle upheld by the majority. Nothing has done so much to provoke arguments for the radical

amendment of the Constitution as the method of construing it narrowly and strictly, when a broad and liberal construction would have sustained vitally necessary social legislation. The issue is not one of distorting the Constitution, but of interpreting it in a spirit that is in harmony with the needs of today, even though it may be contrary to the social and political philosophy of the men who wrote it more than a century and a quarter ago.

Although the majority of the Supreme Court declared the Keating-Owen Act unconstitutional primarily on the ground that it exceeded the powers of Congress, the opinion of Justice Day indicates that they were greatly influenced by their conception of State's rights over local trade and manufacture. This is clearly shown not only by the amount of space given to the second argument, but by the implications that lie between the lines of the entire majority opinion.

Justice Day points out that the ultimate effect and aim of the law is to regulate production, "by standardizing the ages at which children may be employed in mining and manufacture within the States." At the end of his argument, we find this summary statement of the position of the majority: "the necessary effect of the act is by means of a prohibition against the movement in interstate commerce of ordinary commercial commodities, to regulate the hours of labor of children in factories and mines within the States, a purely State authority." Not far from the beginning of his opinion, he had laid down the principle that "a statute must be judged by its reasonable and necessary effect."

The minority of the Court admit both these propositions, but deny that the *ultimate* and *incidental* effects of the law should be decisive on its constitutionality. Justice Holmes contends, in substance, that the law should be considered only in its *immediate* effects; and these consist only in the regulation of interstate commerce through the exclusion of the products of child labor. Notwithstanding this effect, the States could continue the employment of children in manufacture. The products thereof could be consumed within the State, or destroyed, or placed in warehouses. The child labor law would prevent none of these things immediately or directly; it would prevent them indirectly, by its reaction upon the minds and interests of the manufacturers.

In support of his position that this ultimate effect and reaction of the law has nothing to do with its constitutionality, Justice Holmes produces a "cloud of witnesses," in the form of previous decisions of the Court. Congress placed a tax upon oleomargarine, the final aim and effect of which were to put an end to its manufacture within the States. Yet the Supreme Court sustained the law; and Justice White (who is among the five who did not sustain the child labor law) laid down the proposition that it was beyond the scope of the Court to inquire into or consider this ultimate effect and purpose of the oleomargarine tax.

Justice Holmes also cites the ancient tax on State banks, the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, the Pure Food and Drug Act, and the White Slave Traffic Act. In all these cases the law was intended to affect and did affect production within the States, and interfered with the State exercise of the police power; yet the Court declared that none of these ultimate effects was a reason for denying to Congress the power to produce certain immediate effects. Whatever may be the view of legal authorities, very few laymen will be inclined to deny that Justice Holmes has clearly and completely established the contention that he set out to establish in his citation of these authoritative precedents.

The argument from possible and conjectural consequences is brought forward by Justice Day, and apparently it exercised a very great influence upon the minds of the majority. If the Keating-Owen Act is within the power of Congress, "all manufacture intended for interstate shipment would be brought under federal control to the practical exclusion of the authority of the States; all freedom of commerce and the power of the States over local matters may be eliminated and thus our system of government practically destroyed."

The reply of Justice Holmes to this contention is incisive, fundamental and complete: "The act does not meddle with anything belonging to the States. They may regulate their internal affairs and domestic concerns as much as they like. But when they seek to send their products across the State line they are no longer within their rights. If there were no Constitution and no Congress their power to cross the line would depend upon their neighbors. Under the Constitution such commerce belongs not to the States but to Congress to regu-

late It may carry out its views of public policy, whatever indirect effect they may have on the policies of the States."

No matter how far Congress extended its control over interstate commerce, the individual State would still have the power to supplement such control, and to regulate exclusively those activities that do not bring goods into interstate commerce. Why should a State desire to have greater power than this? By the very fact that goods enter interstate commerce they affect the welfare of people in other States. Therefore, the national Government, which has charge of the interests of the people of all the States, should have power to determine the extent and the manner of this extra-state influence. It should have the authority to prevent that selfish action of individual States which is injurious to the people of other commonwealths.

The extent to which this fear of ulterior consequences affects the judges of the majority is further seen in Justice Day's statement that if Congress were constitutionally authorized to enact the child labor law, it could also deny the channels of interstate commerce to the products of a State that did not have eight-hour and minimum wage laws. Apparently he brings forward this possibility as incontestable proof that the principle of the child labor law is preposterous. On the other hand, the friends of the law accept this consequence with equanimity, and, indeed, with eagerness. If the Keating-Owen Act had been sustained, many of its advocates would have worked for laws which would do the very things that Justice Day regards with aversion. For they believe that federal legislation is necessary to protect the more humane and enlightened States against the selfishness of those that permit labor to be exploited for long hours and at low wages. They know, for example, that many manufacturers in the more progressive States would welcome minimum wage legislation if they could be protected against the unfair competition of manufacturers in States that permit starvation wages.

This is a national concern, and it should be controlled by the federal Government. If any State wishes to live on a lower industrial level it may do so, but it should not be permitted to impose that evil upon other States through its abuse of the privileges of interstate commerce. Such a State should be required to keep the products of its sweated labor at home,

just as the man who has a contagious disease is compelled by the quarantine regulations to confine the danger of contamination to his own family.

Nor would federal laws of this sort be equivalent to the imposition of higher standards by some States upon other States. The thing would be done by Congress which represents the people of the whole country. "The national welfare as understood by Congress," says Justice Holmes, "may require a different attitude within its sphere from that of some self-seeking State." If Congress is impotent to protect the national welfare against the low social and industrial standards of a small section of the nation, our system of government would seem to be defective in a vital matter.

The majority of those who profess to fear the increase of federal control over industrial matters heretofore regulated by the States, have never taken the trouble to make an adequate survey of the situation. While asserting that this change will amount to excessive and despotic centralization, they have no clear idea of the degree to which the power of the federal Government would be extended, or that of the States diminished. Nor have they any reasoned theory of the principle or rule that should mark off the field of state from that of federal control.

State autonomy is not an end in itself; it is only a means to public welfare. It promotes this end when it is exercised wisely in regard to matters which concern only the people within the boundaries of the individual State. When the matter to be regulated is one which affects persons without, as well as within, the State, exclusive control of it by the State is undemocratic and contrary to public welfare. It amounts to government of the people of one State by the people of another State. The lax child labor law of North Carolina affects the cotton manufacturers of Massachusetts who must sell in the same market as their Southern competitors. They are put at a disadvantage by this particular State law. Similar injury is done to the people of every State that has advanced labor laws, whether as regards hours, wages, safety, or accident compensation. Producers in such States cannot easily compete for the sale of their goods in a common market with producers in those States where production is cheaper because labor is insufficiently protected. Moreover, the existence of

this handicap prevents further advances in humane legislation by States that would otherwise be disposed to take such steps.

Perhaps the objection will be raised that if the more progressive States had not enacted their beneficent labor laws their citizens would not have been subjected to this disadvantage as regards interstate competition; therefore, the responsibility rests originally upon these States. They have exercised their authority to the ultimate injury of their own inhabitants. The power to injure, as well as to benefit, is necessarily included in the scope and theory of State autonomy.

The objection proves too much. It exposes the fundamental weakness of the theory of state control. If each State is compelled by the exigencies of interstate competition to refrain from passing beneficial labor laws until all other States are ready to do likewise, all the States are helpless. Theoretically they possess a power of state autonomy which practically they are unable to exercise. They are unable to legislate effectively on behalf of an important class of their own citizens; for if they adopt the necessary statutes they subject another class of their citizens to a species of unfair competition which reacts injuriously upon their entire industrial life. Therefore, the theory of state autonomy in the regulation of industry breaks down utterly. Instead of state autonomy, it means state helplessness.

All industrial conditions and relations which are substantially the same in several States should presumably be subject to uniform regulation. This presumption becomes a certainty when regulation by a single State seriously affects the citizens of other States. The appropriate legislation should be enacted by all the people concerned. Now there are only two conceivable means of attaining this end. One is uniform state legislation by agreement among all the States. No formal argument is necessary to show that this is practically impossible. The other, and the only feasible method, is that of federal action.

At present the federal Government is unable to regulate the conditions of private industry and employment because it is not authorized to do so by the Constitution. This defect could, indeed, be removed by amending the Constitution, but the process of amendment is so slow and difficult that the com-

merce clause of the Constitution has seemed to present a shorter and more promising path to the desired goal of federal regulation. Conceivably this clause could be utilized for the enactment of laws that would exclude from interstate commerce all goods that were not made in conformity with whatever conditions Congress saw fit to impose. In this way the federal Government could set up and enforce uniform standards and regulations with regard, not only to child labor, but to hours, wages, safety and sanitation in workshops, and insurance against accidents, sickness, invalidity and unemployment.

While federal action of this sort is for the present impossible, owing to the unfavorable decision of the Supreme Court in the child labor case, the analysis that we have made of the majority and minority opinions indicates that a contrary decision is not beyond the range of reasonable hope. Just as the minority opinion written by Justice Holmes in the New York bakeshop case (Lochner *vs.* New York) has since become the view of the majority, so his opinion in the child labor case may be adopted by the majority in the not distant future. This forecast receives powerful support from the social thought of our time and the whole logic of events. It is also strongly reënforced by the intrinsic merits of the opinion written by Justice Holmes.

For clear and incisive thinking; for synthetic grasp and application of essential principles; for keen distinction between things that superficially seem to be alike; for broad and humane conceptions of legal policy and social welfare; for progressive views of the nature and function of the Constitution; for overwhelming logic; and for conciseness, irony and simple eloquence—that document has few parallels in the annals of our highest and ablest judicial body.

JOYCE KILMER.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

BETWEEN war and the poets there is an enmity as irreconcilable as that between the woman and the dragon of the Apocalypse, or between beauty and violence, or to speak quite simply, between good and evil. And because of this enmity, this "pure and perfect hate," they are eternally seeking one another—that they may eternally destroy one another. Joyce Kilmer himself sang about this perennial leap of the poets into battle: all the long way from that "loveliest of kings," David, who "smote now his harp and now the hostile horde," to the days of the young Rupert Brooke. And of war's mortal aim at that being so precious to man, the *song-maker,* the blood-stained centuries make their repetitional confession . . . even down to the bullet which laid low the poet of our own Expeditionary Forces. Yet still is song herself immortal: and never a poet falls, but that a thousand new poems are given to man.

It was the hardest of all things to believe, this sudden quenching of Joyce Kilmer's enormous vitality. When he marched so blithely and so modestly to the wars—"Naturally I'm expecting to go, being of appropriate age and sex," he wrote to one friend; and he insisted upon going as a private, not wishing, as he said, "to be an officer in charge of conscripts"—when he went, we all said that the tragic outcome was unthinkable. And we said it all the more vehemently, perhaps, because the deep "reason of the heart" knew it to be inevitable. He must needs die as he had lived, swiftly, beautifully, with a purpose. His was the cry, not always so promptly answered, of every Crusading heart—

> A short life in the saddle, Lord,
> Not long life by the fire!

In manner, Joyce seemed purposely to avoid all appearance of haste: yet the whole crowded record which began in New Brunswick on that first birthday, the sixth of December,

1886, is one of almost incredible concentration. He found time to be graduated from two colleges, Rutgers and Columbia, before he was twenty-two years old. From the classroom he sped not only to the posts of editor and teacher, but to the happier—if heavier—burdens of husband and father. He bounded up the heights of song, and labored most patiently in the valley of toil. He plumbed the deep seas of the soul and did not rest until he had captured the one priceless pearl of Faith. On all sides he gathered in his brief transit the spoils of honor, of service, of tenderness and of mirth. "His life," said one friend, "was a fury of writing." A fury of *living* it was in all truth for the boy-faced poet, until that moment of intense and heroic action when the mortal bullet pierced his brain, plunging him suddenly into the ultimate peace. As all the world knows now, Joyce had gone out ahead of his battalion to locate suspected machine guns in a copse so aptly called the Wood of the Burned Bridge. When the men of his own "Sixty-ninth" overtook him later, he was lying where he had crept, his eyes apparently still gazing over a natural trench into the enemy quarters. . . . They called, but could not break in upon his silence. . . . That was on Thursday, the first of August, 1918, at the height of our historic summer offensive: and where he fell, on that trampled hillside close to the river Ourcq, his grave is marked by a little cross today.

"I have discovered," Joyce wrote some few weeks before his end to a friend who was both poet and priest, "since some unforgettable experiences, that writing is not the tremendously important thing I once considered it. You will find me less a bookman when you next see me, and more, I hope, a man." There he did himself—as usual!—less than justice, for he was always preëminently and incorrigibly the man. His humanism was an impassioned thing, a thing of principle and of instinct, too. There were some of us who used to tease him about his persistent democracy—he being wont to defend himself with the most democratic and beautiful fervor. And loving so the common things of universal life, he set about glorifying them in his verse. Like Patmore, dazzled by the warm firelight of joyous domesticity, he determined to sing again the pæon of "things too simple and too sweet for words." He found rainbows staining every sidewalk—transfiguring the delicatessen shop or the midnight com-

muter's train, spanning the dull apartment-house if a woman's face but shone from some upper window, even glorifying the urban *patois* of "servant girl and grocer's boy." These little *genre* sketches, as they might be called, were exceedingly well done, and they struck an immediately popular note. There was a time, indeed, when Joyce Kilmer's sympathy and facility threatened to make of him another colloquial singer, like—with a difference!—Eugene Fields or James Whitcomb Riley. And being from first to last an idealist, the young poet had at heart a really profound reason for this praise of the ordinary; the same reason which made him later on declare the Catholic Church to be "the one genuine democratic institution of the twentieth century." He summed it up very perfectly at the close of *Delicatessen:*

O Carpenter of Nazareth,
Whose mother was a village maid,
Shall we, Thy children, blow our breath
In scorn on any humble trade?
Have pity on our foolishness
And give us eyes, that we may see
Beneath the shopman's clumsy dress
The splendor of humanity.

Here was precisely the cause to which he was sworn in life and death, too—*the splendor of humanity.* But Joyce in his time played many parts. He was not only a poet: he was also what he would probably have described as a literary hack—but what others would name one of the best-known and most versatile newspaper-man in the United States. He has left one volume which might serve as a manual of the gentle—and difficult—art of interviewing.[1] He was a literary critic of sound and quick judgment, an admirable editor and lecturer. And his little book *The Circus,* published the winter preceding his enlistment, shows him a familiar essayist of real charm and distinction. Here he chats in a very modern, very sympathetic and slightly satiric vein about alarm-clocks, the abolition of poets, the joys of the subway and the picturesque democracy of the commuter's life. It is the chatting of one who thinks both clearly and cheerfully, by the same token, it is the irony of one who has never forgotten the dreams of the far-away

[1] *Literature in the Making.*

purple mountains. One is tempted to quote many colorful or amusing passages: the thrilling adventure of the young clerk's noonday freedom, or the gentle "reconciliation" of the *day after Christmas,* when the majestic tree becomes a familiar friend since "some of its needles have formed little green aromatic heaps on the carpet, and . . . the china angel and two or three of the red glass balls have been taken down for the baby to play with." But probably the delicate and very human quality of Joyce Kilmer's fancy is nowhere more attractive than in this fragment from the highly original essay which gives title to the book:

"The stage's glories have been sung by many a poet. But the circus has had no laureate; it has had to content itself with the passionate prose of its press agent. The loss is poetry's, not the circus'. For the circus is itself a poem and a poet—a poem in that it is a lovely and enduring expression of the soul of man, his mirth, and his romance, and a poet in that it is a maker, a creator of splendid fancies in the minds of those who see it.

"And there are poets in the circus. They are not, perhaps, the men and women who make their living by their skill and daring, risking their lives to entertain the world. . . . No, the subjective artists, the poets, are to be found in the basement if the show is at the Garden, or, if the show be outside New York, they are to be found in the little tents—the side shows. This is not a mere sneer at the craft of poetry, a mere statement that poets are freaks. Poets are not freaks. But freaks are poets. . . . Behold, therefore, the man on whom a crushing misfortune has come. He puts his grief into fair words, and shows it to the public. Thereby he gets money and fame. Behold therefore, a man whom misfortune touched before his birth, and dwarfed him, and made him a ridiculous image of humanity. He shows his misfortune to the public and gets money and fame thereby. This poet shows a soul scarred by the cruel whips of injustice; this man a back scarred by the tattooer's needle.

"But the freaks would not like to change places with the poets. The freaks get large salaries (they seem large to poets) and they are carefully tended, for they are delicate. See, here is a man who lives although his back is broken. There is a crowd around him; how interested they are! Would they be

as interested in a poet who lived although his heart was broken? Probably not. But then, there are not many freaks."

This is a capital example of what Joyce describes, in his admirable essay on Hilaire Belloc, as "the poet who writes prose." It is also an eloquent evidence of the critical faculty which went side by side with his naturally rich and indigenous creativeness. No one could know better than Joyce Kilmer when he was being praised "for the wrong reason." He knew quite well, for instance, that his much lauded *Twelve Forty-five* (how he detested being asked to read it aloud after one of his lectures!) was a *tour de force.* But he would have been the last to claim that such delightful journalistic verse was really poetry—even if he did once whimsically describe a poet as "only a glorified reporter." Simplicity and humanity were his both by natural taste and as cultivated virtues; cultivated by way of protest against the artificial and highly inhuman literary fads which preceded the more recent fads for "virility" and "elementalism." Against all these Joyce Kilmer's face was as flint: his scorn of them was but scarcely contained in such biting diatribes as *To Certain Poets.* But as his youth grew toward maturity, his enthusiasm into experience, he perceived that *naïveté* itself might conceivably become, a mannerism. More and more he put from him the suspicion of a professional domesticity—a professional democracy. The rarer quality, the essential poetry, which had always underlain his work, leaped then into its rightful, foremost place.

The Kilmer manner is at its best in the much quoted and perfect lyric called *Trees.* This was nearer, perhaps, to the supreme, brief songs of Blake than to any more recent poet; but it was more winsomely human than Blake. It was of exquisite simplicity, neither precious nor puerile. And of the same fine lineage is the less familiar *Easter* quatrain:

> The air is like a butterfly
> With frail blue wings.
> The happy earth looks at the sky
> And sings.

There are originality and flashes of both human and divine passion in *The Fourth Shepherd.* But one of the most radiant of these earlier poems, and one of which the poet himself was rather fond, is that riot of music and imagery called *Stars:*

Bright stars, yellow stars, flashing through the air,
Are you errant strands of Lady Mary's hair?
As she slits the cloudy veil and bends down through,
Do you fall across her cheeks and over heaven too?

Gay stars, little stars, you are little eyes.
Eyes of baby angels playing in the skies;
Now and then a winged child turns his merry face
Down toward the spinning world—what a funny place!

* * * *

Christ's troop, Mary's guard, God's own men.
Draw your swords and strike at hell and strike again.
Every steel-born spark that flies where God's battles are
Flashes past the face of God, and is a star.

All of these poems are contained in the volume called *Trees*, published in 1914. There was a still earlier volume, *Summer of Love*, marked by the faults and virtues of tentative youth, which Joyce was quite willing to have go out of print; although, as he modestly said, "some of the poems, those inspired by genuine love, are not things of which to be ashamed." His higher music was increasingly to the fore in *Main Street*, which did not come from the press in its completion until after Private Kilmer had sailed for France. But here, too, were at least three little poems—the title-giver, *Roofs*, and *The Snowman in the Yard*—which are a most lovesome apotheosis of the earlier familiar style. Professedly, these are not subtle; although surely there is nothing of the obvious in a fancy which can label the Milky Way of the illimitable skies, "Main Street, Heaventown." And there is scarcely a page without some such tender felicity as this from *In Memory:*

Love is made out of ecstasy and wonder;
Love is a poignant and accustomed pain.
It is a burst of Heaven-shaking thunder;
It is a linnet's fluting after rain. . . .

Only an authentic poet could give the delicious surprise of these last two lines! There was development on every side, in variety of theme and lyric treatment, in breadth and depth and height, through all this later work of Joyce Kilmer's. It is significant, too, that during that final year or two he wrote less frequently, for when a young and robustly creative poet ceases to be prolific, it is usually a hopeful phase of transition.

In art as in the spiritual life, Newman's dictum holds true: "To live is to change . . . to be perfect is to have changed often." By every count, indeed, Joyce was growing. For the new life coming to the world after this War, he was magnificently prepared: how well, both spiritually and technically, is shown by the two poems published during his active service—*The Prayer of a Soldier in France* and the haunting song of "the wood called *Rouge Bouquet.*" Where the future might have led his active and ardent spirit we can but conjecture now. He was less than thirty-two years old when the bullet found him. But which among his contemporaries, which of all the younger American poets, could show a sounder and fresher achievement, or a more solid promise?

In the volume called *Trees* was one poem which we have purposely deferred to mention, not because its implications were few but because they were so many. This was the poem *Folly,* one of the most thoroughly characteristic Joyce ever wrote. It is, of course, a praise of the *wisdom of fools,* the *follia d'amore,* the divine intoxication by which in every age the idealist burns his bridge and plunges headlong toward the compelling Source of his dream. Its moral was to do great things—or peradventure little things—for Love, not counting the cost: like Jeanne the superwoman on one side, or on the other like "Christ's plaything, Brother Juniper."

What distant mountains thrill and glow
Beneath our Lady Folly's tread?
Why has she left us, wise in woe,
Shrewd, practical, uncomforted?

We cannot love or dream or sing,
We are too cynical to pray,
There is no joy in anything
Since Lady Folly went away. . . .

Joyce used to say that he "was glad when people saw that *Folly* was a religious poem." It was more than this: it was a revealing poem. It revealed the fact that this successful young journalist and popular poet was at soul a mystic. Perhaps it was sorrow, or perhaps it was joy—or perhaps it was both together—which brought him this sacred initiation into life. In any case he was true to it: true even unto death.

Close beside *Folly* should be grouped, among the earlier poems, *Pennies, St. Laurence,* and those strangely prophetic lines called *Poets.* The pages of *Main Street* are very rumorous of this strain. Sometimes, as in *The Robe of Christ,* it is a mystical study of temptation. In that splendid *Apology* it is the Crusader cry again. But in *Gerard Hopkins* it is the old Teresian thirst for martyrdom—

> O bleeding feet, with peace and glory shod!
> O happy moth, that flew into the Sun!

Those who knew Joyce Kilmer best can bear testimony to the enormous sincerity of this religious—even this ascetic—emotion: although it was even less frequent upon his lips than in his song. He was one of those many-sided natures—happily they are less rare than is commonly supposed—who could harmoniously combine simplicity and worldly wisdom, human tenderness and a quick sense of humor, artistic eminence and a most ardent and honest piety. To the spirit of the Church Catholic, into which he and his young wife Aline had been received in 1913, he was beautifully obedient. He was a normal, youthful, healthy child of God, and there was no sensuous beauty in all nature to which he did not quickly respond. Neither was there anything he detested much more thoroughly than "cant" or mock-heroics. Like most human beings, he wanted all the happiness God would let him have—and perhaps a little more. But he was in the habit of receiving daily Communion, and he had an incorrigible, if secret, fondness for the counsels of perfection!

It was the peaceful side of his mysticism which gave spur to most of the religious poems. Joyce habitually thought, and spoke, of holy things with a most simple and engaging intimacy. He found for the Most Potent Virgin a new title, that of the *Singing Girl.* Into the crowded ways of the city streets, as later into the trenches overseas, he took Christ and His bright saints with him. And so he was able to give us such lyric's as *The Thorn,* or *Annunciation,* or that blithe ballad *Gates and Doors,* which only Mr. Belloc, perhaps, of all other living poets, could have written. And he was able to sing that precious song of *Roses,* a thing of such tender sweetness that it would have graced the lips of Chaucer's gentle Prioress:

I went to gather roses and twine them in a ring,
For I would make a posy, a posy for the King.
I got a hundred roses, the loveliest there be,
From the white rose vine and the pink rosebush and from the red
rose tree.
But when I took my posy and laid it at His feet
I found He had His roses a million times more sweet.
There was a scarlet blossom upon each foot and hand,
And a great pink rose bloomed from His side for the healing of the
land.
Now of this fair and awful King there is this marvel told,
That He wears a crown of linkèd thorns instead of one of gold.
Where there are thorns are roses, and I saw a line of red,
A little wreath of roses around His radiant head.
A red rose is His Sacred heart, a white rose is His face,
And His breath has turned the barren world to a rich and flowery
place.
He is the Rose of Sharon, His gardener am I,
And I shall drink His fragrance in Heaven when I die.

Joyce Kilmer had reached just this milestone when his fine energies were drawn into the maelstrom of the Great War. All the chivalry of his nature sprang like a sword to the defence of outraged humanity. His poem, *The White Ships and the Red,* written in a single day and published in the New York *Times* shortly after the destruction of the *Lusitania,* remains one of the most memorable poems America has yet contributed to the conflict. His sonnet to Rupert Brooke was a prophecy, almost in every line, of the sacrifice he was himself so soon to make:

In alien earth, across a troubled sea,
His body lies that was so fair and young.
His mouth is stopped, with half his songs unsung;
His arm is still, that struck to make men free. . . .

The *New School* and *Mid-Ocean in War Time* showed again where his song was leading. Then, in the spring of 1917, our country ranged herself definitely with the Crusader nations, and the call was for *men.* Less than three weeks later, Joyce had tossed aside every consideration of temporal advancement, of prudence, of the heartstrings, enlisting as a private in the Seventh (New York) Regiment. By August, in order that he might be sooner at the front, he obtained a trans-

fer to the "Fighting Sixty-ninth" or, as it is now known, the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth United States Infantry. And with these, in October, he sailed for France.

Life had not smoothed the path for him. Within six weeks of his departure he had seen his little daughter Rose gathered by the Divine Gardener, and had welcomed a little new-born son, Christopher. But his hand was set irrevocably to the ploughshare, and he went on—smiling. That he did contrive to smile all through the hardships of that long winter in France his letters home seem to prove. At first, Private Kilmer had acted as statistician in the office of the regimental adjutant. But he longed to follow his heart and his song to the very thick of the fight: and he gave neither himself nor anybody else any peace until he was again transferred, this time to the perilous and fascinating work of the Intelligence Section. Here he was happy—here he won all hearts. Major Esler, the supply sergeant of Joyce's regiment, gives of these days the sort of detail one might expect. "He would always be doing more than his orders called for—that is, getting much nearer to the enemy's positions than any officer would ever be inclined to send him. Night after night he would lie out in No Man's Land, crawling through barbed wires, in an effort to locate enemy positions and enemy guns, and tearing his clothes to shreds. On the following day he would come to me for a new uniform!"

What was he thinking of all those days of strenuous service, those nights of thrilling vigilance? Of all the old things, perhaps, with new vehemence. He worked and played and did not forget to laugh. To one friend, during the spring of 1918, he sent the picture of a most delectable Gallic Harlequin, whimsically declaring this to be "the new uniform of the American troops in France"—which he, for one, found very comfortable! But his soul sent its message in one of the very few poems he wrote on foreign soil, that most direct, most manly and most saintly *Prayer of a Soldier in France:*

My shoulders ache beneath my pack,
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back.)
I march with feet that burn and smart,
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart.)
Men shout at me who may not speak,
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek.)

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear,
(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thy agony of Bloody Sweat?)
My rifle hand is stiff and numb,
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come.)
Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.
So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift! Amen.

It is sweet to remember that during his last month of May Joyce was given a brief respite from the hardship and the horror, and sent up to a mountain spot "among pines and firs—very lovely, indeed!" as he put it. Here he was resting: which means that he was working only six hours a day; and he seems to have remembered to send messages to almost everyone who ever called him friend. He even remembered to have his photograph taken: could he have suspected, one wonders, how preciously those crude little cardboards would be treasured when he had kept his coming "rendezvous with death?" It was evidently about the time of this furlough, also, that he wrote one of the most remarkable letters ever sent by a soldier in action, the letter to Father Garesché quoted earlier in this paper. It mentions serenely the comfort of living in a land where one is reminded "in every room of every house, and at every cross road, of the Faith"—also his "intensely interesting" work in the Intelligence Section—closing with these really momentous words: "Pray for me . . . that I may love God more and be unceasingly conscious of Him. That is the greatest desire I have."

He was ready, very ready for the accolade of blood. He seems even to have thirsted for it. It is known now that on August 1st Joyce was serving outside his own battalion, having learned that the latter was not to be in the forefront of the great Ourcq attack. "He was at the very front, and he was there not because he had to be but because he wanted to be," wrote Sergeant Alexander Wollcott, who, of course, had known Joyce when both were staff contributors to the New York *Times*. His account of the epilogue to Joyce's tragedy will stand repetition here for its wealth of graphic human detail:

"I wish I could find words adequate to tell you how deep

and genuine was the regiment's sense of loss in his death. I was with them in the woods the day they came out of the line to catch their breaths, and the news of Kilmer's death greeted me at every turn. The captain under whom he had been serving for several months, the major at whose side he fell, stray cooks, doughboys, runners—all shook their heads sorrowfully and talked among themselves of what a good soldier he had been and what an infinite pity it was that the bullet had had to single him out. And in such days as these there are no platitudes of polite regret. When men, good men and close pals, are falling about you by hundreds, when every man in the regiment has come out of the fight the poorer for the loss of not one but many friends, there is no time to say pretty things about a man just because he exists no longer. Death is too common to distinguish any one. . . . I gathered that his stock among men of all ranks had been climbing steadily from the first days when many of them, including myself, felt that he he was out of his own element in a rip-roaring regiment. As the regiment's laureate, they all knew him, and they knew, too, that he was at work on a history of the regiment. He had become quite an institution, with his arms always full of maps as they used to be full of minor poetry, and his mouth always full of that imperishable pipe."

Joyce had written his own *Vale,* had written it a few months before in memory of some of his regimental brothers "sent west" by a German shell; but the lines were not published until just after his own death. *Rouge Bouquet* is of a noble and plaintive beauty—the beauty of the old Kilmer and the new, the Singing Man turned Fighting Man. We quote but the latter half:

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.
Never fear but in the skies
Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
    On this new come band.
St. Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the aureole on his hair
As he sees them stand saluting there,
    His stalwart sons:

And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
The Gael's blood runs.
And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,
A delicate cloud of buglenotes
That softly say:
"Farewell!
Farewell!
Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!
Your souls shall be where the heroes are
And your memory shine like the morning star.
Brave and dear,
Shield us here,
Farewell!"

Is there a final word to say, after this great cloud of witnesses? If there is, let it be the *Requiem* written by Father Duffy, the devoted and high-hearted Chaplain of that most faithful regiment: "Joyce was one of those soldiers who had a romantic love of death in battle, and it could not have missed him in time. He voluntered his aid to Major Donovan in the line, acted as his adjutant when Lieutenant Ames was killed, went forward with the Major in attack when he could honorably have remained at duties behind, and met his death. . . . God rest his noble soul!"

It is told by one close friend who used to question Joyce about his conversion, that he "liked to feel he had always been a Catholic." It would be hard, truly, to find a more characteristic exemplar of the *anima naturaliter Christiana* in modern life. He was both Catholic and catholic. On the human side he was amazingly inclusive in his tastes: he liked nearly all sorts of people—only, in each sort it was the best he liked. He kept the same sane balance in artistic things, loving "whatsoever things are lovely," alike old and new, simple or profound. Prose and verse he wrote with almost equal facility; and, which is saying perhaps more, he could write ballad or "free verse" with almost equal charm. On the religious side he was at once very proud and very humble—humble as a little child, infinitely trusting his Father and his Mother, hence neither afraid nor ashamed of his toys. The pride was of heroic timber, a sort of sublimated *noblesse*

oblige, urging him on to the highest fulfillment of all his Faith implied. He was quite ready to follow his Lady Folly unfalteringly, though she led, indeed, to the Wood of all Burned Bridges! More than once his more intimate friends have been startled to hear upon Joyce Kilmer's usually smiling or sententious lips some sudden doctrine of the most extreme renunciation—like the shadow of a half-anticipated Calvary falling across a garden gay with poppies or blue with the beckoning gentian. . . . He had summed up and made his own that death-in-life which is the eternal paradox of Catholicism. All the human things life offered, love and home and friends and fine work, he took and deliberately sacramentalized. Then, at the call of what he believed the greater need, the greater good, he deliberately crucified them. The thought was not new to him: is it new to any Christian poet? It is the root of all costly mysticism, and years before he himself had put it into two unforgettable lines—

> They shall not live who have not tasted death,
> They only sing who are struck dumb by God!

LOVE AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

BY SAMUEL F. DARWIN FOX.

IN the month of April, 1844, there took place, at Paris, one of those odd little incidents so familiar to every student of history—incidents in themselves quite ridiculously trivial, commonplace, peradventure undignified, but nevertheless conducing to unforseen effects of recognized historical moment which yet (so far, that is to say, as ludicrous inconsistency, sheer irresponsibility, and total lack of logical connection with their proximate causes are concerned) resemble nothing so much as a children's " game of consequences " in real life. For in that year, and in that month of the year, the philosopher Auguste Comte paid a visit to one of his favorite pupils—M. Marie by name—a young man of parts but of no particular importance, who had lately become a professor (in the wide French connotation of that term) and was living, with his family, in a modest apartment in the Rue Pavée situated in the heart of the peaceful and provincial *Quartier du Marais.* It was merely one of those little social amenites which are part and parcel of our normal and every-day existence; yet an episode so petty and so natural was directly responsible for the begetting of a new religion—the Religion of Positivism, that curiously emasculated Rationalistic parody of the Catholic Church which, despite its manifold and manifest incongruities, speedily established a position for itself in the forefront of the jostling crowd of *parvenu* heresies and reach-me-down sects, and has, indeed, continued to attract adherents, of more than average intellectual ability, even down to the present day.

Could the " consequences " of the children's game be more fantastic, more far-fetched—more delightfully inconsequent—than this strictly historical sequence of events?

M. Marie was sheltering beneath his roof-tree not only his child-wife (a girl of fifteen summers), but also his widowed mother and his sister Clotilde, who had recently been separated from her good-for-nothing husband, M. de Vaux.

Clotilde, indeed, possessed a little home of her own in the immediate neighborhood—her house, still standing today, was in the Rue Payenne—but she took all her meals with her brother, and passed her evenings with him. And thus it was that she first encountered the bemused philosophical visitor to the Rue Pavée. He fell violently in love with her at sight; and his passion waxed madder and more furious day by day, till finally he came literally and actually to deify the beloved object of his heart's desire.

Clotilde was nine-and-twenty years of age: of surpassing loveliness, she seemed far younger than her years; and her personal attractions, enhanced by the daintiness and grace of her deportment, were off-set to perfection by a natural air of aristocratic distinction and old-world refinement. This agreeable trait was possibly inherited from her mother's ancestors, the Ficquelmonts, who were one of the four families of Lorraine possessing the title of *grands chevaux*. Auguste Comte was her direct antithesis. Apart from his intellectual genius—which, indeed, was carefully confined within the covers of his books—he was the most *bourgeois* of the *bourgeois:* moreover, he was forty-five years old. Bald, moist-eyed, slightly pot-bellied, he is described, by those who saw him, as perpetually spuming a little froth of saliva at the corners of his lips. The singularly unpleasing characteristics of the outward man might be expected strongly to militate against his chances of success as a lover; but he entirely realized the mental and intellectual superiority of his inward self, and he firmly resolved that his lady-elect should be made to realize it likewise.

To say that Clotilde was agreeably flattered by the unstinted homage of a man already so famous in the world of wits, is only another way of saying that she was a woman. But it would be unjust to assume that her feelings in the matter were purely superficial, and that they began, continued, and ended in the mere gratification of her feminine vanity and self-esteem. The deep places of her soul were really stirred by the unsought-for, humble and almost groveling adoration of a man whom, from an intellectual point of view, she unfeignedly respected and admired. On the other hand, she had been brought up from childhood in the good old traditions of godliness and Christian morality; and she could not forget that there was living in the world a certain M. de Vaux to whom she

was bound in lawful matrimony. She could not fail to remember, likewise, that her worshipper himself had also in the world a woman who bore his name, however much she might dishonor and besmirch it.

Thus, over and above the strictly virtuous and honorable dispositions of Clotilde—who made up her mind, from the outset, in no respect to overstep the limits of legitimate friendship—a two-fold barbed-wire entanglement fenced off the frantic lover from the being in whom his soul delighted. To cut through the twice-tied Gordian Knots with the brutal and double-edged dagger of divorce, and to seize upon his prize amid the general applause of the world, the flesh, and the devil, was, in this case, altogether impossible: for the State was then at least nominally Christian; and the cheap and nasty legalized processes that now lie ready to hand for the putting asunder of those whom God hath joined together, met with no sanction or toleration in the civil law.

This consideration was, to Comte, a mere *bagatelle.* With characteristic impatience of common decency and of the eternal fitness of things, he himself was perfectly prepared, at a moment's notice, to take a flying leap over every convention and obstacle which barred the way to his desires; and he set to work, tirelessly, systematically and shamelessly to induce his lady-love to leap in unison with him. In one of the twenty-four letters, all carefully numbered and re-copied, which he addressed to Clotilde upon this matter, we find him solemly urging that her continual abiding presence—their total union" as he expresses it—is fundamentally necessary for the "great work" which he is engaged in elaborating. This should be noted in view of subsequent developments.

But all this was to no purpose. Like the deaf adder of the Psalmist, the lady stopped her ears, and refused to hear the voice of the charmer, charmed he never so wisely. And Comte was fain to take a hint from the principles of military tactics, and prudently to fight in retreat until a more favorable occasion should present itself for taking up again the grand offensive.

> Although you have not yet replied to my letter of Saturday the twenty-fourth (he writes) I trust that it has served to dissipate, in some degree at least, the very proper feelings of uneasiness with which the indiscreet expression of

> my earliest desires must naturally have inspired you; for it assures you of my firm purpose to respect, in future, the virtuous limitations which—when, in my thoughts I had dared to overpass them—you were obliged to recall to my notice.

Again, with reference to the Platonic situation now established between them:

> What a precious contrast it affords to the melancholy state of Affective Compression wherein I was plunged, despite myself, when beginning my fundamental work a fortnight ago! . . . I am so permeated by this healthful reaction, that I shall not hesitate some day to address to you the public Dedication of a work in which you have indirectly coöperated in this regard—that is, if the conventions of respectability do not forbid me such a confession.

And, on June 3d, the feast of St. Clotilde, he contented himself with sending his friend a fresh proof of the ardor of his sentiments under the innocent form and appearance of a *Lettre Philosophique sur la Commémoration Sociale.*

Clotilde's answers to these singular love-letters were at the same time simple and adroit; in other words, they were the answers of a woman of virtue and of wit.

In reply to an epistle, lengthy, ponderous and dull, wherein Auguste Comte (ever a man of many words) exposed the nature of his feelings towards her, she wrote a spirited, charming and frank letter which—as a fair sample of the temper of her correspondence—deserves to be translated in full:

> Thursday morning, June 5, 1845.
>
> You have given me an earnest of your esteem, M. Comte; I hope that you will find an earnest of mine in what I am going to say about myself. I could not have believed it possible to add in any way to what I have suffered for so long a time; but I see now that we can feel the counter-blow of others' sorrows, even while we are being bowed down by the burthen of our own. My heart is, as it were, torn in sunder and, when I tell you that I ask, each night, whether I shall have the courage to live through the coming day, it is but the literal truth. In the name of the consideration which I bear you, I pray you strive to overcome a passion which can only make you wretched. A hopeless love kills body and soul alike: it mows you down like a blade of grass.

For two years I have loved a man who is separated from me by a two-fold obstacle. In vain have I striven to transmute this sentiment into motherliness, sisterly affection, devotion; it has devoured me under every form and shape. To-day I need calmness, coupled with activity. I am putting whatever strength I possess into a work which may be useful to me in the future: I wish to think of nothing now but that. Keep your friendship for me; and believe that I price your heart at its fullest value. Mine is as broken: it must be mended at the springing-wells of Solitude and Resignation.

My wish is that you should not come to visit me at home; let us spare one another our emotions—they can only be disastrous to us both. Use in this battle the panoply which as a man is yours; a woman has but her heart to fight withal; and she, too, is none the less expected to win the day. If, as I like to think, you have understood and appreciated me, you will find in my sad confidences a sincere proof of my interest and esteem: there are sacred transactions which are, to my eyes, impenetrable mysteries—I shall go to my grave in ignorance of them.

Farewell, Sir; I give you my hand in all sincerity, and I love you with all affection.

C. DE VAUX.

The poor philanderer was naturally taken aback by a statement of the situation so plain spoken and unambiguous. However, as he took the earliest opportunity of saying, this letter, far from destroying his devotion to the writer, served but to strengthen and confirm it. And, not to be outdone in generosity and frankness, he, too, was about to make a confession—a confession which, peradventure, would torture his pride, as a man and as a philosopher, to an infinitely greater degree than the avowal of a hopeless love had wounded the feminine vanity of Clotilde:

. . . Yes (he writes) I shall have the courage to tell you. During the greater part of the year 1828, being then twenty-eight years old, I was a madman. And, since the fullness of your confidence prompts me to be perfectly frank in return, I shall complete this avowal by a further confession which hitherto I have never confided, even to my dearest friends: during my recovery from this terrible malady, in spite of all my efforts, I was fished out of the Seine. . . .

This man—who recognizes that he once was mad; who (though he recognizes nothing of the sort) is still upon the hinterland of mania; who in the near future is to become crazier than ever before—this man now undertook, if not to conquer, at all events to transform a love which could but trouble his life and that of the woman he adored. Henceforth he would aspire to be but a friend—the most tender and devoted of friends.

The health of Clotilde which had long been precarious, and was now beginning to be alarming, became the subject of his perpetual solicitude. A further occasion for showing forth his friendship quickly presented itself. Clotilde had very wisely determined to take up her pen for the two-fold object of distracting her mind from its torments and of supplementing her modest pecuniary income. Comte assisted her with his advice, pointed out the pitfalls, above all encouraged and supported her by an admiration and approval which his love did not prevent from being seasoned with shrewd and sensible criticism. From the point of view of style, he had certainly nothing to teach Clotilde; contrariwise, if grace, delicacy and natural spontaneity could be acquired by rote in any school, he had everything to learn from her. But can an elephant learn gracefulness and lightness from a swallow? However, if Comte was unable to add anything of his own to Clotilde's native gift of expression, he could surely guide her in the choice of subjects and devote the treasures of his learning and genius to the suggestion and inspiration of noble thoughts meet to be clothed in noble language.

It was the miasmic age of exotic and decadent Romanticism. George Sand filled the literary horizon, seducing, bewildering, subjugating the wits of womankind, and extending her baleful influence over intellects of stranger, sterner making. Would Clotilde consent to be the echo of that voice of cloying fascination? Would she, too, submerge herself in the spirit of the times, and become a fervent apostle of "the right to be happy?" Small wonder had she done so. Ill-wed; infinitely attractive; richly talented; living on the outskirts of society; entirely lacking in those strong religious convictions which are as a mighty bulwark against human weakness and instability—everything seemed to conspire to make her a child of her age. Comte saw the danger; and with equal per-

spicacity and promptitude, he proceeded to put her on her guard against it. We cannot, however, credit his action, excellent and timely as it was, with being entirely disinterested.

Here is a typical passage, dealing with this subject in terms of almost pontifical solemnity, which occurs in one of his letters to Clotilde at this time:

> Humanity is in travail with Total Regeneration: yours must be the noble ambition to second rather than blindly to trouble it. There will now be greater honor, and moreover, greater literary renown, in defending the true fundamental notions of the domestic order, than in joining—even with your talent—the mob, already so vulgar, of senseless and criminal reactionaries against the elementary bases of Human Society. Certainly you must never write against your convictions; but you must mistrust the only too natural temptation which is tending, at this time, to mistake simple personal inclinations for those true social convictions which needs must be so rare, among your own sex, in these our days of mental and moral anarchy.

In writing these words, it might have occurred to Comte that he himself might better "defend the true fundamental notions of the domestic order" by living with the woman he had chosen for his wife, instead of fobbing her off with a yearly pension and hankering after another mistress. But perhaps it were unreasonable to expect too great a devotion to limping logic on the part of a love-lorn philosopher—even though he be the founder of the Positivist Religion.

However, the important point is that Clotilde so far profited by his advice that her novel entitled *Lucie,* and published by *Le National,* contained nothing in any way calculated to trouble "Humanity in travail with Total Regeneration." On the other hand, it might fairly be said to contain nothing whatever to assist it. The publication of *Lucie* was as a flash of sunshine in the colorless monotony of her daily life. She saw the possibility of a little more comfort, perhaps of independent leisure—all the intoxicating perspective of renown. For did not her friend and mentor, the philosopher of universal reputation, enthusiastically declare that *Lucie* was a masterpiece. Feverishly she set herself at her desk again, to weave yet another romance, called *Wilhelmine,* which her cruel malady obliged her twenty times to interrupt, until, a few

months later, her pen slipped from her languid fingers for evermore.

The future High-Priest of Humanity was constitutionally unable long to satisfy himself with the illusion of exceeding heroism. With a humble persistence—so humble that it became quite touching—Comte pursued his dream of a "total union." Clotilde answered him as follows:

> I shall be your friend for ever if you wish it; but I shall be nothing more than that. Look upon me as a woman who is engaged; and rest assured that beside my sorrows there is still room for great affections.

The philosopher, however, was far from seeing, in the successful issue of his love, a mere simple and vulgar gratification of his personal desires. Weightier matters, verily, were at stake. What woman would dare refuse a mission such as the following?

> After having lately passed in mental review all the *ideas* of Humanity, I must now make proof of the *feelings* thereof —even those that are painful: this is an inevitable and most necessary condition naturally imposed upon all the Regenerators of Humanity. . . . An habitual expansion of our principal emotions—above all, those which are at the same time strongest and sweetest—becomes, therefore, just as indispensable for my second Great Work as my former mental preparation was necessary for my first. I hope that, duly weighing this necessity, you will be unable to retain any material doubt as to the happy philosophical efficacy which I expect to accrue from your eternal friendship.
>
> My own organism has inherited, from a very tender mother, certain intimate chords which are essentially feminine; and these, from lack of opportunity, have not, as yet, been played upon sufficiently. The time is at last come for the development of an activity which—albeit barely touched upon in the First Volume of my Great Work (which volume is essentially logical)—will strongly characterize the following volume, and, still more strongly, the Fourth and last Volume. It is from your health-bringing influence, my Clotilde, that I expect this inestimable improvement.

About this time, Clotilde's family began to take umbrage at the assiduous attentions of Auguste Comte. The mother

and brother naturally regarded with anything but favor the progress of what the philosopher called "our holy friendship;" and they gave him clearly to understand that he would do well to curtail his visits. This was a terrible blow to the philanderer.

He learnedly and laboriously explains to Clotilde that, if she persists in her cruel conduct of treating him only as a friend, he will become mad. What could the poor woman do? This mighty man of renown; this choice spirit; this Regenerator of Humanity, solemnly assures her that she—and she alone—is indispensable, not only to his health and happiness, but also to his Work! For the sake of a squeamish virtue which perhaps was mistaken after all, ought she to endanger the priceless gift to the world of that "Fourth and last Volume" which Comte could not compose without her collaboration? She was not a believer in the Christian religion. And then she was weary, so desperately weary—weary of life, and weary of refusing. The hour was at hand when Auguste Comte was to reap the reward of his gentle yet pitiless persistence. "I cannot bear that you should become ill or unhappy because of me," wrote Clotilde, "I will do what you want." And she promised to visit him the very next day.

On receiving this wonderful and unexpected message, Comte fell upon his knees in thanksgiving before the armchair whereupon Clotilde was wont to seat herself when she made her rare and fleeting visits to his house in the Rue Monsieur-le-Prince—that famous armchair which is, even at the present day, exposed for veneration to the faithful of the Positivist Religion. But he made the common mistake of counting his chickens before they were hatched. Clotilde had barely arrived at his house, when the virtuous traditions of her family and of her whole life violently reasserted themselves; and, quite regardless of the stupefaction, consternation, and utter despair of the philosopher, she departed as suddenly as she had come.

Despite the nimbus with which he continued to adorn his divinity, Comte was utterly unable to take this in good part. In the days that followed, he multiplied his epistolary complaints of Clotilde's attitude in "refusing his happiness" and "compromising the future of Humanity." He had not then elaborated his later theories wherein love—as generally un-

derstood by humankind, and as understood by Comte himself during the lifetime of Clotilde—is treated with a sovereign contempt. But he loved too deeply to be really angry. Seeing that Clotilde was inexorable, he quietly reassumed, till better times should come, his former attitude of a humble adorer, content but to breathe the same air as his well-beloved; and he courageously undertook to impose upon himself a discipline befitting the elaboration of his famous *Politique*.

> If so be my heart continues to distract me, I must learn patience to restrain it until such time as my brain is better suited to bear it. The time lost thereby will doubtless be very inconvenient, but not irreparable; it would be otherwise if my health were to break down. Now, in order to prevent such a catastrophe as that, my great plan is to see that the front and back parts of my brain are not overexcited at one and the same time.

We must confess to liking to imagine that the "cruel" Clotilde could not resist a smile as she put away this precious missive in the glove-box where she kept the poor man's letters. The idea of the philandering philosopher solemnly working away at his "Great Book" with the front part of his brain alone, is really too ludicrous for words.

Clotilde's own health was meanwhile going on from bad to worse. A slow fever was perceptibly and surely doing its deadly work; but, by its very ravages, her beauty was only made the more apparent, so that her family remained in blissful blindness of the danger. Comte himself was more clear-sighted; alarmed, he urged a consultation of the doctors; and anticipating, as by a kind of presentiment, the terrible moment when Clotilde would be snatched from him for ever, he instituted, at this time, a form of worship in honor of his goddess. Each day began with a "Loving Prayer." The rites and ceremonies attendant upon the same are (of course) described in a letter to Clotilde.

Clotilde's malady suddenly began to develop by leaps and bounds. Her novel, *Wilhelmine*, the expression, in terms of matter, of so many of her hopes, lay unfinished on her desk. She had no longer strength to work; no longer energy often to pen those pleasant letters, graceful in thought and elegant in style, which, up to the present, she had written almost daily to her friend the philosopher. He himself waxed more and

more restless; till, at the end, becoming fairly desperate, he lost every remaining particle of his self-possession. Believing that the immensity of his grief conferred upon him every right and privilege, he led to Clotilde's bedside, in the very teeth of the protests of her family, a physician of his choice. But not all the care or medicine in the world could stem the rapid onrush of the hungry waters of death. The poor body itself—eaten up, it would appear, by a general tuberculosis—lacked energy and strength to struggle for its life. Clotilde was dying. . . . Crazed with grief Auguste Comte rushed wildly into the house; flung himself into the sick room; contrived, by hook or by crook, to get the weeping relatives for one moment to withdraw; and profited by the occasion to bang and bolt the door in their faces. Oblivious to everything save his mad and selfish sorrow, Comte refused to let them in, till Clotilde—alone with him—breathed forth her gentle soul unto the God Who made it.

The great thinker, who all his life had dwelt upon the hinterland of sanity and madness, became decidedly insane when his "Beatrice" (as he called her) had left him to a lonesome sojourn in this vale of tears. Forthwith—as the profoundly ridiculous expression of a profoundly sincere sorrow—he composed his *Exceptional Dedication to his Eternal Companion.* The first volume of the *Philosophie Positive* opens with a Dedication, of twenty-five pages in octavo, to the glory of Clotilde.

Then, while writing his great work dedicated to *Clotilde,* he organized, in a sort of liturgical collection, the formal *cultus* of his goddess.

Certainly, the faithful were to be submitted to an austere enough discipline, if we may judge from the following programme:

> *At half-past five in the morning, prayer of one hour's duration.*
>
> This prayer is to consist of:
>
> 1. A *Commemoration*—to last forty minutes, kneeling before the Altar;
>
> 2. An *Effusion*—of twenty minutes, whereof the first five are to be passed kneeling; the ten following, standing; and the five last, kneeling again.

All this is interspersed with, or followed by, a kind of

litany made up of words spoken by Clotilde, or addressed to Clotilde by Comte, extracts from letters, quotations in Latin, Spanish and Italian. We need not dwell upon the matter: the ravings of a disordered brain are scarcely fit subjects for controversy and discussion. But we have a perfect right to marvel that people, who are otherwise quite sensible and intelligent, should have been found to perpetuate these extravagances even to the present day.

We have not, however, yet finished our account of the set devotions of the Positivist. At half-past ten exactly, the litany is again to be repeated; then the worshipper makes a genuflection in order to say three stanzas of Dante, and sits to recite two sonnets of Petrarch "farsed" with the words: "The stone of thy Tomb is thy first Altar." Seven words of Clotilde now follow, and another repetition of the litany. In the evening, the whole tedious performance begins over again: "Commemoration," "Effusion," "Consolation"—the officiant meanwhile (like the saints in the Psalm) "rejoicing in his bed."

To the extraordinary *régime,* which Comte imposed upon his followers, he was himself the first to submit. Faithfully and meticulously he practised it during the eleven remaining years of his life. Furthermore and moreover, once a week at least, he repaired to Père Lachaise, and prayed, and wept, and gibbered over the tomb of his long-lost love. And year by year, on St. Clotilde's day, he read aloud, in that place of burial, his *Lettre Philosophique.*

Such is the fantastic and melancholy love-story of Auguste Comte and Clotilde de Vaux, whence arose a new religion. However much the half-crazy philosopher may have been mistaken—and gravely mistaken he was—in his notions of what a perfect social organization should be, he seems at all events to have laid hold upon this truth: that woman has her part to play in every projected reconstruction of society; and that her mission of love and service must be recognized as fundamentally necessary, alike for the maintenance of peace in the family and in the commonwealth, and for the preparation of peace in all the world.

THE ALTAR-BOY.

BY KATHRYN WHITE RYAN.

PEOPLE enter the Cathedral and one by one like pieces of mosaic, cover its floor. Small bits of sentiency, these men and women collect now under lofty arches to form a pattern of praise. In an hour the pattern will dissolve again.

The watchful altar quivers back of the candles like a face under restraint. During these moments preceding the service the sounds of the church become muffled, expectant. In the aisles a swish and patter, the prankish rattle of a dropped coin, the clatter of a cavalryman's heel on the marble floor. Through the opening and closing doors at the rear of the church there enters the sound of bugle-calls from the Camp in the Park. The dark mosaic stirs to completion, the bits fit closer into place.

I glide along the pew to make room for others not come so early as I. My eyes seek anxiously the sacristy door. My five senses are uniting, tightening to one knot of expectancy. It is neither service nor song that I await, but my son! Today he becomes an altar-boy. Today portals of self-reliance open for him; his me-less future signals him. Does his hand miss mine? I question anxiously.

Now! A note from the organ! Slowly the door of the sacristy opens, and slowly through it comes the rich pontifical procession. In purple and lace the cross-bearer and back of him in scarlet vestments a boy with incense. It rises in fragrant mist from the golden cup swaying on flexible chains. A group follows of little boys in white, and leading them *my* little boy.

Suddenly the organ is freed and the triumphant pæons dash through the church and against the walls and strain at the Gothic roof like smothering seas. The sunlight floods in through the stained glass windows, flashing everywhere, the altar startles, illumined; and echoes resound in my consciousness, clamoring like the insatiate sea. O child, the treasured sight of you! With brimming tears I watch you. You are more than child to me. You are love and grief and joy.

How unfamiliar is this manner! Not with leaping feet and laughing eyes and ruffled clothes of play, but in solemn order you advance, each slow step tottering with infantile precision; hands that have no knowledge of need clasped tight in intercession; and eyes that have guessed no wrong lowered in quaint contrition.

A long white surplice covers you! Ah—this white garment recalls memories, memories that are never far. I see you again, O flower of short and tragic marriage, of love so real it endures in your beautiful form; I see you again as first I saw you, your new-born body enfolded in white robes—as you were that first dazzling hour when, my eyelids lifting slowly, I beheld you in your father's arms! There were two of us then to rejoice in you. Today—you have only me.

The bell sounds that presages Sacrifice and all heads are bowed. My head is bowed, but is it you or God I am worshipping? Is it humility that bows my head?

I contemplate my child as God must contemplate His world. The same sentiment of proud parenthood is mine as His. I grow insolent in possession. The organ shivers, and sends forth wan, far-off sounds like calls heard at night through a storm. My complacency passes. Dread of my ignorance, dread of my weakness, dread of all obstructing things rush in to taunt me, who must doubly guide.

In the street a drum booms lightly, hurriedly. The soldiers are breaking camp.

The bell rings again. The little white-robed band separates from the crowded priestly pomp, and through a path so sentineled you lead your little mates to the steps of the altar. Circling you disappear behind it. It has hidden you from me! O child, I know loss too well to trust you even to God. Make haste, return into my sight. The sanctuary grows dim—dim.

Unquiet I gaze about me. With haughty passivity my neighbor, a childless woman, reads her prayer book. Her over-confidence protrudes itself like her wrist puffing from the tight glove. A mother, mumbling unheeded prayers, adjusts the ribbons of her daughter's bonnet. The stiff leather boots of the men in uniform, in the pew in front, creak loudly.

There! A glow of light from the rear of the altar! It is illumined anew, it reveals once more the face of new-found gladness. Diminutive and stately you emerge again into my

rejoicing vision. You are suffused in beauty, you have gathered new splendor. You return bearing in your two extended hands a lighted candle. Procuring Light then was the purpose of your absence! Light that vivifies you and opens the way before you!

Dear child, seeing you now a calm overtakes my restless heart. I am not proud, I am not alone, I am not rebellious, I am not afraid. Rhythmic the music, ebbing gently as a river at change of tide. My knees are reverent now, my head is humbled in thanksgiving. The merciful music flowing into stillness gathers up my prayers as it goes. The friendly murmurs linger to tell me he is protected, the child I would protect, that his path is sentineled by the invisible purposes of God. And calmly I pray: "When my son goes forth on errands of his destiny, errands that shall not bring him near high altars, equip him, God, as now with Light—with Light. Let him carry it in his eyes, in his heart, in his hands. . . ."

The people rise and stir, the service ends, the pattern dissolves, the aisles fill with out-going throngs. At the doors they congest for the soldiers are marching by.

"Ah," say the people, "they are on their way to the ships. They are off to fight the Huns. They're going to stop the War, those poor fellows!"

Straight lines of troops pass in swinging cadence one after the other. The men are carrying guns. The sun strikes across the bayonets and the steel glistens and sparkles. The brightness is reflected on the strong masculine faces and something free and rejoicing shines in them.

Are they too, these men, these little boys grown up and carrying guns, are they too safe and secure as my little boy with his lighted candle? Are they too bearing a God-given weapon with which to secure the Light? Are they too fulfilling errands of a rare destiny, they too sentineled even here by the purposes of God?

New Books.

THE FAITH OF FRANCE. By Maurice Barrès. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.60 net.

It is most difficult to present in review so profoundly moving a book as this, in which Maurice Barrès celebrates the spirit of the youth of France. The intimate reality in these boy-soldiers' letters and journals, which the author compiles with such reverent sympathy, is of the sort which eludes words even while it penetrates the heart. It is not merely that their thoughts seem to move, unconsciously and as though out of simple necessity, on an exalted spiritual level. It is the combination of this attitude, so heroic and yet so humble, with the youth of the greater number of them. These boys have qualities of gravity and vision, a perfection in the ideal of sacrifice, an authentic spiritual poise, which touch one almost to tears. "Whence spring these little soldiers without fear and without reproach?" we ask with Maurice Barrès, at the end of his volume, "This illuminating side, this glance full of repose, these sublime thoughts which rise without inward conflict to the surface of their existence! Are they really our young brothers? They seem twice born; from the soil of France, from an ancient lineage where all were noble, and again from that peril which has now become national."

This book is, in no sense, a discussion of the religious problems still existing in France. The author seeks, in the revelations made by the letters, examples of the common heroism shown by Frenchmen of all religious beliefs. Catholics, Protestants, Jews and even Free Thinkers manifest the spirit of this self-sacrifice. It is to the examples of its manifestation that the author addresses himself. He has not chosen to examine the springs of action, nor to take up questions of motive which a thoughtful reader will inevitably ask. Therefore while the volume is unusually valuable for what it gives, it should not be overestimated through a thoughtlessness of what it does not give. The volume is designedly a book of one effect; it presents in an unusually appropriate manner the phenomena of courage and self-sacrifice on the battlefield. It is not, as the author explicitly notes, that their religious differences now seem to them unimportant, but rather that the circumstances of war have contributed to bring to the fore their similarities, and to this trend they have for the time being abandoned themselves.

Among the Catholics whose "heroes seem to breathe with calm in an almost supernatural atmosphere" there is the closest interaction between intense religion and intense patriotism. Each soldier dead for France is to them, in the mystic economy of the supernatural life to which all are called by the Church, a sacrifice and a pledge. At the outbreak of the War, the Jeunesse Catholique was 150,000 strong. Of these, 100,000 went into the trenches. What they have done is described in the laconic sentence of one of their leaders, "Survivors are rare." Yet, with almost the whole of "the young Catholic generation buried in the trenches," there is yet the supernatural certainty expressed in the words of one of the survivors: "We should infer from the frightful losses of our association, not that we will disband but that we will establish a future more beautiful than the past; it will yield much fruit, that selected grain which has been so lavishly cast upon the blessed soil of France." The 25,000 heroic soldier-priests, many of whose citations for special military honors are here quoted, represent to the full the union of devotion to country and devotion to God.

Among the Protestants, to many of whom "the general idea of war seemed at variance with their ideal of God," has come the conviction, which appeases their consciences, that France is fighting a holy war, that she stands as champion of those things which, to them, compose the positive element of their ideal—nationality, personal freedom, world peace.

Many of the Jews find, in the emotions of combat for a great cause, an increase in their natural spirit of reverence—a satisfaction, as one of them put it, of their "homesickness for the Cathedral which was afar off"—and a poignant intensification of their love for France. "No price is too great," one letter runs, "for this [the satisfaction of the longing to do something worthy for France], "and may my little son always walk with head erect, and in a France that is restored may he never know the torture which has poisoned so many hours of our childhood and our youth." The soldiers from the ranks of the Socialists display heroic courage and devotion. There is often a change of heart in certain deep respects among them, well typified by the case of Albert Thierry. In 1903 he wished that the world might be free of "hypocrites, idiots and Christians." The journal which he wrote in the trenches admits that Christians love France and justice, and are necessary for the nation's welfare. The same journal adds: "*All peace that is merely from without is of no value unless peace reigns in each and every soul.*"

Thus does the free-thinking Socialist, in the hour when his country's call exacts his best, return to a great Catholic truth. The

book shows many and fundamental differences in religious belief, but every one of its examples also show an approach and a reconciliation with the Catholic truth which made France the leader in the world's civilization, and which will make her secure in that leadership once again. France at home, as well as on the battlefield, has had to rid herself of Socialism and free thinkers. A free thinker has led in the work of purgation; and the Generalissimo of the Allied armies is a devout believer who hesitates not to ask the Catholics of France to pray for victory. To the unbiassed, thoughtful man there is no doubt of the road that leads both to victory and to reconstruction.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF STEPHEN GIRARD. By John Bach McMaster. Two volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. $5.00 net.

Stephen Girard, one of the wealthiest private citizens of his time, began his career as a cabin boy on a French merchantman trading with Santa Domingo, and died a great merchant prince in the city of Philadelphia. John Bach McMaster has related his life history in a two-volume biography based on the Girard manuscripts. Of these 50,000 papers, 14,000 are taken from his office letter books; 36,000 are letters from his captains, agents and correspondents in every noteworthy seaport of Europe and the New World; many of the manuscripts consist of ships' papers, documents relating to prize courts, and all such business matters as might be of constant occurrence in the busy life of a man of such magnitude of interests. The biography is therefore a series of the most important of these letters, chronologically arranged. As a record of business correspondence, however, the book lacks the personal touch, and beyond giving a clear account of a prosperous life in an eventful time, conveys no definite impression of Stephen Girard as a man, and in this respect seems a failure.

By the terms of his will probably drawn in 1826, Girard bequeathed to the city of Philadelphia cash and real estate which is today worth $32,700,000. He left so much of $2,000,000 as might be necessary to be used for the erection of a permanent college for poor white male orphans of Philadelphia. Then comes the provisions—" no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college, nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said college."

Needless to say Girard was practically an atheist. He claimed to believe the principles of " pure morals," but he had repudiated

the foundation upon which morals are built. He is one of the forerunners of that empty humanitarianism which in our own days has proved so inadequate in both the realities and the crises of life. It will be remembered that Daniel Webster argued before the United States Supreme Court on the unconstitutionality of Girard's will. Webster lost his case, but his speech is the classic estimate of what an immense injury Girard forced his country to suffer. Mr. McMaster calls him "the greatest public benefactor of his time"—and that may be true—but as the decades pass he is shown more clearly to be a public enemy.

A HANDBOOK OF MORAL THEOLOGY. By Rev. Antony Koch, D.D. Adapted and Edited by Arthur Preuss. Volume one. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50 net.

This is the first of a series of five volumes, which will cover the whole field of Moral Theology. In two hundred and eighty-four pages of text it gives an excellent introduction to its science, and treats of morality, its subject, norm and object. The text itself is brief and clear; while the footnotes are unusually full and contain much curious and out-of-the-way information, *e. g.*, that the Scholastic term for the speculative conscience (synteresis) is in its Greek dress incorrect, the proper form being *syneidesis* (p. 188). The section devoted to the "History and Literature of Moral Theology" (pp. 42-73), is admirably well done —in fact would do credit to a professional *littérateur*. We do not remember to have seen before nearly so good a conspectus. The chapters also that treat of free-will and its determinants are luminous and suggestive. The chapter on "Scruples" seems somewhat brief and summary. Nor do the readings contain any reference to Father Eymieu's book, *Le Gouvernement de Soi-meme*, on that subject; nor to Father Gemelli's, *De Scrupulis*. Is the word "scrupulant" (p. 202) really English? Scrupler and scrupulist are common in old writers; "scrupulant" we do not remember to have seen before.

A COMMENTARY ON THE NEW CODE OF CANON LAW. By Rev. P. Charles Augustine, O.S.B., D.D. Volume one. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.25 net.

Father Augustine taught Canon Law for nine years (1906-1915) at the Benedictine University in Rome. Consequently he is fully qualified to expound the New Code. The first sixty pages of his book are devoted to the history and literature of the subject; they explain the slow formation of the various collections and codices; the spurious collections of the ninth century, the

Decretals of Gratian, Gregory IX., Boniface VIII., the *Corpus Juris Canonici* and the Post-Tridentine sources. The second part of the volume (pp. 72-184) exposes and comments on the New Code up to Canon 86. This part comprises six titles: (1) On Ecclesiastical Laws; (2) On Custom; (3) On the Reckoning of Time; (4) On Rescripts; (5) On Privileges; (6) On Dispensations. The Canons are cited in Latin, followed immediately by an English translation. The notes are clear, concise and substantial, and adapted for the conditions obtaining in our Western World.

OLD ENGLISH SCHOLARSHIP IN ENGLAND FROM 1566 TO 1800. By Eleanor N. Adams, Ph.D. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.00.

This volume discusses the beginnings of Old English scholarship, and traces its progress until it took a recognized place in the scholarly world. It begins with the publication of the first Old English book in 1566, and ends with the establishment of the first professorship of the language at Oxford in 1795.

THE RISE OF THE SPANISH EMPIRE. By Roger Bigelow Merriman. New York: The Macmillan Co. Two volumes. $7.50 net.

Professor Merriman of Harvard purposes to write the history of Spain from its beginning down to the death of Philip II. in four volumes. The first two volumes of this scholarly work have just appeared. They carry the story down to the death of King Ferdinand, January 23, 1516.

The first volume treats of the constitutional history of the different Spanish kingdoms in the Middle Ages, and of the growth of the Aragonese Empire in the western basin of the Mediterranean. It will surprise many to read that mediæval Castile from the middle of the twelfth to the middle of the fourteenth century possessed all the appurtenances of a thoroughly democratic *régime,* and that the vigor and liberty of its municipal government was probably unsurpassed anywhere in Western Europe.

These volumes on the whole are remarkably free from the prejudice which blurs the vision of most English and American historians who treat of the history of Catholic Spain. Occasionally, however, we find evidences of bias in the blind acceptance of anti-Catholic writers like Lea on clerical celibacy or the Inquisition, and in his voicing of oft-repeated charges against the Catholic Church. For example he falsely accuses the mediæval clergy of Castile of universal licensed concubinage, revives the old calumny of the *jus primæ noctis,* and insists upon the "intoler-

able exactions" of the *Bulla de la Cruzada*. He is wrong again in ascribing to Ferdinand the idea of a national church, independent of Rome—an idea peculiar to Henry VIII. of England and the Lutheran princes of sixteenth-century Germany.

These two volumes are almost exclusively based on printed sources and standard secondary works, although manuscript material has been utilized in Chapters IV., V., XV. and XVI. Great pains have been taken to indicate fully the authorities for all important facts, and an attempt, not always successful, is made in the bibliographies that conclude each chapter to give a critical estimate of the authors cited.

HISTORIC MACKINAC. By Edwin O. Wood, LL.D. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $12.50 net.

Dr. Wood, during the many summers which he spent on Mackinac Island, gathered together a most extensive library of books of travel, fiction and history relating to the Mackinac country. Moreover, as a member of the Michigan Historical Commission, he had many opportunities to study in detail the history of the old Northwest. The fruits of his reading and study are given us in these fascinating pages. The author makes no claim for original research, but presents to his readers a perfect picture of Mackinac from the days of Jean Nicolet.

Volume I. describes the discovery and colonization of the island by the French, the contest between the English and French for the Northwest country, the beginnings of the fur trade, the lives and labors of the early missionaries, the customs of the Indians, and the places of interest on the island. And in Volume II. we have graphic accounts of the island written by the many famous travelers and literary men who have visited its shores during the past century. Schoolcraft, McKenney, McKenzie, Dr. Gilman, Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Jameson, Margaret Fuller, William Cullen Bryant, Bayard Taylor, and many others have written of the charms of Mackinac Island, its history, its legends and its heroes.

The book is profusely illustrated, well documented, and provided with excellent maps, a complete bibliography and a full index.

OUR LORD'S OWN WORDS. Volume two. By the Right Rev. Abbot Smith, O.S.B. New York: Benzinger Brothers. $1.25.

In both Volumes I. and II. the writer confines himself to the words of Our Lord in St. John's Gospel. As St. John's Gospel contains some of the most important discourses of the Master,

including those on the Holy Eucharist, Chapter VI., and the Discourse after the Last Supper, it affords the reader every opportunity for becoming very closely acquainted with the mind of our Divine Lord, from the first recorded word of His public life: "What seek ye?" addressed to SS. Andrew and John, to the last, at the close of the Last Supper: "Arise, let us go hence."

This second volume contains one hundred meditations: simple ponderings and explanations of what Our Lord's words mean, with a paragraph of direct prayer to gather up the lessons of Him, Whom St. John calls: the Word of God—the Word made Flesh.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART: ITS THEOLOGY, HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY. By Rev. Joseph J. C. Petrovitz, S.T.D. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.25.

Devout clients of the Sacred Heart will welcome this scholarly volume, the author's thesis for the doctorate at the Catholic University of America, which was fully treated in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, September, 1917. It is the only complete treatise we possess in English on this most popular devotion.

FRONT LINES. By Boyd Cable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Like every other living writer, Boyd Cable has been inspired by the epic sweep and monumental issues of the Great War. He went to the front as an artillery officer in 1914. This present volume is dated "On the Western Front, 1918." Yet in spite of his four years of active service, he has found time to produce several books which have done real service in depicting and interpreting the conflict. These present sketches, offered by their author as an antidote for "war weariness," are written with a verve and clearness that justify his confidence in their effect. We are again reminded of the conditions under which our men and their Allies fight and of their sublime heroism. A book like this has a real place in the life of the present.

EXERCISE AND SET-UP. By G. Samuel Delano, M.D. Boston: The Four Seas Co. $2.00 net.

Dr. Delano's book is a plea for proper exercise. After thirty years of medical experience, particularly with diseases of the chest, the author has reached the conclusion that much physical hurt comes from a mistaken conception of the physiological function of the human machine. He condemns very strongly mere muscle energizing—that form of studied scientific physical cul-

ture which aims at the development of muscle. He is a great believer in rest and quiet. His theory is that circulation is the basic operation of the body. He therefore opposes forms of exercise which are merely strenuous, developing outward muscles only without increasing the power of circulation. His aim is to develop stamina by increasing the respitory volume and stimulating circulation by aspiration.

The set-up exercises which he gives are based on this theory and are simple and moderate in reaction. The book contains many sensible ideas.

THE HOUSE OF CONRAD. By Elias Tobenkin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.

The author of *Witte Arrives* gives us here a picture of the thwarted hopes and ambitions of a German immigrant, Gottfried Conradi, an ardent disciple of Lasalle, who comes to this country determined to found a family wherein Socialism shall be the religion and rule of life. The earlier chapters graphically outline the characters and their ideas, and seem to be laying an elaborate foundation for a work of some sociological value. This promise is not fulfilled. The experiences that befall Mr. Tobenkin's people are in no respect the definite outcome of peculiarities of nationality and mental outlook. Originality decreases, and interest flags correspondingly, as the story deflects into the familiar grooves of the old, sorry, world-wide tale of social inequalities and the power of money to work class injustices and "make oppression bitter." Evidences of the author's ability are not wanting, but as a whole the novel disappoints.

TALES OF MY KNIGHTS AND LADIES. By Olive Katherine Parr. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 40 cents.

Under the name of "Beatrice Chase," Miss Parr was already known to a considerable number of readers when she published, in her own name, *White Knights on Dartmoor.* This told of a "crusade" launched in 1916, with the coöperation of Mr. John Oxenham, to combat the social evil among the soldiers at the front. The present brochure is in form the counterpart of its predecessor and, as the title denotes, gives further account of the workings of the enterprise, now widened to include women as well as men. The content is made up largely of letters from persons who have had themselves enrolled as members. Although no names are given and no confidences violated, the publication hardly seems well-advised. Sufficient time has not elapsed to allow of even an approximation of the actual value and success

of the undertaking. The present volume, like the first, is tinctured throughout with an emotionalism that does not bring reassurance.

THE UNWILLING VESTAL. By Edward Lucas White. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

This novel deals with the vestal virgins in the time of Marcus Aurelius and his son Commodus. The author's background and classical setting is historical, but his characters, on the plea that human nature is ever the same, talk and act like men and women of the United States in the year 1918. There are a number of startling scenes, ostensibly written to bring out in bold relief the cruelty and superstition of the age, but one cannot but suspect a sensational motive. We found it hard to interest ourselves in the heartless heroine, Brinnaria, or her degenerate gladiator lover, Almo, whom she finally marries after many an attempt to slay him. It is a book that will delight the lover of the modern moving picture.

WE regret we are unable to recommend to our readers a publication by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, entitled *The Shorter Bible* (The New Testament). The New Testament in its integrity is none too long; and that integrity has a virtue of its own which cannot be marred without injury to the whole and in our judgment without disrespect to the divine Author of the Sacred Word. Moreover, it misleads and deceives the reader; condensation and modernity do not acquit the authors of the responsibility of presenting in a faithful and full way the Sacred Bible. To call this book *The Shorter Bible* is as untrue as it is impudent. ($1.00.)

ONE of the phenomena of these war-ridden literary days is the flood of poetry that continues to be published—not all war poetry by any means, but verse of every imaginable description. Of course, one cannot help but suspect that a good deal of this is the accumulated product of past days, which the authors, wise in their generation, now judiciously cast upon the tide of the moment, while that tide still flows. But some of it is of the moment itself. A number of the verses in Marris Abel Beer's *Songs of Manhattan* (Boston: The Cornhill Co. $1.25), are of the living present, and not a few of them reflect with fidelity the life of the metropolis. Waverly Carmichael's *From the Heart of a Folk* (Boston: The Cornhill Co. $1.00) is a collection of dialect negro songs—the dialect of which, however, is not always convincing

in its effort to be phonetically realistic. *The Fairy Islands* (Boston: The Cornhill Co. $1.25) is an essay into the realms of fancy, the thinnest ice on which any poet dare venture. If the present author has not always succeeded, she—we are sure of the feminine—has had distinguished company since verses first were written. Fancy is also the chosen field of Denton J. Snider in his volume entitled *The House of Dreamery* (St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Co.) The author of this book of verses appears to be one of those unhappy creatures who have been smitten by the divine fire of poesy and rather badly burned, but whose responsive cries are so inarticulate as to be incoherent even to the limit of grotesquery.

THE EUCHARISTIC EPICLESIS, by J. W. Tyrer (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 75 cents net), may prove serviceable to the students of this interesting and somewhat vexed question. The author indicates the motive of the book in the following words: "The subject of liturgies is a very important one, and the most important of all liturgical problems is that of the Eucharistic Epiclesis—*a solemn appeal to God to intervene and make the Sacrament what Christ designed it to be when He instituted it.* For some years past the writer has observed what seems to him a tendency to magnify the evidence in favor of one particular solution of this problem and to minimize that in favor of a different one. He has accordingly endeavored to gather together, so far as he was able, the whole of the evidence to be found in the Greek and Latin Fathers of the last four centuries and to make it speak for itself."

A very laudable work, as far as it goes. Some might prefer that it should go further towards the solution of the problem—a problem, however, secondary for those who hold with the Church that the *epiclesis* is not the necessary form of consecration. Only one work by Catholics is quoted, the suggestive dissertations of Dom Connolly: *Liturgical Homilies of Narsal,* 1909, and *The So-called Egyptian Church Order and Derived Documents,* 1916.

EVERY publication that tends to enable the faithful to assist at Mass intelligently and fruitfully merits the highest praise. *Anno Domini,* a new departure in this direction, is a welcome addition to the literature of the Mass. This little monthly aims to draw attention to the beauty and instruction found in the Masses prescribed in the *Ordo* for the month. It should be used in connection with a Missal or Mass book. The Home Press, New York, by which it is presented, publishes also *The Mass Every Day*

in the Year ($2.50—$5.00 according to binding), by Revs. E. A. Pace, D.D., and John J. Wynne, S.J., and *The Mass, Sundays and Holydays,* by John J. Wynne, S.J., which rank with the best Missals for the laity published in this country. *Anno Domini* should prove of especial value to teachers in academies and colleges, and to all who wish to cultivate devotion to the Holy Sacrifice. The price is $1.00 a year postpaid; 10 cents a copy. Five subscriptions, $4.00; ten subscriptions, $7.50 postpaid.

IN *The Garden of Life,* by Mother St. Jerome (London: Heath, Cranton, Ltd. 60 cents) we have a slim volume of religious verse marked by real delicacy and originality of thought—a tribute to that *beauty of life* in which even the most detached and mortified of souls may well rejoice. Forewords by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., and by Mrs. Armel O'Connor add to the attractiveness of the little book.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

For the convenience of our readers we make the following summary of war pamphlets published here and abroad that have come under our notice: *The Achievement of the British Navy in the World War,* by John Leyland (London: Hodder & Stoughton) *Turkish Prisoners in Egypt* (London: Cassell & Co., Ltd.); *The Commemorative Medal in the Service of Germany,* by G. F. Hill, M.A. (London: Longmans, Green & Co.); *The Dawn of Armageddon,* by Crawfurd Price (London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., Ltd.); *Dangerous Optimism,* by Otfried Nippold (London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.); *The German Colonies; What is to Become of Them?* by René Paux (London: Wightman & Co., Ltd.); *British Civilian Prisoners in German East Africa,* a Report by The Government Committee on the Treatment by the Enemy of British Prisoners of War (London: Alabaster, Passmore & Sons, Ltd.); *German Catholics and Peace, A Challenge to the Centre* (London: Office of the *Tablet*); *After Three Years,* reprinted from *The Round Table* (New York: Macmillan & Co.).

Published by T. Fisher Unwin, London: *German Rule in Africa,* by Evans Lewis; *The True and False Pacifism,* by Count Goblet D'Alviella. *The Seizure of Church Bells and Organs in Occupied Belgium,* by Cardinal Mercier (England: The Campfield Press); *France and America* (New York: Guaranty Trust Co.); *The University of Chicago War Papers,* by Frederick D. Bramhall (Chicago, Ill.: The University of Chicago Press); *Constitution of the United Nations of the Earth* (Fall River, Mass.: Pamphlet Publishing Co.); *The Desert Campaigns,* by W. T. Massey (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons); *German War Aims,* by Edwin Bevan (New York: Harper & Brothers); *The Pope on Peace and War,* a calendar of Papal documents from September 8, 1914—August 11, 1917 (London: Catholic Truth Society).

By Bloud & Gay, Paris: *The Church of France During the War,* by Georges Goyau; *Who Was Responsible for the War,"* by Nelson Gay.

By George H. Doran Co., New York City: *Some Gains of the War,* by Walter Raleigh; *British War Aims,* by David Lloyd George; *My Mission to London,* by Prince Lichnowsky; *From Turkish Toils,* by Mrs. Esther Mugerditchian; *The Deliverance of Jerusalem,* by E. W. G. Masterman, M.D.; *Memorandum on Peace Terms; Martyred Armenia,* by Fà'iz El-Ghusein; *A War of Liberation.*

The Catholic *Mind* for the past six months covers such varied topics as *The Pope and War,* the relations of the Holy Father to England and France; *The Catholic Layman's Duties; Catholics and Social Reform; Ozanam's Ideal of Social Work; Labor Problems and the Church; Our Country's Call,* an address by Rev. Joseph Mulry, S.J., bound up with *The Cross at Neuve Chapelle,* by Chaplain Tiplady, and a book-list for Catholic children. *The Ethics of Irish Conscription* includes an article on *The Irish Bishops and Conscription,* and a patriotic address by Rev. Frances X. Reilly, S.J. *Was Tyndale a Martyr?* also contains articles on the *Movies* and *Modern American Mothers; Faith and Facts,* a lecture by Alfred J. Rahilly, M.A.B.Sc., is reproduced from *Studies* and *The Psychology of Mediæval Persecution* from the Bombay *Examiner.* Volume XVI., No. 10, contains an article on *Christian Science,* by Henry Woods, S.J., *Catholic Education* by Rt. Rev. John J. Cantwell, D.D.; and a sketch of *General Ferdinand Foch* from the London *Universe.* Other pertinent topics presented are *The Meaning of Prohibition, The Feeling for Literature* and *Religion and Democracy.*

The Catholic Truth Society has brought out for soldiers *Saints for Soldiers,* by Mrs. Armel O'Connor, and *Carry On,* by " A Lieutenant, R.N.V.R." Some of their more recent pamphlets treat of *Personal Immortality, The Resurrection, Catholic Orders and Anglican Orders, Some Facts About Martin Luther.* There is also a sketch of the Redemptorist, Father Edward Douglas. *A Missionary Manual* offers a nice collection of prayers and hymns suitable for missionary societies and for use on missions.

Recent Events.

Progress of the War.

Every day since the last notes were written progress has been made in driving back from French soil the foes by whom it has so long been overrun. The "iron wall"—the Hindenburg line—behind which the late Chancellor of the German Empire felt secure that he and his would escape the punishment due to their crimes, has been broken and scarcely a trace of it remains. Lenz with its coal mines has fallen and so have Cambrai, St. Quentin, Laon and LaFère with the massif of St. Gobain. Farther east in Champagne the French, with the Americans, are approaching one of the main lines by which the Germans bring supplies to their troops, and still farther to the east American troops have taken Grand Pré, an important place which guards the road connecting the German troops now in France with those in Alsace-Lorraine. The importance of this post and of this district has led the Germans to hold it with their best troops, and so the most difficult task has been assigned to the Americans.

At the other end of the line one of the most gratifying features to note is that the little Belgian army, under the personal command of the King of Belgium, has taken a most active and successful part in driving into full retreat the Germans who have so long held the seacoast. So far have the Belgians advanced up to the present time that they are said to be within ten miles of the Dutch frontier. It is possible that some of the German forces may have to take refuge in Dutch territory. By last accounts Lille, the largest manufacturing city occupied by the Germans, has been taken by the British. They also occupy that part of Ostend which was so long used as a German submarine base. Where the Germans will stop is not known. The often-repeated assertion that there are lines upon lines of fortified trenches in which they can take refuge, does not seem to be true. These successes lend color to the hope that a decision may be arrived at before winter comes on, but in the judgment of experts this hope is too sanguine.

No change has taken place on the Italian front, and to the

campaign in the Balkans allusion is made elsewhere. To many the most striking results of the War and those most worthy of rememberance have been attained in the Holy Land. For centuries Europe in the Crusades strove to get possession of the sacred places where Our Lord lived and died, but in vain. The object of Columbus in his quest of the East Indies was to obtain riches for the purpose of driving out from Palestine the desecrators of its sacred soil. What none of these could do, has been accomplished as a by-product of this War. General Allenby by brilliant manœuvre has destroyed two Turkish armies which stood in his way for some time, and has followed up this success by taking possession of Damascus, said to be the oldest city in the world. Nor has he stopped there, but has advanced farther north, and should by this time be far on his way to Aleppo which is the centre of Turkish supplies in Mesopotamia. East of the Taurus chain, Aleppo forms an almost necessary base of supplies, the possession of which will place such Turkish troops as are now in Armenia and the Caucasus almost at the mercy of the British forces—of the army operating in Mesopotamia scarcely anything has been heard for some time. The detachment which recently arrived at Baku has been forced to retire. A junction of General Marshall's forces with those under General Allenby coming up from Damascus, is about to be effected.

So great have been the reverses inflicted upon Turkey combined with the surrender of Bulgaria that it is looked upon as inevitable that Turkey will be suing for peace in a very short time. The fall of the Turkish Cabinet in which a notorious Emir Pasha was the Minister of War, is a clear indication of this, as the new Grand Vizier, Tewfik Pasha, is known to be pro-Ally in sentiment.

France. No political changes have taken place in the French Government, M. Clémenceau still remaining in power. Through the efforts of Mr. Samuel Gompers, the majority of the Socialists who favored conversation with the Socialists of Germany at a conference in Switzerland have renounced the idea, although a minority are still in favor of that proposal. As to the morale of the great mass of the French people, Mr. Gompers testifies that it is wonderful, while the army fights on with sublime

courage and intelligent patriotism bound to bring full and complete reward.

The efforts of Germany to throw the responsibility of the war upon the Allied Powers have been frustrated by many authentic publications, especially by the statement of Prince Lichnowsky. The publication of the Yellow Book by the French Government containing the text of the treaty made on the occasion of the Franco-Russian Alliance, adds another refutation to the German allegations. This text shows that the alliance was purely defensive in character, providing for joint military action only in case either France or Russia should be attacked by the Triple Alliance, or any two members of it, and providing for joint mobilization only after an enemy mobilization had taken place. It was therefore strictly defensive. By not calling upon Italy the German Emperor implicitly recognized that the war which he had declared against Russia was not defensive but offensive, for had it been the former his treaty with Italy would have given him the right to call upon the Italian Government to abide by the terms of that treaty.

Bulgaria and the Balkans.

The retention of an army at Saloniki has more than justified itself. For a long time the Germans have derided it as the "largest internment camp in Europe." In less than two weeks the troops in this "internment camp" have been able to bring about a complete surrender of Bulgaria and the consequent abdication of Ferdinand the crafty. More than that, through the surrender of Bulgaria, the direct way for Germany to the Middle East has been closed, and all her plans for the domination of Turkey in Asia, of Persia and of Egypt have been thwarted. The advance of the Serbians to Nish and even beyond, has cut the railway communication between Berlin and Constantinople. Their further advance, supported by their Allies, may lead to the crossing of the Danube and possibly to the capture of Budapest and Vienna, if, as is likely, the Southern Slavs should rise and coöperate with the armies of Serbia. To these possibilities may be added the reëntry of Rumania into active coöperation with the Allies. This would close to Germany the only remaining way to Constantinople across the Black Sea. Further possibilities include joining forces with the Russians who sympathize with the

Allies and the reconstitution of the battle line on the western front of Russia.

The unconditional surrender of Bulgaria, under the terms of which she demobilized her troops, gave to the Allies the right to manœuvre on her territory and to make use of her railway systems, was followed by the abdication of Ferdinand. He was elected Prince of Bulgaria on the seventh of July, 1887. In 1908, after declaring the independence of Bulgaria, and rejecting all dependence on Turkey, he proclaimed himself King or Tsar of Bulgaria. The reason for his abdication has not been made public, but it seems certain that he had so committed himself to the Central Powers that he felt bound to abdicate when he could not carry out these promises because of the determination of the Bulgarians to have peace at any cost. So Ferdinand gave up the crown to his son, Boris, whom he gave over to the Orthodox Church years ago after solemnly promising that all his children should be brought up in the Catholic Faith. The young Prince has assumed the title of Boris III. His predecessor of the same name, Boris II., lived as far back as the tenth century and was dethroned by the Greeks.

Russia.

Throughout that part of Russia over which Lenine and Trotzky still hold sway—a part impossible to define on account of the ever-varying conditions—the reign of terror so increased that our Government, which at first seemed to look with favor upon the Bolsheviki, was compelled to address to the Allied Powers and to the neutral States a note of protest, in the following terms: "This Government is in receipt of information from reliable sources revealing that the peaceable Russian citizens of Moscow, Petrograd and other cities are suffering from an openly-avowed campaign of mass terrorism and are subjected to wholesale executions. Thousands of persons have been shot without even a form of trial; ill administered prisons are filled beyond capacity, and every night scores of Russian citizens are recklessly put to death, and irresponsible bands are venting their brutal passions in the daily massacre of untold innocents." On this account the United States addressed the civilized nations, inviting concerted action to end the horrible state into which Russia under Lenine and Trotzky had fallen. To this note, it is said, most of the

Powers addressed have returned answers favoring the proposals of our Government, but so far nothing has been published to show what practical steps, if any, have been taken. Certainly no result is evident in Russia and, in fact, things have gone from bad to worse. Lenine still remains nominally in power, although recent report indicates that his hitherto faithful coadjutor, Trotzky, is secretly favoring a counter revolution. It is possible that Lenine himself may become the victim of still more advanced revolutionaries.

The expeditions into Russia from Vladivostok and Archangel have met with considerable success. From Archangel American, British and French troops have advanced over three hundred and twenty-five miles in the direction of Vologda, meeting with no serious opposition. The peasant inhabitants, for the most part, seem to recognize in the invading troops deliverers from the extortions of the Bolshevik Government. In Eastern Siberia Japanese mounted troops, marching eastward from Chita and northwest from Blagovestchensk, have effected a junction at Rufulov, three hundred and six miles northwest of Blagovestchensk. General Hovarth's movements are somewhat mysterious. According to latest report he is said to have entered into relations with the Omsk Government and to be coöperating with it. Of General Seminoff nothing has been heard of late. There is little indication of the present prospects and position of the Czecho-Slovaks either in Siberia or in European Russia. The prospect of coöperation in southeastern Russia between the Cossacks and the British force which arrived at Baku some time ago, has been blighted by the enforced withdrawal of that force—the Armenians and the Georgians having failed to give the support which had been looked for.

The prospects for the future restoration of order and for the establishment of a stable government are not at present very bright. Some think the number of troops sent is inadequate; others fear that it is not yet clear to the Russians that these troops have come, not to dominate but to help the Russian people to form their own government without the slightest interference on the part of the countries they represent.

Yet another government must be added to those into which the Russian empire has been split. At the far distant town of Ufa a Pan-Russian Convention was held to form a

government, having for its objects the liberation of Russia from the power of the Bolsheviki, the annihilation of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, the restoration of treaties with the Allied nations and continuation of the War against the German coalition. The council which formulated these objects consisted of representatives of all governments and parties in Russia, except the Bolsheviki and the forces which first opposed the Constituent Assembly. Its projects for internal reform are the very reverse of those adopted by the Bolsheviki. If this new government has a force behind it or can attract to itself the support of the people of Russia in general, the hope is justified that it may be the means of saving Russia from the anarchy and chaos which now exist. This is the more likely inasmuch as the practical steps taken have received the approval of all the provisional Governments now existing in Russia, including that of Siberia. A Committee of Five has been appointed with a view to its becoming the lawful authority for all Russia. This Commitee is to prepare the way for the meeting of a Constituent Assembly on January 1st, provided two hundred and fifty members attend.

Another source of hope is the fact, vouched for by M. Kerensky, that the old Constituent Assembly, the legitimately elected voice of the Russian people, suppressed by the violence of Lenine and Trotzky, is still holding secret sessions and is preparing a constitution for the Republic. This Constituent Assembly may be looked upon as the true voice of the Russian people, for when the Tsar and the successor named by him abdicated, the legitimate power passed to the Provisional Government. Under this Provisional Government, the members of the still existing Constituent Assembly were elected by a free and universal suffrage. It remains, therefore, the centre of order and authority and needs only necessary support to enable it to assert itself and end the reign of chaos.

Finland has ceased to be a republic, if the Landtag which now exists is to be considered as the voice of the Finnish people. A few days ago it elected Prince Frederick of Hesse as its king, but it is doubtful whether this new made monarch will ever exercise his power. By latest reports the Germans, in their distress, are leaving Finland, and it is unlikely that the Finnish people, whose love of democracy is so well known, will suffer themselves to be ruled by any king much less by one from

Germany. Even before the exodus of the Germans, the action of the Landtag had met with opposition. If the Germans have actually taken their departure, it was at the request of the Finnish Government. A still further indication of the desire of the Finns to get rid of the foreign invader, is manifested in an agitation initiated by Republican and Socialist papers to favor an approach to the Entente Powers. Of the strength of this movement, it is impossible to judge at present.

The reported evacuation of Finland by the Germans, is said to have been accompanied by a similar evacuation of at least one of the Baltic provinces, but these reports must be received cautiously. The German Vice-Chancellor, before the recent overtures for peace, declared that the existing treaty with the four Baltic provinces would have to be revised, and that these provinces would, in all probability, have to be combined into a single state, as a partition based on ethnographical considerations would be practically impossible.

In Poland the Regency Council at Warsaw has issued a manifesto in which it accedes to the peace principles set forth by President Wilson. It also announces that the Council has decided to take steps to place the electoral system on a broader democratic basis. Nothing more is heard of the project to place upon the throne the Austrian Grand Duke whose candidacy has been so earnestly pressed by the Dual Monarchy upon Germany. In the Ukraine unrest still continues.

Germany. The long list of German ex-Chancellors was increased by the resignation of Count von Hertling on the last day of September. That day, the Kaiser made, according to Count von Hertling's successor, Prince Maximilian of Baden, a basic alteration in the political leadership of the German Empire. In his letter accepting the Chancellor's resignation, the Kaiser expressed his desire that the German people should coöperate more than heretofore in deciding the fate of the Fatherland. He stated in his decree "that the men who have been borne up by the people's trust, shall, in a wide extent, coöperate in the rights and duties of government." Following upon this, a meeting was held of the representatives of the various parties in the Reichstag, and a government was formed with Prince Maximilian at its head which is declared to be responsible, not to the

Kaiser, but to the people. This government includes Conservatives, members of the Centre, Liberal, Social Democratic and Radical Parties. Among these are Herr Mathias Erzberger and Herr Groeber of the Centre Party, and Philip Scheidemann, leader of the Majority Party of the Social Democrats. Thus, in one day, the long-sought for Parliamentary Government became an institution. It is to be noted, however, that it rests solely on the will of the Kaiser and might (*pace* the new Chancellor) be abolished by him tomorrow, as he is its sole author. This was the case in Russia; the Tsar established the Duma and spent the rest of his life undoing what he had done.

The new Chancellor in his opening speech declared that the basic and fundamental change made by the Imperial Decree, involved the submission to the Reichstag of the principles upon which his government was to be conducted. He declared these principles had been settled by consultation not only with the federated governments, but with the leaders of the majority parties of the Reichstag. He claimed that his government was the representative of the political convictions of the German people, and that on no other condition would he have accepted the office of Chancellor tendered to him by the emperor. "Only the fact that I know the conviction and will of the majority of the people are back of me, has given me strength to take upon myself conduct of the Empire's affairs in this hard and earnest time in which we are living. . . . Only if the people take active part, in the broadest sense of the word, in deciding their destinies; in other words, only if responsibility extends to the majority of their freely elected political leaders, can the leading statesman confidently assume his part of the responsibility in the service of folk and Fatherland." He goes so far as to say that it affords him most satisfaction to have representatives of the laboring classes associated with him in the conduct of the affairs of the Empire. Without the support of the masses of the people his government would, he declares, be condemned to failure.

Proceeding to outline the foreign policy of the Government and its attitude toward peace, Prince Maximilian declared that he accepted the answer given by the Imperial Government to Pope Benedict XV., and that he recognized the binding character of the Resolution of July 19, 1916. This Resolution declared against all annexation and against indem-

nities, but when Russia and Rumania were defeated it was set aside and treated with contempt. Now, owing to Germany's recent defeat, it is again made, at least avowedly, the rule to be followed in all subsequent treaty-making. The Chancellor intimated, thereby contradicting the statement recently made by the Vice-Chancellor, Von Payer, that treaties already made would not stand in the way of a general peace, thus implying willingness on the part of Germany to revise the treaties of Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest. Also that more liberal institutions giving immediate control to the civil authorities in Poland and the Baltic Provinces, would receive the Chancellor's approval. The war map to which the former Chancellors used to point with such pride, the new Chancellor declares will not form the basis of a new peace which will be made on the principles of justice. So far from looking upon the new Parliamentary Government as a thing likely to pass away, Prince Maximilian declared it to be his profound conviction that when peace is concluded there would never again be a time when a government in Germany could be formed without the support of the Reichstag or drawing its leaders therefrom. The new Chancellor characterizes himself, not as the minister of his Imperial Majesty but as the servant of the people. This is the keynote of his speech, marking the momentous change involved in the new administration.

Prince Maximilian's first act was to ask the President to make representation in the interest of the Central Powers for a general armistice on land, on sea and in the air, and to start without delay negotiations for peace. To induce the President to make this request for an armistice, the German Government declared its acceptance as a basis for peace negotiations of the demands made by the President in his message to Congress on January 8th and in his later pronouncements, especially his speech of September 27th. These demands include the evacuation of Belgium and its restoration; the evacuation of invaded portions of France and the righting of the wrong done to her in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine; the readjustment of the frontiers of Italy along clearly recognizable lines of nationality; the giving to the peoples of Austria-Hungary the freest opportunities of autonomous development; the evacuation of Rumania, Serbia and Montenegro; the giving to Serbia the lands taken from

her and of a port on the Adriatic; security for the nationalities now subject to Turkey and the opening of the Dardanelles for the free passage of ships of all nations; a new independent Poland with free access to the sea; the evacuation of all Russian territory and an assurance that Russia should be left free for self-development. These demands are not accepted by the German note as it stands, but only as a basis for discussion—a discussion which if any of the parties so willed might last to the end of the century. Accordingly the President in the questions which he sent to the German Chancellor, asked whether the German Government accepted them as terms and not merely as things to be discussed.

To this question Germany replied in the following terms: "The German Government has accepted the terms laid down by President Wilson in his addresses of January 8th and in his subsequent addresses on the foundation of a permanent peace of justice. Consequently, its object in entering into discussions would be only to agree upon practical details of the application of these terms." From this it appears that the terms of President Wilson are accepted as final and not merely as bases of discussion, except as to the practical details involved in carrying them out. The President in his reply recognized that the acceptance of his terms had been made by the German Government without qualification, and so far it may be considered that an agreement between the United States and Germany on this point has been reached. As to the armistice for which the German Government asked, the President, in the questions sent to Berlin, stated that he would not feel at liberty to propose a cessation of arms to the Governments with which the Government of the United States is associated against the Central Powers, so long as the armies of those powers are upon their soil. The good faith of any discussion would manifestly depend upon the consent of the Central Powers immediately to withdraw their forces everywhere from invaded territory. To this the German Government replied that, in accord with the Austro-Hungarian Government, for the purpose of bringing about an armistice, it was ready to comply with the propositions of the President in regard to evacuation, and suggested that a mixed commission be appointed to make the necessary arrangements.

The President in making known his "answer" to the

German Government on this point replied as follows, through the Secretary of State: "It must be clearly understood that the process of evacuation and the conditions of an armistice are matters which must be left to the judgment and advice of the military advisors of the Government of the United States and the Allied Governments, and the President feels it his duty to say that no arrangement can be accepted by the Government of the United States which does not provide absolutely satisfactory safeguards and guarantees of the maintenance of the present military supremacy of the armies of the United States and the Allies in the field." A further condition imposed by the President for the granting of an armistice is that the German Government should cease the illegal and inhuman practices which it still persists in, of sinking passenger steamers by its submarines, of destroying, burning and plundering the towns and villages the Germans have been forced to abandon in France. The German suggestion of a mixed commission is, therefore, set aside and the terms of the armistice are left as is usual to be fixed by the military authorities. The Council of Versailles is in this case the competent military authority, and it is generally understood that the guarantees to which the President refers as warranting the granting of an armistice will be the giving up to the Allies of the fortresses of Metz and Strasburg as well as the city of Coblentz.

The President in his last Fourth of July speech at Mount Vernon, declared that every arbitrary power, anywhere, that can separately, secretly and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world, should be destroyed, or, if it cannot be destroyed, it must at least be reduced to virtual impotency. Accordingly, in the questions sent to Berlin, he makes the following inquiry: "The President feels that he is justified in asking whether the Imperial Chancellor is speaking merely for the constituted authorities of the Empire who have so far conducted the War?" To this question the following is the reply of the German Government: "The present German Government, which has undertaken the responsibility for this step towards peace, has been formed by conferences and in agreement with the great majority of the Reichstag. The Chancellor, supported in all of his actions by the will of this majority, speaks in the name of the German Government and of the German people." At the time these notes are being writ-

ten no answer has been received to the President's last note conveying to Germany his decision. The effect of the President's call for a democratic Germany with a decisive popular voice in the conduct of affairs, has already been felt. The long delayed reforms of the Prussian Electoral Franchise, has been conceded by the Upper House of the Prussian Diet with the reluctant concurrence of the Conservatives who were opposed to the reform. The latter declare that although they look upon this change as detrimental to the best interests of the country, yet in the present distress and danger in which Germany finds herself, they bend to the popular voice. A Committee of the Reichstag recommends giving that body the right, in concurrence with the Federal Council, to declare war, unless the country is being actually invaded or its coast attacked. All this involves an extension of popular rights. Moreover, by a further resolution, treaties of peace and treaties with foreign States which deal with affairs coming under the competence of the imperial law-giving bodies, will require the consent of the Federal Council and the Reichstag. The constitution of the Empire is to be amended so as to give the Reichstag this extension of power.

Austria-Hungary.

The Cabinet of Baron von Hussarek has been forced to resign, not having been able to find a way out of the difficulties in which the country is involved. It is expected that the Coalition Cabinet will be formed or at least an attempt made to form one. Likewise in Hungary, the cabinet crisis has occurred in which the Ministry of Dr. Wekerle has met with the same fate as that which befell the Austrian Premier and there too, it is expected, a Coalition Ministry will succeed. To the Dual Monarchy's many troubles, is added the recrudescence of the movement to separate Hungary from Austria. Supporters of this separation have always been found in Hungary, but active attempts to bring it about have been in abeyance for some years. Austria-Hungary concurred in Germany's petition for an armistice, sending to Washington at the same time a note to that effect. To this, the President so far has made no reply. The Foreign Secretary, Baron Burian, has just acknowledged openly that hope no longer exists of the military success of the Central Powers.

October 17, 1918.

With Our Readers.

WHEN clouds lower and darkness covers the earth, men cry out for the sun: they crave Light. Maurice Barrès, picturing the heroism of young France, pays tribute to the fanning flame of faith, of spiritual vision which has blown the fires of patriotism to white heat: in the midst of darkness the youth of France have seen the Light; have heard the Word: "Without Me ye can do nothing," and have gone forward with the mighty cry: "I can do all things in Him Who strengtheneth me." It is but an example of, a tribute to the age-old truth taught by the Catholic Church of the coördinating, unifying power of religion. It gives the power to focus right, saving from shortsighted selfishness, farsighted indefiniteness, astigmatic uncertainties. It fixes the ideal in the eternal, unifying every aim, harmonizing every act. In God alone can all be made one.

* * * *

SENATOR VANCE of North Carolina wittily parried an expression of sympathy concerning the loss of sight in one eye by saying: "I now have an eye single to the interests of North Carolina." It is the tendency of great crises, great misfortunes to give us this eye single, to simplify, to unify; the power of a strong appeal to rectify vision. But the man who sees singly because the eye of the body and the eye of the spirit meet in a common focus alone knows true "preparedness," he alone meets every new obstacle with ready accommodation without need of any extraneous aid to adjustment. The plus mark of religion is the hallmark of the family man, the statesman, the patriot. God is his Source and his Goal: all things from Him, all things to Him. When we try to describe the patriot we find ourselves immediately speaking the language of the spirit, weighing spiritual values.

* * * *

THE prophet Ezechiel gives a picture of God-directed men of purpose, unsurpassed for comprehension and simplicity: "Their faces were stretched upward . . . and every one of them went straight forward: whither the impulse of the Spirit was to go, thither they went: and they turned not when they went." Here is high purpose—straight of aim, bright with hope, steadfast in deed, certain of success: that unfailing fruitage of the Spirit, "charity, joy, peace, patience." These things we demand of every man who would serve his country. We demand of him

devotion—singleness of motive—the cheer of a hopeful outlook, steadfastness born of faith in his cause and perseverance and patience unto success. Without religion we ask too much and give too little.

* * * *

BECAUSE man is mortal he must cling to the finite, because he is immortal he must reach out to the Infinite: his loves must know the boundaries of space and time—my home, my people, my country—and yet be made fast with him in the bosom of the Eternal that dying they may not die. This is a thought that should stir and guide our service of the men who are serving home and people and country. No effort should be spared to comfort their mortality with every personal touch of home that the organized War Activities can bring them; no sacrifice should be too great to solace their immortality with the presence of the Word made flesh among them; that their faces may be lifted up to Him in the Holy Sacrifice, that the impulse of His Spirit may bear them on steadfastly to victory.

* * * *

IF examined critically it will be found that President Wilson when he summoned the country to war was compelled to use language that is preëminently spiritual: compelled to voice aims, purposes and motives lifted far above the material into the region of the soul, and that in his messages and speeches he repeatedly employs language that has no meaning unless the spiritual and the eternal are the greatest as well as the immediate concern of individuals and of nations.

When President Lincoln wished to express sympathy with the mother of five sons who had given their life for the Union, he instinctively employed the words of religious faith and spoke of the altar and the sacrifice. In the work of Maurice Barrès, when a suffering or a dying soldier speaks in the hour of his heroic test, he speaks a spiritual message big with spiritual import. The negations, the purely materialistic, the purely humanitarian, have no place there because they are so evidently insufficient to meet the gauge which his spirit faces. He must speak and express his best. And that expression is an unanswerable proof of the old, fundamental teaching: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world yet lose his own soul?" It is the rout of materialism and a purely sensible philosophy. It is the defeat of determinism. It is the liberation of the spirit, a claim to that freedom whereby the sons of God are made free. It does not mean that religious differences count for nothing in the presence of a great crisis. As it testifies to the truth of the spirit, so does it testify to the longing

for a knowledge of the definite, spiritual life with God—the Spirit Who creates. It is the yearning of the watchers of Israel who waited through the night for the coming of Him Who would be both the example and the power, as well as the very life of God with us.

The sincerity of its faintest expression must be both welcomed and nourished. The bent reed must never be broken nor the smoking flax be quenched. The trial of the spirit is the opportunity of the apostle—and never was there more world-wide opportunity than there is today.

* * * *

THE Government has asked of millions of our sons the highest sacrifice—to go forth and offer their lives that others may live. The Government has asked of the entire nation the personal service of all—our lives, our fortunes, our sacred honor that our cause may not know defeat. The Government has consecrated this sacrifice by declaring that it is to be unsullied by conquest or financial reward; that no territory shall be acquired; no indemnity accepted; no payment received. Without religion this would have been impossible. We still live sustained and guided by Christian tradition. We use the language of Christianity when we go forward to the fight; the vast majority of our soldiers and sailors are Christians; the Catholics in army and navy far outstrip their percentage of the population; the demands for chaplains is universal and insistent; the Christian tradition is the source and secret of our strength. Without that religious spirit the Government would have asked too much and we would have given too little. It is religion that consecrates country, that gives to it not only temporal but eternal value, and that convinces the soldier he does not die in vain.

* * * *

WHILE it is true that many of the Christian body are feeding upon waters, the source of which they either deny or forget: while it is true that many are interpreting Christianity simply in terms of humanitarianism, of service for others: while it is true that many deny the dogmatic truths which alone give substance and life to Christian faith—it is equally true that this extraordinary phenomenon of humanitarianism has its hopeful as well as its fearful aspect. Is it not true that as it sprang from the truth of the Incarnation, it must return to an acknowledgment and an acceptance of that same Truth? Man's spirit at its highest and its best hungers for the Spirit that endures, hungers for God, and the everlasting cry and desire of the human heart for "God with us" will inevitably not be crushed, but made keener and more in-

sistent by the heart that loves its fellows, and yet through that very love yearns to know that its fellows are eternal brothers of himself, and that all, through the Incarnate Word, are one in the sonship of God.

* * * *

THE very humanitarian tendencies that we at times deplore may happily be accepted as guiding lines to the remaking of the nations. They who, with no other satisfaction, yet hungry for spiritual truth, give themselves to human service as the end-all and the be-all will inevitably feel the greater want that we can satisfy. To speak their language—and yet to express the higher and the supporting message: to outrival them in their own field, to be sustained by the spirit of truth when their spirit of service fails—this is to lead them on to the Promised Land of revealed truth, for which all of us were created and without a knowledge of which humanity is, in spite of all human service, bewildered and forsaken.

THE older readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will remember Mr. William Francis Dennehy as a contributor to its pages. For thirty years he spoke constantly, as editor of the *Irish Catholic,* in the highest interests of Church and Country, "ever mindful of the proper place of the Catholic publicist, loyal and submissive in the fullest sense of the words to Holy Church, to the Pope and to the bishops, eager to champion and uphold every good cause, inflexible where principle was at stake, seeking as chief reward the consciousness of duty fulfilled."

It is of timely interest and profit to draw attention to an achievement that he reckoned the most joyful of all his editorial career—namely, "the securing of something approaching a sufficiency of Catholic chaplains for the Irish troops. . . . When the appalling state of spiritual destitution of the English-speaking Catholic soldiers who were engaged in the awful struggles in France and Flanders was, through the intermediary of a Catholic chaplain, brought to his knowledge, Mr. Dennehy consecrated all the resources of his ingenious intellect, his big courageous heart and his vigorous pen, to compel its removal. He had to penetrate the thick hide of the officialism of the War Office and to move the inertia and routine of the military authorities. Despite the fact that he was seriously ill at the time, by letters to the Secretary of State for War, by articles in his paper, he so stirred public opinion that it became irresistible; and it is to the credit of the late Lord Kitchener that, once he grasped the truth that the Catholic Church deals with her subjects not *en masse,* but each as an

individual, that great soldier made ample provision for the supply of Catholic chaplains." Mr. Dennehy also interested himself in providing personally and securing through the pages of the *Irish Catholic* spiritual comforts and reading matter for the troops. And what he did for the army he did also for the navy.

* * * *

THE fact that this great service rendered to the Catholic troops was accomplished through opening the eyes of officialdom to the Catholic point of view, is immensely suggestive for loyal Catholics living under any non-Catholic government. It is our duty to present the Church's point of view and to expect and require justice according to that light. Herein lies true loyalty to Country as well as to Church. Of such as of Mr. Dennehy, it may well be said: "Both Church and Country will miss his wise, honest, fearless advocacy."

THE *Nouvelles Religieuses* of September 15th pays gratifying tributes to the status of Catholics in our country where "religious toleration is a fact as well as a doctrine," and public protection is extended to Catholics and non-Catholics alike. "The spirit of equity exercised by the Government of the United States towards Catholics is," it says, "worthy of special mention."

* * * *

THE same journal notes the effect on the Catholic soldiers of the American Expeditionary Force of the monuments and traditions of the Faith in the older Catholic civilization, and it further commends the whole spirit of our men towards religion and France. A few paragraphs are well worth quotation:

"The sojourn of the Americans among the French is one of the most extraordinary occurrences of the times. We do not claim that the example of the American troops is always to be followed, but it is frequently excellent. The extremely strong discipline exercised over these young men of the New World who have come to succor the Old, who show themselves so obedient, so considerate of our usages, so honest in their financial dealings, so gay, so well inclined towards our churches and our religious ceremonies, so free in every respect from demagogy has deeply impressed the populations of both town and country. One cannot but think, when the great bell—instead of the little one—rings out at midday in our rural parishes, that this revival in ringing the *Angelus* is due to Mr. Wilson's initiative, the President of the United States, and a Protestant. There is not a single camp of U. S. A. soldiers where one cannot glean some traits of agreeable flavor—we give two among a thousand instances:

"A general staff had just been installed in a large western town. Lodgings were scarce. The colonel, the major, an officer of ordnance, after long search found two rooms to accommodate four officers. For there was a fourth, the chaplain, who in this regiment is a Catholic priest. The colonel took the rooms and said to the chaplain: "I will sleep in this room with the major and the ordnance officer; it will hold three beds. You will occupy the other room alone, you must be able to receive the men who have business with you.' Another colonel, who had passed several weeks in a town of the same section, was called to the front. The evening before his departure he started in search of a child to adopt. He went to the poor mother of a large family and said: 'We know that you have been widowed by the War. Will you allow us to educate one of your sons at our expense? It will give great pleasure to our officers and to myself. We have all subscribed for the purpose a certain amount out of our monthly pay. The child would be the ward of the regiment, which could thus repay the hospitality it has enjoyed while billeted in the town. Are you willing?' The mother, quite taken aback, asked after a moment's hesitation: 'But shall I be able to keep him with me?' 'Certainly,' replied the colonel, 'you will bring him up as you judge best. We only ask that he shall write to us from time to time, and keep us informed as to his progress in his studies. Then when he is twenty we will pay his passage to America, so that we may make the acquaintance of the adopted son of the regiment.'

"The matter was arranged and is a fresh revelation of the 'American heart' of which we were so ignorant."

A VERY touching testimonial to the Catholic Faith of France was recently given to the Holy Father by the widows and mothers of France, who subscribed themselves "those who suffer most for France and who hold her future in their hands, and are glad and proud to proclaim themselves publicly the most faithful daughters of His Holiness."

These two hundred thousand widows solemnly pledged themselves, as the heads of families, "to bring up their children in the love of the Church and to instruct them in the serious duties implied by such devotion and allegiance."

* * * *

HAD the sole parental right devolved on the women of France in the past as it does in the present, there would have been no need of war to purify and reveal the Catholic spirit of France. This fact alone is an augury for the permanence of the religious

revival. In this testimonial we hear the voice of the women of every class and every part of France, supported and endorsed by their cardinals, their archbishops and bishops.

Magnificent appurtenances for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice according to their intention accompanied the testimonial. This material evidence of the self-sacrifice and devotion of the widowed women of France gives further proof that they are, indeed, " rooted and grounded in faith " in the infinite value of the unending sacrifice of Calvary.

* * * *

BY the power of this faith, France must be rebuilt physically and spiritually.

AN Englishman, living in France, when asked: " What are French women doing? " replied, " They are keeping the country going." An article originally published in *The Nineteenth Century and After* and reprinted in *The Living Age* of August 10th, substantiates this statement with an astonishing account of the activities of French women and French organizations. The author draws attention to a fact little appreciated in this country, that French women were peculiarly prepared to assume duties and occupations quite foreign to the ordinary life of women in other countries. As she says, for taking up the tasks laid down by the men called to arms, a French woman was " partially prepared by her custom of sharing the life of her menkind in a daily comradeship quite unknown in any rank of life in England. For the French woman not only takes part in her husband's recreations —the British workman's ' beanfeast ' has no equivalent in France —but she shares his business life, counsels him in his enterprises, is conversant of *les affaires,* and more often than not in small households, shops, and cafés, she keeps the accounts and holds the purse. Also in all agricultural life, as Millet's pictures have made familiar to English eyes, she shares the daily toil, man and woman sowing and reaping side by side in the fields, the vineyards, the orchards of their beloved land."

* * * *

ONE might say that in France the women alone were prepared to meet the exigencies of war, for " the war of 1870 had shown French women their heart-rending helplessness and ignorance, natural consequence of lack of training and organization. To realize was to remedy—' Never again,' vowed the women of France. The Society of the *Croix Rouge* was founded, and from an acorn rapidly grew into a vigorous widespreading tree, whose leaves are ' for the healing of the nation.'

"Long before the supreme hour struck in 1914 this society numbered its thousands in every province, and the three main branches were doing splendid, efficient work, not only among the wounded and sick of the army at home and wherever French troops were stationed abroad, but also in going to the assistance of others at war, and the victims in catastrophes, such as the earthquake in Sicily, or epidemic in Italy.

"For many years past it had been a general custom for young women and girls of the educated classes to attend a course of *Croix Rouge* lectures and go through a practical training, often of a very thorough description, concluding with a stiff examination in order to obtain the certificate of the society. In such numbers had the young women of France thus prepared themselves, that it would almost seem as if they had been prompted by some intuitive sense, some overshadowing of coming events. It is certain their Government sounded no note of warning, felt no more need than did our own, to prepare, even in such first essentials of war as guns and boots. It was fortunate indeed that these thousands of efficient women had prepared themselves in times of peace for the colossal task awaiting them. They formed at once a nucleus, capable of indefinite expansion. At the call thousands more joined up for training, while others, who had retired, offered themselves as teachers and organizers of ambulances. Already in 1916 the numbers of hospitals organized and maintained by the three great branches of the *Croix Rouge* had grown to about 1,800, and the military hospitals and homes where the *Croix Rouge* matrons and nurses give their services are now too numerous to count, increasing as they are daily with the needs of the army."

* * * *

BUT perhaps more interesting because less well known and without precedent, are the instances of French women filling the posts of men in public life. Of the long list of women acting as mayors, several deserve special mention.

"Madame Fiquémont, school-teacher at T——, on the first of August, 1914, offered herself to replace her husband as secretary to the Mayor. The town was bombarded and for some weeks occupied by the Germans, but she never quitted her post. After the Germans retired, the old Mayor fell ill and his place was then filled by Madame Fiquémont, who remained on with her two children efficiently administering the affairs of the Commune.

"Again Madame Machères, acting as Mayor of Soissons, dauntlessly faced the invading army, answering, when the Germans demanded the Mayor, 'I am the Mayor;' and though the Hun General threatened to have her shot, she boldly remon-

strated with him for the excesses and violence of his troops. She was 'cited' in the official report of September, 1914.

"Not only in the devastated regions, but throughout France, women are acting as mayors, head teachers, and postmasters. At one town in the Dordogne the Municipal Council was convoked and presided over by a woman. She superintended the work of the Commune so ably that the Sous-Préfet begged her to continue to fill a post in which no one else could replace her."

* * * *

IN the field, in the shop, in factories and offices women have been at the helm, and women's organizations have met and controlled every evil which menaced the internal welfare of the nation —drink, vice and child mortality.

The enumeration of all these activities is not possible in these pages. To sum up the spirit behind them we will quote the clarion call of the *Union Française* to the French wives and mothers waiting with open arms the return of their own from the battle front. "French women, we who are sisters in love of our country and in our duty to defend it, let us not forget that we are about to be put to a severe test, that all the world will now be able to judge what is the quality of our souls, what the value of the spirit animating us. By the effect of this leave on our soldiers, the manner in which we receive them, and above all the way in which we send them back to their duty, we shall show whether we are women worthy of France, or merely poor loving creatures without courage or noble ideals, unworthy to be wives and mothers of French soldiers. . . . Our responsibility towards them is overwhelming, for the attitude of the women may be a decisive influence. . . . Let us never forget that our inner thought reflects itself upon the face and in the speech, and that ignoble thought like noble emotion will find an echo in the hearts of our men. . . . Remember that we have not the right to be feeble and that revivifying tenderness testifies to a far greater love than enervating tenderness—our soldiers will never mistake the difference. Any woman who at this hour destroys in a man the high sense of duty towards his country will be a criminal, since we are fighting not only for France but for the principle of right and of justice in the world, and this duty should be accepted, not as a heavy charge, but as an honor and a joy."

* * * *

AMERICANS have done much and are doing still more for France, but we must not forget in self-gratulation the very, very much that France has done for herself.

In the estimate under consideration of *What French Women*

Are Doing, it is disappointing to find no real understanding of the inspiration of their accomplishment. To be sure the work of the nuns has its part in the eulogium, but that scarcely suffices. The endeavor of France is rooted in the living tradition of self-sacrifice and service, inculcated by Catholic truth and fostered by Catholic sacramental life: it is the heritage of the saints of the "Eldest Daughter of the Church."

WE are glad to publish the following letter in regard to the biography of Joyce Kilmer now in process of preparation. In the paragraph of With Our Readers in question, this promised life of Kilmer was alluded to, but with no specific knowledge of Mr. Holliday's treatment of his subject, nor any intent to speak prejudicially of his work. We are happy to know that Joyce Kilmer's fame is in the hands of so careful and conscientious a friend and biographer:

Editor THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

Dear Sir: Two pages of the October number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD have just been brought to my attention. These are pages 141 and 142, torn from the magazine, and bear at the top the line "With Our Readers." Please let me speak about them.

These pages begin somewhere after the opening of what is apparently a review of a book about Joan of Arc by a Mr. Stevens. I gather from your reviewer that it is a poor book. The feature of the review, however, with which I am concerned is that, to my mind, it has the effect of being, by skillful implication, prejudicial to a book the character of which cannot be known to this reviewer, as it is not yet altogether written, that is my own biography of Joyce Kilmer.

I think if you will look again at the pages I speak of, you, too, will feel that this is so. The reviewer obviously distrusts my book, and would instill into the minds of his readers a like distrust. Now the point I have in mind is that I feel very deeply that this is not altogether justice to a matter which I have more at heart than I have ever had anything else in my life; the extension of Kilmer's fame and the increasing in value of his literary property for the benefit of his family.

And so I want to tell you now that the work which I have in hand does not, in any degree, omit to lay stress upon Kilmer's Catholic faith. Nobody but a hopeless fool could fail to recognize the indisputable fact that Kilmer's spiritual greatness as a young man and his power as a poet sprang in incalculable measure from his religion.

I spent months on end with Kilmer during all his waking hours throughout the whole period of his life between twenty-one and thirty-two. He told me what, from all the evidence I have in hand, he never told but one other person—a priest, the occasion of his conversion.

I knew Kilmer some considerable time before he became, formally, a Catholic. And I have been deeply impressed by the fact, so patent

to me, that he was never really himself, never seemed to know exactly what to do with life, until he found what was his natural spiritual home.

I think my testimony will carry all the more weight because of the fact that I am absolutely disinterested in the matter.

The Memorial Edition of Joyce Kilmer will include poems, essays and letters. Most of the letters are, as in simple justice they should be, his letters to Catholics, many of them distinguished in Catholic circles. They are, as he everywhere was, very positive in their Catholic point of view. I myself have a happiness in printing them because of this, as I greatly admired the manner with which, skillful politician as he was in many ways, he never hesitated to do the most unpolitic things in the service of his faith.

The memoir which I am writing is to be submitted before it is set in type to searching Catholic criticism, which I earnestly solicit from anyone interested in giving it.

The book, however, is not a purely Catholic book in this: It presents a man of extraordinarily varied talents, among other things one of the most capable, industrious and prolific journalists of his time, a gift for humorous essays sufficient to make a reputation on that alone, as well as a poet. All in all a figure whose memory is an asset to the nation.

Please pardon me if this letter is an intrusion.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT C. HOLLIDAY.

IN our October issue we spoke of the constant support and interest shown in the well-being of THE CATHOLIC WORLD by the late Cardinal Farley. The Cardinal frequently told the present editor how THE CATHOLIC WORLD had engaged his attention from its very first issue: how he read it faithfully every month. His abiding interest was a reflex of that of his predecessor, Cardinal McCloskey, under whose guidance Father Hecker founded the magazine, and who helped its infant years by a gift of five thousand dollars.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

GEORGE H. DORAN CO., New York:
Federal Power. By H. L. West. $1.50 net. *Revelations by an Ex-Director of Krupp; The Awakening of the German People.* By O. Nippold. Pamphlets.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
Not Taps, but Reveille. By R. G. Anderson. *That Which Hath Wings.* By R. Dehan. $1.60 net. *Catholicity, a Treatise on the Unity of Religions.* By Rev. R. H. Newton, D.D. *France, England and European Democracy, 1215-1915.* By C. Cestre. $2.50 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Children of Eve. By I. C. Clarke. $1.35 net. *His Luckiest Year.* By Father Finn. $1.00.

DODD, MEAD & Co. New York:
Richard Badlock. By Archibald Marshall. $1.50 net. *Elizabeth's Campaign.* By Mrs. H. Ward. $1.50.
FREDERICK A. STOKES Co., New York:
The Boys' Military Manual. By V. D. Collins. *The Children of France and the Red Cross.* By J. R. Lucas. $1.50. *The Star in the Window.* By O. H. Prouty. $1.50. *The Lure of the North.* By H. Bindloss.
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
War Administration of the Railways in the United States and Great Britain. By F. H. Dixon and J. H. Parmlee. *Economic Effects of the War Upon Women and Children in Great Britain.* By I. O. Andrews and M. A. Hobb.
THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
The War and the Future. By J. Masefield. $1.25. *The Lost Fruits of Waterloo.* By J. S. Bassett, LL.D. $1.50.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York: (
Skinner's Big Idea. By H. I. Dodge. *The War in the Cradle of the World.* By E. F. Egan. $2.00 net.
DOUBLEDAY PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:
Tales from Birdland. By T. G. Pearson. $1.00 net.
THE CENTURY Co., New York:
Our Humble Helpers. By Jean H. Fabre. $2.00.
HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:
Our Democracy. By J. H. Tufts. *Home Fires in France.* By D. Canfield. $1.35 net.
THE H. K. FLY Co., New York:
The Principles of War. By General Ferdinand Foch. $2.50 net.
D. APPLETON & Co., New York:
Rise of the Spanish-American Republics. By William S. Robertson, Ph.D. $3.00 net.
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
American City Progress and the Law. By Howard L. McBain.
THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
Why Men Sin. The Western Schism's Beginning. Pamphlets. 5 cents each.
E. & S. PUBLISHING Co., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York:
Everybody Welcome—Everything Free. A Slogan of the K. of C. (Song.) Lyric by A. Sullivan. Music by T. Egan.
WORLD BOOK Co., Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York:
Government and Politics of Switzerland. By R. C. Brooks. *Evolution of the Dominion of Canada.* By E. Porritt.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Psychology and the Day's Work. By E. J. Swift. $2.00 net. *The Valley of Democracy.* By M. Nicholson. $2.00 net.
THE ABINGDON PRESS, New York:
The Oregon Missions. By J. W. Bashford. $1.25.
THE FOUR SEAS Co., Boston:
Japanese Prints. By John G. Fletcher, $1.75 net.
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:
Modern and Contemporary European History. By J. S. Schapiro, Ph.D. $3.50. *Germany's Colonial Failure.* By F. Maclean.
THE CORNHILL Co., Boston:
Light and Mist. By Katharine Adams.
GINN & Co., Boston:
Primeras Lecciones de Español. Por C. M. Dorado.
THE DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia, Pa.
The Ojective Teaching of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. By the Sisters of St. Joseph, Philadelphia, Pa. 25 cents.
B. HERDER, St. Louis:
"His Only Son." By William F. Robinson, S.J. $1.25 net. *The Gospel and the Citizen.* By C. C. Martindale, S.J. Nos. 2 and 3. 15 cents each.
BELGIAN CATHOLIC MISSION OF SCHEUT (Brussels), 63 Stamford Hill, London, N.:
The Belgian Missionaries of Schent (Brussels).
AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:
The Blessed Sacrament. By Very Rev. W. J. Lockington, S.J. *Confession.* By Rev. P. Dwyer, S.J. *The Story of Rheims Cathedral.* By M. G. Coulter. *The Unity and Sanctily of the Church.* By Very Rev. J. Sullivan, S.J. Pamphlets.
BLOUD ET GAY, Paris:
La Guerre qui passe. Par C. Le Goffic. *La Terre Sacrée.* Par J. Roussel-Lépine. *Letires anx Neutres sur L'Union Sacrée.* Par G. Hoog. *La Vie Catholique dans la France contemporaine. 5 fr. Aux Paysans.* Par G. Mugnier. *Dans l'Epreuve.* Par Abbé T. de Poncheville.
PERRIN ET CIE, Paris:
Portraits de la Belle France. Par Maurice Talmeyr. 3 *fr.* 50.
LIBRERIA EDITRICE INTERNAZIONALE. Turin, Italy:
Nuovi Saggi di Letteratura Inglese. By F. Olivero. *Principio di Nazionalità e amor di Patria nella Dottrina Cattolica.* By A. Gemelli, O.F.M.

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THE INCARNATION AND THE WORLD CRISIS.

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ONE of the remarkable features in the present world crisis is the sudden discovery of new meanings for well-known facts and tendencies. There is already a mass of literature dealing with the issues of the War. Competent writers are showing us the background of the War, the antecedents of the great conflict, its causes, origins and warnings. Things long familiar are now seen as portents, and theories that seemed harmless are openly charged with criminal intent. Hence the need of appreciations and interpretations quite different from those that gained acceptance prior to 1914.

In retrospective study, emphasis is laid upon the political and economic conditions which brought about war. Diplomacy also comes in for its due share of attention. The course of events is traced by some authors from 1870, by others from 1815 and by others still from the break-up of the Roman Empire. There is plainly a desire to make the historical survey as thorough and complete as the available sources of information will permit. It may, therefore, be expected that those who accept and ponder the lessons of history will get at least a fair understanding of the War. They will recognize its immediate causes, and back of these they will discern remoter

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influences whose real significance has hitherto been obscured.

But this is not the whole explanation. It is generally felt that account must be taken of something besides the demands of commerce or the need of colonial expansion. These, indeed, have become more urgent in modern times, but they are not new. They are no whit more wonderful than the ambitions and intrigues which in the past, as in the present, have planned and carried on conquest. Even those characteristics which mark out this War as the greatest of calamities—the unparalleled slaughter and wastage—are intelligible in view of the progress that science has made and its control of physical forces. Nor, finally, is there anything mysterious in the endeavor of each people to maintain its own form of government, its institutions and its power. That simply expresses the nation's instinct of self-preservation.

The most significant thing about this War is its philosophical background. No conflict of the kind ever acted out so directly and explicitly a system of ideas and principles such as those that have been flung into the face of mankind during the last four years. There have been violations of right before now; other wars have been marked by atrocity and rapine. Yet some pretext was usually put forward or some excuse was offered to conceal the real motive. There were limits which civilized nations felt bound to observe, however fierce or desperate the struggle. The mere fact that they were able to crush and seize was not alleged as a sole and sufficient justification for so doing. They would not have boasted of injustice, any more than they would have made treason the soldier's ideal or cowardice a claim to distinction.

The theory that might makes right is startling enough when it is put into practice. Then it arouses indignant protest. Philosophers no less than ordinary people are instantly up in arms—Crusaders in courage and aim. Yet this theory was advanced before there was any suspicion of war. It was published as broadly as any other product of philosophic speculation. The books that contained it were calmly reviewed; they gave occasion for "interesting" discussions. That they would stir up any more violent strife was not foreseen—probably because of their very boldness. The common sense of humanity, it was thought, would recoil from such

extremes. With the broadmindedness of our age, the diffusion of knowledge and the progress of education, the people might be trusted to prevent ideas of that kind from getting either test or application. And yet they got both.

The natural inference is that the philosophers who confided thus far in the power of common sense, must have overlooked something. They must have forgotten what they, more than any one else, should have clearly understood and remembered from the history of their own science. For the development of philosophy in the modern period has carried the minds of men steadily on toward acquiescence in the very principles which now cause amazement. A long preparation had removed one after another the only convictions that could harmonize human relations. It had done away with the notion of divine law and its sanctions, with the spiritual nature of man and his dignity, with the moral order as including inner freedom. In place of these it had set up the concept of a physical world in which every event is rigidly determined, and had chained man himself within the same inevitable sequence. With force as the one all-pervading reality, it was superfluous to declare that might makes right. There is no right either made or in the making. Might simply makes other kinds of might, just as force is transformed into force.

For minds warped by this sort of philosophy, the fate of older ideals could not have possessed much interest. It mattered little that religion was left without a basis and that Christianity in particular was shown to be impossible. But this apathy did not satisfy the leaders of thought. They could not afford to miss the opportunity of giving a final stroke to forgotten beliefs. Christianity, they asserted, has failed because it did not prevent the War. The burden of blame was thus adroitly shifted, and the philosophy which was really responsible came forward to teach the world a new way of salvation.

It is not necessary to anticipate the outcome of any particular scheme of reform; but judging by facts and experience, we may say at once that no theory of life will avail as the basis of peace unless it accept the central truth of Christianity and reject the errors by which that truth has been hidden from the eyes of mankind. Each of those errors has been tried by criticism and, theoretically, each has been found want-

ing. Now, however, they have been tried by the test of their own devising, by the merciless searching of war; and the world today faces the alternative—either abandon what is false, or abandon the hope of peace.

The fact that many persons have adopted a wrong philosophy and still have retained the spirit of service and love, does not acquit them of error; it simply proves that they did not carry their theories to logical effect. On the other hand, when the teachings of Christianity are proposed as the means of healing mankind, what is meant is not a mere fragment or a thinned out remnant of the Christian faith. Too often a particular phase in the personality of Christ or a single line of His teaching is held up for imitation, while the fundamental truth whence all the rest proceeds is neglected or denied. Such eclecticism not only divides Christ but it also robs of vitality the members that are so dissevered. For this reason, the belief that acknowledges the loving-kindness of Jesus yet forgets how stern He could be when occasion required, is defective in itself and is powerless to deal with evils that call for sharp rebuke. And even more futile is the attempt to build up a vigorous Christianity upon the idea that Christ is merely the perfect man; this is equivalent to saying that His was a beautiful character woven round a core of illusion; and such characters are neither guides nor ideals.

Christ is the Incarnate God; that is the vital truth without which there can be no such thing as the Christian religion. Once that is discarded, we may have eloquent pleas for humanity and earnest strivings after fellowship and endless schemes for service; we may have enthusiasm and vision; but we will not have Christianity. And whatever else we may have will not secure the peace of the world, because man will still be the maker of his own standards and the arbiter of his own destiny. Of God's design no thought will be taken.

Through the Incarnation, God revealed Himself to man. He did not endow finite minds with power to grasp the Infinite nor give to reason, as such, an insight into His essential being. But what man needed to know, and more than the deepest of thinking would have discovered, was made known through Christ. In Him, His teaching and His works, were visible the attributes of deity. In that Person men saw, as fully as mortal eye could see, the divine Being. Omnipotence and wisdom,

justice and mercy and love, surpassing what man had conceived, were manifest in Him. "'Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.' . . . 'He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.'" This is the essential meaning of the Incarnation.

Compare with it this statement of a modern thinker: "It is alike our highest wisdom and our highest duty to regard that through which all things exist as The Unknowable." This, according to Spencer, is the fundamental truth in religion and the basis on which alone religion and science can be reconciled. The consequences are easily drawn. God cannot be known by any sort of revelation; His attributes, so-called, are fashioned by our thinking; His will is inscrutable; His law, if such there be, no man can ascertain. Has He any concern for human affairs? Does He hold any standard of right and wrong? Will He, now or in a day to come, mete out reward and punishment? These questions, in the agnostic view, are not only hard to answer; they are absurd. And no less vain are hope and prayer and worship.

Which of these antithetic doctrines finds its logical outcome in the philosophy back of this War? Which of them is more likely to establish justice and peace?

It is at once plain that if God is unknowable, appeal to Him for the justice of a nation's cause is a cry in the void. Likewise, if nothing can be known of His rule or providence or sanctions, the State must be supreme and its supremacy absolute. Since it is accountable to no higher power, it alone must judge of the means whereby it shall maintain its place in the sun. And since it holds at its disposal the things that make life worth living, there is no reason why it should not take the place of the Unknowable as the object of cult and devotion.

Though obvious, these conclusions are not citations of fact in answer to the question of fact: which doctrine, the Christian or the agnostic, is responsible for present conditions? But they are, none the less, borne out by the witness of history. They are verified by the record of the century and a half during which our own national life has developed.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The founders of the Republic were not agnostics. They knew of a Supreme Being as the

Creator of mankind. To His creative action they ascribed the rights for which they were about to struggle; and these rights, because of the Creator's endowment, no power could alienate. They declared the colonies independent, "appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of their intentions;" and they pledged themselves to support their Declaration "with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence."

While this document was being signed at Philadelphia, the philosopher of Königsberg was elaborating his *Critique of Pure Reason*. The year that saw the end of the War of Independence saw also the first edition of Kant's revolutionary work. Theoretical reason, he asserts, can neither prove nor disprove the existence of God. "From the same ground on which, in the thesis, the existence of an original Being was proved, its non-existence is proved in the antithesis with equal stringency." As regards the question whether there exists a Supreme Cause of the world, "reason, in the very midst of her highest expectations, finds herself so hemmed in by a press of reasons and counter reasons, that, as neither her honor nor her safety admit of her retreating and becoming an indifferent spectator of what might be called a mere passage of arms, still less of her commanding peace in a strife in which she is herself deeply interested, nothing remains to her but to reflect on the origin of this conflict, in order to find out whether it may not have arisen from a mere misunderstanding.

Between this philosophy and that which is expressed in the Declaration of Independence there is more misunderstanding: the opposition is wider and deeper than the sea. The "truths" which form the basis of American freedom are not, according to Kant, self-evident; they cannot even be demonstrated by any effort of speculative reason. If the existence of God be an insoluble problem, it is useless to speak of the Creator's endowment, more useless still to battle for rights and liberties which are supposed to have come from God.

Kant, it is true, endeavored to restore through the practical reason what his former *Critique* had destroyed. The moral order, he contended, obliges us to believe that God exists. Our human interests, our sense of duty, the requirements of life, postulate the existence of an original Being "whence

everything receives both unity and purposeful connection." In other words, we need God, therefore we must believe that He exists.

Such a corrective may have satisfied Kant, but it did not convince all his followers. It failed to recall them from the darkness into which Pure Reason had plunged them. Many, indeed, rejoiced in that very darkness as the most luminous light ever kindled by the genius of man. If they felt at all the moral needs which Kant found in himself, they could easily take refuge in the verdict of theoretical reason; they could appeal from Kant to Kant. That this was quite generally done is evident from the progress of thought during the century that followed. Kant himself would have found it more and more difficult, as time went on, to maintain the positions of his Practical Reason. Of the two things that filled him with admiration, the starry firmament is still visible; the moral order is clouded with the exhalations of his speculative thinking.

Kant has been criticized for staking so much on the distinction between Reason Pure and Reason Practical. Nevertheless, this represents, in germ at least, the broader division that was opened between the trend of philosophy and the world's aspirations. On one side, speculation drifted farther and farther from the recognition of God, stopping in succession at the Absolute, at Matter, at the All-Being, at the Power behind phenomena, and finally at the Unknowable. On the other, the peoples struggled on to the attainment of their God-given rights. Without much concern for the findings of Pure Reason, often with less regard for the moral order in the Kantian sense, they fought towards freedom. With their eyes fixed on that goal they saw, for the most part, only the outer shape of the obstacles which they had to overcome. They scarcely realized that the power which opposed them had its source in philosophy; and still less did they suspect that the same philosophy was the cause of their undoing. Nothing makes tyranny bolder than the exclusion of God from its reckoning and nothing so quickly exhausts, in those that are oppressed, the power of effectual resistance. The struggle then narrows down to the question whether the brain of the few or the brawn of the many shall conquer. In either case, agnosticism is sure of its triumph.

The victory is more easily won when disregard of the

Supreme Being is coupled with a low estimate of the fellow-man. Such phrases as "the sacredness of life" and "inalienable right" are then emptied of their meaning. Fear and interest may hold in check the impulse to kill or defraud; but where those deterrents are lacking, the fact that a man, just for the sake of humanity, has a claim to respect, will not count for much. In war, especially, cruelty will become a virtue, compassion a symptom of weakness.

No one is surprised at the treatment which the savage gives his enemies: it is rather what we should expect of him, seeing that he is so far below our standards of intelligence and progress. But what does perplex us is the savagery of civilized peoples. Has culture no power to stay the animal instincts? Has education no function but to sharpen the tooth and the claw? These questions are common enough at present and they are by no means easy to answer. If the schools had been completely under Christian influence, the problem would have been solved—by the same logic that holds Christianity responsible for the outbreak of war. As it is, however, there are not many well-informed people who regard education as a failure.

The Christian idea of man's dignity is derived from the truth that a divine Person assumed our nature, thereby giving it an excellence far surpassing any that humanity of itself could attain. God Himself could not by the richest endowment confer on a creature so great an honor. But having once bestowed it, He has taught us through Christ the true value of human life. The Incarnation not only reveals God to man; it reveals man to himself, showing him that his real worth is beyond anything that he could conceive.

From this exalted dignity man has been brought down by various theories and systems. Materialism has taught him that his soul is only a fiction; evolutionism reminds him that he is descended from the brute; and other philosophies insist that his value is found not in his individual life but in his absorption by the State. By different paths these theories lead to the same conclusion: the whole meaning of human existence is confined to earth from which man comes and to which he returns.

As long as such ideas remain in the sphere of speculation they are not apt to cause bloodshed. Philosophers as a rule prefer to stay at home and let their theories in some diluted

form be tried out by the multitude. But when, as in the present instance, application follows theory with vigor and consistency, the result astounds the calmest mind. Although psychology has told us much of the motor processes which thought involves, of suggestion and of the instinctive tendencies that stir the crowd to action, the significance of these facts does not seem to be fully appreciated. Tell the people, in the name of science, that they differ from the lower animals only in degree, drive home this notion by emphasis and reiteration, develop a plan of education that takes the child back to the supposedly primitive state of his half-human ancestors —and what will be the natural result? The sense of human dignity will be diminished, and the claims of man's higher faculties to dominate his conduct will be questioned or rejected. Reason and will, in consequence, expend their activity in serving the lower tendencies. They relax the inhibitions that otherwise would hold in check the promptings of passion and impulse, and at length they make the natural the norm of action without discriminating between that which is worthy of man and that which means degradation.

In the lower orders of life, the instinct of self-preservation is not restrained by altruistic feelings. Regard for the wants of his fellows is no part of the animal's consciousness. Hence, where needs and interests clash, there is but one mode of settlement: the stronger must prevail. Human life also has its rivalries, and it often involves a struggle for existence. The question then arises: shall competition among men be tempered by motives and considerations superior to the demands of instinct, or shall the law which governs the animal world be extended to human relations?

The latter alternative, as recent happenings show, has not only been tacitly admitted; it has been openly advocated and carried into practice. This is the principle underlying the assertion that the stronger nation must fulfill its high destiny by destroying the weaker. And once this becomes fixed in the national mind, it is easy to understand the spirit with which war is conducted. No means however drastic, no excess or wantonness or treachery can be condemned so long as it helps to conquer.

In this case, survival implies two very different things.

The first is that the victorious nation has proven itself greater in man-power, in resources or in military science, or in all these together. The second is that it has used its power without scruple or mercy; it survives because, in the struggle, it divests itself of its humane character and conjoins the intelligence of man with the ferocity of the brute. Any doubt as to the meaning of fitness is dispelled by the logic of facts.

Writing of Darwinism, Wallace argued, as against the theory of Natural Selection, that it does not account for the origin of moral perceptions, since any animal in which these first arose even in elementary form, would have found itself at a serious disadvantage and would have perished in the struggle. The argument of course assumed that justice and sympathy were characteristic of man, and Wallace, though he denied their origin by evolution out of animal feeling, would probably have agreed that they become more pronounced as the human race advances. If evolution proceeds from the lower level to the higher, we should expect that these human qualities would become more firmly established as the index of fitness. But the philosophy which led to this War has set up other standards; a nation qualifies for survival by ridding its soul of the slightest inclination towards mercy, or chivalry or regard for its own solemn pledges. It would seem, then, that evolution is reversing its direction, and turning back to the earlier condition. The finer human traits are mere incidents in the process; they must eventually disappear, and their passing will be no loss but rather a gain to the nation that shall have reached the highest point of its evolution.

Whether believers in evolution or not, a goodly number of persons will shrink from such a conclusion. From more than one people an energetic protest has gone out against the doings by which the philosophy in question gets concrete expression. In the ordinary human view, those denunciations are wholesome signs. They encourage the hope that having learned by experience the ultimate meaning of certain philosophical ideas, the world will cast them aside, and for its guidance adopt others that are more in accord with the dignity and true progress of mankind. At any rate, it should now be clear that we cannot reasonably teach men that in their essential nature they are brutes, and then expect them to behave as something better.

The situation, in brief, is this: we are not willing to accept as our measure of worth the mere fact of survival. On the other hand, we do not now foresee the day when men shall be so perfect in righteousness and intelligence that conflict will never arise. Can anything be done to prevent a repetition of what is now taking place? Can we lay hold upon this course of human events and make it move upward instead of downward? Many persons believe that we can, and they are showing their faith by their works. But can they or any other human agency interfere with the process of the world and its laws? If they call for reforms and appeal to the nobler elements in man, they evidently suppose that men are free to turn from evil to good, that the will can hold back against pressure from the past and go in the way of its own choosing. But what if the supposition be false?

A widely-accepted theory maintains that each action of man is as fully determined as the events of the physical order and that freedom of the will is a myth. The same inevitable causality that rules the material world is supreme in our thoughts and volitions. We deliberate and decide, make up our minds and change them, rejoice in our deeds or regret them—thinking all the while that we are acting freely. We think so because we know little of the real causes that operate within us, and less of their antecedents. With fuller knowledge of our past, the illusion of freedom would disappear.

The determinist is quite capable of asserting his liberty and of fighting in its defence. If reminded of his philosophy, he would say that he is fighting to be free from outward restraint; but if true to his theory, he should have to add that his will is not free to choose between fighting and staying at home. Consistency again would require him to admit that the will of his enemy is subject to the same law, and that, strictly speaking, neither of them is entitled to praise or to blame. The valor of the one and the atrocity of the other are equally devoid of goodness and badness.

People in general are not familiar with the subtleties of the problem of freedom, but its practical bearing is open to all. If a man could not help doing what he did, he evidently is not responsible; and if human conduct in general is bound to be just what it is, no moral quality can be ascribed to it any more than is ascribed to the movements of a machine. Not only

the sense of freedom but the sense also of duty, of honor, of obligation is an illusion. I may keep my promise or break it: which I shall actually do is determined by forces beyond my control. And the same is true, on a larger scale, of the agreements that are "binding" on nations.

How far Determinism has entered into modern thought may be seen most plainly in the moral sciences. A system of ethics which refuses to take freedom as its basis, cannot consistently prescribe what men ought to do; it can only describe what they actually do. It analyzes motives and explains why men behave thus and so under given conditions. It searches out the origin of the ideas of right and wrong and shows how these have developed. But it does not venture to say: this action is right and that action is wrong. It is a positive, not a normative, science.

As the attitude and method of ethics become generally known, the impression is spread that scientific thought has done away with the older distinctions and standards. And since these have not been replaced by any definite precepts, it would seem that either the ethical problem is insoluble or that no such problem exists. The moral sense is gradually dulled. Success becomes the single criterion of values.

Suppose this philosophy and its practical consequences were generally established: what would be the result for the world's political freedom? Apparently, a great advantage: each individual, emancipated from childish notions of morality, would follow his own desires; he would "realize himself." In reality, however, nothing could be more fatal to freedom. There is no genuine liberty without restraint, no preserving of equal rights without the limitation of law. The need of obedience is not lessened, but rather increased, by the extension of right and liberty. Democracy does not mean lawlessness; it means that the duty of keeping order is laid, with a heavier share of responsibility, upon each citizen. He has to perform it, first of all by checking his own selfish tendencies. Instead of fighting the law which aims at the common good, he has to wrestle with that within him which seeks only private advantage. The struggle is shifted from field and forum to the inmost precincts of each man's soul.

There, the struggle must begin and continue in the conviction that some things are wrong, not simply unbecoming or

foolish or inexpedient, but sinful. They are violations of a law which is effective for all men at all times, because it is God's enactment. The practical recognition of this fact is the surest safeguard of liberty inasmuch as it makes the observance of human laws also an affair of conscience, lifting it above the plane of individual preference and policy.

Christianity has always kept alive this sense of sin, both as a ground of humility and as a motive for reparation. It could not do otherwise seeing that Christ is the Redeemer, as well as the Teacher, of mankind. He became man to atone for the sins of men. In its ultimate purpose, the Incarnation, as it reveals the dignity of man, reveals also the full significance of his disobedience and his utter helplessness, as of himself, to satisfy the claims of God's justice. Deliverance from the bondage of evil required the putting forth of mercy as boundless as the omnipotence that created the world. In cause and manner and effect, the Redemption is the supreme act of liberation. It is the divinely given example of the use of power.

Having restored the world to freedom at so great a cost, God, conceivably, might have forced the human will to keep His law. He might have fixed upon the soul a uniformity and necessitation as unswerving as the sequence of cause and effect in the physical order. But this He did not do. There is no compulsion in the service which He asks. What man gives must be given freely. There are countless invitations and helps towards righteous doing provided through the Incarnation; yet the final choice is left with man. There is no encroachment on his liberty. This divine respect for human freedom is the highest warrant of our human rights. While it does not lessen our obligation, it makes our fulfillment depend upon a new motive: "If ye love Me, keep My commandments"—show that you are worthy of freedom.

In the "new commandment" is revealed the final meaning of the Incarnation. If God "so loved the world," He evidently wills that love shall be the dominant element in human life; this is the essence of Christianity. But love is not the result of constraint. It cannot be made supreme and universal by ballot or legislation. It must be protected against the virus of hatred and strengthened by adequate motives. Theories and movements that tend to weaken it should be regarded as pests and disposed of accordingly. On the con-

trary, whatever fosters it and widens its influence should be given the fullest freedom.

Before accusing Christianity of failing in its specific mission, it would be well to ascertain how far the religion of Christ has been allowed to direct the thought and action of mankind. To oppose and thwart it by every possible means and then reproach it for not preventing war, is neither logical nor just. Men's hearts and souls have to be reached through external agencies; their efforts for good must be organized. But if, as too often has been the case, the whole power of the State, either openly or in secret, is employed to eradicate Christianity, while free scope is given to anti-Christian schemes, it is no marvel that the results are what they are. The real wonder is that Christianity, in spite of all it has suffered, should still be able to accomplish so much in the day of the world's distress. No one surely will claim for agnosticism or materialism the credit of having lessened the horrors of war and prompted the measures of relief that are the redeeming feature of the tragedy. It may be that many who have been most active and generous would disclaim any religious motive whatever. If so, the only inference is that they have been happily out of line with the philosophy which this war expresses. Without knowing, perhaps without caring, they have gone along the way that Christianity kept open. In the tumult and the glare they have done what thousands of men and women had been doing quietly in times of peace without a suspicion of being heroes. Of philosophy these people probably knew little; they were too busy with the Master's work to give a thought to Pure Reason or Natural Selection or the Mechanical Theory of the universe. They were ready to adopt the better things that science offered, but they could not fold their hands and wait until the ideal condition of social reform had been attained. They had an Ideal, and they knew how and by Whom it had been realized.

The War has been a crucial test for all doctrines that concern the relations of man with his fellows. It has set the fundamental issues, sharp and clear, before the world. We now have to choose between certain philosophical principles and the teachings of Christianity. The decision should be just as plain and comprehensive as the issues. Compromise will avail us nothing. We need not expect to enjoy the benefits

of the Christian spirit, if we close our eyes to its truth and our hearts to its precepts. Shall we teach the people and their children that life is but a struggle for existence, and then exhort them to love one another? Shall we tell them in one breath that freedom is an illusion, and in the next that we entered the War to make the world free? And while they hear from the pulpit about the fatherhood of God, shall they learn in the school that God is unknowable? These are the questions that must be settled, if the peace that we hope for is to rest on a safe foundation.

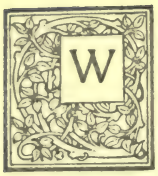
One lesson at least we may draw even from the aberrations of philosophy: When we ask why it has set aside so much that accords with the demands of our practical reason, with the dignity of our human nature and our deepest aspirations, we are told that philosophy aims at the unification of knowledge. Its task is to gather up the fragments of reality and set them in one inclusive being, to exhibit all events as items of one continuous process. Whatever stands in the way of unification must be sacrificed; the "passion for unity" is the deciding factor in thought.

Whether this aim shall ever be realized, is an open question. But what we chiefly need just now is a concert of will and purpose. The freedom so dearly purchased must not become a license for new machinations against the peace of the world. A league of nations, an alliance of peoples under the banner of justice and freedom—these are obvious necessities. What sort and measure of success they are to achieve will depend, not so much on the letter of international agreement as on the spirit in which it is accepted. This is the real bond. Shall it be based on material interests or shall it go down into the souls of men?

Christianity has the answer, and Christians at this time will do well to ponder its meaning. "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." The opportunity is here, and with it a great responsibility.

THE ROAD TO CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

BY LUCILLE BORDEN.



HY are you crying so bitterly?"

"I've lost my way because the mist lies blindingly across the field. The birds no longer sing, and the flowers droop witheringly. There was a time long ago when the sun's rays played down on the waters and lifted shining paths from them to heaven, but even the sun has ceased to shine, and the dull waters have no life in them. In the cities, life is a parody, one's heart sickens and would die for the loathsomeness of it all. What wonder that I weep!"

"Listen!"

A sound rose out of the East. If all the concentrated beauty of a perfect human voice were gathered in one single instrument, that was the music that drifted to us then.

There were no words distinguishable at first, then as the sound drew nearer I heard them, wonderful uplifting words that gripped my soul and held it with their ineffable promise.

Something in my brain thrilled to the truth that this promise would bear fruit, and that when it did, tears of sorrow would be transformed into tears of joy, the outlook of humanity in its entirety would be changed, and to some would be revealed a thing unspeakable so far: an intensity of joy in suffering. All this somehow the voice brought with it, though I could not explain how.

"What do you hear? You seem to be listening to something. Is it the sighing of the wind only?"

"Make way! Make way! I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, make straight the way of the Lord!"

As I repeated these words that came to me, the mists about us that had formed a blinding wall rose up higher and higher till they lost themselves in the clouds. Hills whose peaks had lifted to the heights, sank down in reverence and melted to the plain. Where there had been hollows, wild grasses and bright flowers had sprung suddenly without my seeing when, or how.

"Every valley shall be filled, every mountain and hill shall be laid low."

Then, and only then, I knew it could be none other than the herald of the Lord that had been prophesied.

I thought, naturally, that the herald of a Lord so powerful would come in great state and magnificence, but though I strained my eyes to see, I could see nothing at all. The voice kept on, and after a while it grew nearer and nearer.

Then where the flowered field blended to the sky, something stood silhouetted against the dawn.

"What do you see? Your eyes have grown so bright, surely you see someone, something?"

"Only a youth, outlined like a reed on the horizon. He is coming towards us."

"But who is it? What does he represent?"

"You will not believe me, but I am certain it is the herald of the Lord."

"Alone, and poor?"

"Alone, and poor."

No pageantry, no great state, nothing at all as I had thought it would be; only a youth tanned by the sun, brown and lean.

For staff he carried the slender branch of a tree broken as it had grown, with a little transverse piece across the top.

His hair was long, and his body spare to emaciation was covered with a wolf's skin. There were rude sandals on his feet. He looked so young, so pitifully delicate that the thought crossed my mind: I was glad his feet were protected from the rocks that might lie in his path. He read my thoughts for he answered them, though not in words. He gave me to understand that if he were to tread on iron nails, and if those nails would pierce his feet till fountains of blood gushed forth, it would be as nothing to suffer for One Who would one day spill His blood to bring peace to the world, "One," he seemed to say, "the latchets of Whose shoes I am not worthy to loose."

"Does he mean the Lord, the King that is to be of the Jews?"

"Yes, of the House of David."

As he passed on, the herald raised his staff. I followed.

He led me forward through space, backward through time

to the year that he himself was born. It was almost a partaking of the timelessness, the placelessness of Infinity.

Because I had been in great trouble, One had sent him to me, that through my trouble I might lead others to where His comfort eased my pain, so vast is the pitying human heart of Christ, the King!

"You have seen Him. I read it in your face."

"Yes."

"Was it magnificent, glorious as you expected?"

"Not as I expected."

"You are silent, and disappointed. Is that why you returned so soon?"

"I am not disappointed. It is not why I returned. Soon? I have been away two thousand years."

"You told me long ago you would like to live for the King that would be called Christ, the Lord. Do you still wish to live for Him?"

"I wish to live for Him, die for Him, live again to be forever with Him."

"Why did you leave Him then?"

"I have not left Him."

"But you came back!"

"To lead you to Him."

"Does He know that you exist? If He is God, why should He trouble for anyone so insignificant as you or I?"

"He knows."

"Did He look at you at all?"

"He sees."

"Did He speak to you?"

"He speaks."

"You were going back to the year the herald and He were born; how could a Child speak?"

"God speaks from the ages."

"It is a hard saying that the Child, the King, and God are One."

"Perhaps when I have told you all that passed you may see more clearly, though until the veil falls you will never see, quite."

"Speak quickly then, for it is growing dark, and night may come before you will have had time to tell me what you can."

"Come, listen. It was on your account that I came back. I could not have told you before because of the noise and confusion there has been in the world, but now that distracting things are all shut out with the twilight, we will go into the fields again, just you and I. We will turn our faces to the East and walk reverently, for last night One was born, so holy that all the land is sanctified.

"Stupidly enough I had looked for glories more than golden with the coming of the King, and with this expectation I followed the path that leads to Bethlehem all through the day I went away from you."

"Were you not very tired?"

"I sought Him Whom my soul loves. I was not tired.

"Even after sundown I walked on and on. For long hours I saw my way clearly over the hills because the Eastern dark is slow to fall.

"Would you believe me when I tell you that instead of darkness coming as it ordinarily would, a great light rose up before me? Thinking it might be the glow from thousands of torches carried in His honor, I hurried towards it. Up it lifted, up and up over the place where Bethlehem should lie. It was a luminous body shining out over the whole world, I truly believe, that night."

"Was it like the sun?"

"No, nor like the moon. It must have been a star, but such a star as one might dream the angels bear, as sanctuary lamp before the throne of God."

"Did it glimmer at all?"

"No. It hung still, almost as if it waited for someone to follow. Then it would move upward, onward, and stop again to wait. I followed. It led me into the noisy city where the crowds were terrifying. I would have been badly frightened if I had not felt the protecting influence of my star, and I knew no harm could come to me where the King might be. I asked one of the guards where He was to be found.

"'King? What king do you seek?' he asked insolently enough.

"'He is born tonight, King of the Jews,' I answered eagerly.

"One of the others held a lantern to my face and laughed, calling out, 'Tell her to take her mad questioning to Herod.'

"I was tempted for an instant to lose confidence, but the light of the star fell across my breast and brought back courage."

"Tell me about the city."

"It was filled with people gathered together to be enrolled. Most of them were finely dressed in velvets and cloth of gold and silver, with many precious skins of beasts. Even the trappings of the camels were wonderfully brilliant. The men servants who sat on the ground and in the courtyards, gambled and mocked and drank and jeered. I felt certain not one of them had ever heard of the God-Man Whose star shone still above and just beyond the city.

"The innkeeper where I stopped to ask about the King, said I was mistaken, and that had any great Personage been coming to Bethlehem, he would have been among the first to know about it. I explained about the Babe that was to be born there and he laughed in my face. He said that in his inn were many descendants of the House of David, who with their retinues filled every nook and corner. The man's pockets were evidently well filled, and his prospects good because he seemed in great good humor, and began to joke and make fun of the people who had tried to force their way upon him.

"'There was one couple, quite common people,' he told me with a laugh, 'who came a long way. The woman, a mere girl, was riding on an ass, and her husband was dusty and grimy, and limped along on a staff that curiously enough seemed to be entwined with fresh lilies. When I told them there was no room, I thought the woman would faint. Instead of abusing me, the man explained that they had many relatives in the city, but as their houses were full there was no room for them. Indeed,' the man laughed maliciously when he added this, 'had they been wiser, they would have offered me more money, and I could have put them up some way or other, but they did not, so I let them go.'"

"'Did you offer them no wine, or water?' I asked, shocked at his unkindness.

"He closed the door in my face without another word.

"My whole soul yearned to the lowly couple who had come far and were not made welcome. Looking up to my star I saw that it began to move slowly on, so I abandoned myself to its guidance without further question."

"Where did it lead you?"

"Beyond the gates in the opposite direction from the place where I had spoken to the guards. I might have known the narrow confines of a narrower city could never be the birthplace of a King of kings.

"On and on we went, His star and I, while all creation, hushed mysteriously, waited. Then up from the surrounding fields and desert that stretched beyond, rose great moving masses of white, and when I came closer I saw that they were sheep, led by the shepherds."

"Then?"

"The higher rose the star, the more slowly it moved forward.

"When it had almost stopped, floating shapes seemed to emanate from its light, and blending with the ether of the air, drifted to earth, as if they too were biding their time."

"Just what were they like?"

"Translucent clouds out of a moonlit night, hardly visible. When they came closer their whiteness was dazzling and I saw them taking actual form, winged creatures, resplendant, glorious. One greater than the rest moved apart bearing a mighty sword sheathed, and there was one that led the way. Not a word was said or sung *then*, but I knew them."

"You *knew* them?"

"They were Michael and Raphael, fighter and leader, archangels of heaven."

"Were they very beautiful?"

"Most beautiful. Indeed, He Who was to be born that night could be none other than He Who was the Expected of the ages, for none other could command the heavenly hosts."

"Then?"

"Four of the spirits faced to the four corners of the earth. Through silver trumpets they blew a call and the four winds answered.

"Three times they blew, and loudly. Then round about on every side rose a mighty sound, and all the air was filled with spirits singing with one glorious triumphant voice:

"'Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.'

"Kneel down with me and listen while I try to tell you what followed.

"It was the revelation of the star."

"Was it still shining after the Child was born?"

"Had it only been what it seemed at first to be, it would have faded at the coming of the King."

"Then it wasn't—just a star?"

"If only I can make you see! It was vision of the burning fire of love that broke through the boundaries of heaven and earth.

"Through the Holy Spirit, light, through the breast of God the Father, love, its gleam pierced a little man-made cave to the Sacred Heart of a new-born Babe, incarnate Faith, Hope, Charity.

"There will always be those who seeing as it were through a glass darkly, will never know it as anything but just the star of Bethlehem. But to those of us who knelt in the fields on the holy night the star's real significance was made clear."

"And that is?"

"The union of Father, Spirit, Son, never separated, always One.

"Holy, Divine, eternal Godly Sacrifice. For one infinitesimal space of time, flashed over us the reason for incarnate Immolation, sublime Achievement, for Jesus, the Highest One, Son of the Most High God."

"How did this knowledge come to you?"

"With the soul's vision, for by that time the light was too brilliant for unveiled human eyes to face. It was with the eyes of the soul I saw what I saw, and I shall never forget.

"The beam from the star raised itself up *through* itself, bearing within itself higher and still higher as it left the earth the actual tangible acceptance of the sacrifice of the Redemption. It lifted itself as the chalice of the Offertory is lifted, then was raised through the blue vault and beyond it straight to the Father and Spirit. It held the union of the divine Trinity intact, not separated from the human heart of the Babe of Bethlehem."

"Was it borne entirely beyond your sight?"

"All that I can tell you is, that from whatever power of vision God gave me at the time, it disappeared. When it had quite gone, I rose and followed the shepherds who had gone ahead to the cave.

"The feeling of awe that came over me, there on the threshold of life itself was so great that I could not raise my head at first. After a while I took courage and looked up.

"I saw a manger, and straw. Beside it knelt two in adoration. I knew the manger to be the first tabernacle, but did not dare turn my eyes to the Treasure that lay within it."

"What was *she* like, the Mother?"

"No words could do her justice. She seemed very young, only about sixteen.

"If a lily in its first loveliness had blown from the hands of its Maker, and taking root in a desert had beautified all that bloomed near it, or that came in contact with it, that was Mary, the little Maid, His Mother, most exquisite being God had ever fashioned.

"When I try to tell you of her utter sweetness I am lost in contemplation and am dumb. Her dress, soft and white, was woven from the wool of lambs, and over it she wore a mantle, blue as the sky in May.

"The night was bitterly cold, even for the two. What must it not have been for the Treasure of the manger?"

"And the other?"

"Joseph! If you have ever seen blended in one man's face all that is best, kindest, gentlest, strongest, most understanding, purest and most lovable, that was Joseph, into whose keeping had been given Mary, and the carpenter's little foster-Son Jesus, the King."

"It is of the King I am burning to know. Surely you looked at Him?"

"I found my King a tiny Infant lying on clean straw. He was wrapped in the swaddling clothes prepared for Him by His little Mother. The love of her pure heart, the adoration of her soul, the worship of her entire being were the gold and precious things woven into the simple garments that covered Him—not quite, for unlike other children of His place and day, the arms were free, and when I first saw Him, they were reaching out, so that He made a cross. I thought that it looked as if He were taking all the world into a divine embrace, and I knew He even meant those, back in the city, who had rejected Him. O, He was sweet, but there are not words sublime enough in any world to half express the sweetness of Him!

"A chill wind blew through an opening in the roof and

the cold swirled all about the entrance. Had it not been for the warm breath of the ox and the ass that stood in the shadow of the cave close behind the manger, the cold would have been unbearable."

"Try to tell me about Him, even if only a very little?"

"Can the least of creatures paint a likeness of God?

"His skin was as white as milk. Pale roses touched His cheeks. The ringlets on His head were burnished gold.

"I knelt far off behind the shepherds. They had the greater right to go closer to Him, for they at least had 'kept themselves unspotted from the world.'

"Whatever dross had ever entered my soul, whatever worldliness had touched my heart, whatever sin had ever crossed my path, had risen in all hideousness to hold me out from the presence of the sinless ones. How I hated that dross and that worldliness, that sin! How I would have died a thousand deaths to be made white as the lambs that in their innocence pressed close about the Child.

"Then, *then* He looked at me.

"He opened His divinely beautiful eyes and looked at me.

"They were like His star, God's eyes lighting the soul to Himself, wide to the heights, open and alive to the bitter, bitter depths, seeing everything, understanding, pitying, forgiving.

"At that moment was born to me a love so mighty that I would have melted away in His presence had He so willed."

"What did He do when He saw all these things of which you tell me?"

"He wept. My little King wept. It was *I* who filled those lovely eyes with bitter tears, I who caused His tender lips to quiver with the pain of my ingratitude, I whom He had led to the very door of His house. In my despicable weakness I had put the weary load of my own wrongdoing on the gentle shoulders already weighted with the world's weight of evil.

"Let me tell you something horrible; I knew in my soul that I had been among those who were to have crucified the Babe of Bethlehem."

"Knowing this how could you keep on living?"

"Listen. A sheep dog wandered out and lay down close beside me. In my misery I wondered how it could, and put

my arm about it, and buried my face in its neck, and cried bitterly. I thought my heart would break.

"Then, a hand was laid gently on my shoulder. Through my tears I saw that someone stood beside me.

"It was the little maid, His Mother.

"She smiled at me. Though I was among those to crucify Him, she knew the Heart of her Son! She smiled. It was as if the sun had risen through a storm. She smiled, and took me by the hand, and led me in. Her feet made no sound when she walked but her mantle blew against my face and cooled it.

"Without once hesitating she led me to the manger, but when I reached it, I could only fall on my knees to sob out the contrition that was killing me.

"Oh, the wisdom and the knowledge and the power of God Who selected Mary out of all the ages of the world to be His Mother!

"She stooped and lifted her Baby in her arms for me to see. And I saw that the tears in those starry eyes were tears of pity, not reproach, pity not for what He might suffer through me, but for what I was suffering through my own fault.

"I said she lifted Him up, but I did not tell you all. There is infinitely more. She laid her Treasure on my breast, His divine head rested on my heart, His peace spoke to my soul.

"When she took Him back, she left Him with me, for all the ages."

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE ON THE RIGHT OF SELF GOVERNMENT.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

PRESIDENT WILSON has many times declared that the terms of peace must recognize the right of all nations, large and small, to choose their own form of government and their own political rulers. The same demand and principle has been sanctioned by the Allied countries, and by certain important elements in Austria and Germany. Here in the United States, substantially the whole population accepts this doctrine as axiomatic, and would have done so in the absence of any statement by the President. We still subscribe, as we always have subscribed, to the statement in the Declaration of Independence, that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

To what extent is this political doctrine in harmony with the principles of the Catholic Church? Has it ever received anything like formal approbation? May a Catholic apply this democratic principle to the case of those small nations that are denied the right of self government by some of the European powers?

No formal, official declaration has come from the Church on any of these questions. She teaches that government of some kind is necessary for human welfare, and is therefore required by Divine Providence. The Scriptural basis of this teaching is most definitely stated by St. Paul, in the thirteenth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans: "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers; for there is no power but from God and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore, he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God." In his encyclical, "On the Christian Constitution of States" (*Immortale Dei*) Pope Leo XIII. wrote: "Every civilized community must have a ruling authority, and this authority, no less than society itself, has its source in nature, and has consequently God for its author. Hence it follows that all public power must proceed from God. . . . The right to rule is not

necessarily, however, bound up with any special mode of government. It may take this or that form, provided only that it be of a nature to ensure the general welfare."

The words of St. Paul cited above might, indeed, be understood as expressing the doctrine that the actual ruling *persons* in any country always have a right to obedience from the subjects or citizens. According to that interpretation, no people not even one that had been subjected by force, would ever have the right to withhold submission, or to strive for "self-determination." The existing government would always be a morally legitimate government. Happily, this is not the interpretation put upon the words of the Apostle by the Catholic Church. The authoritative Catholic understanding of the passage is found in the quotation from Pope Leo XIII. The latter speaks of *authority* as coming from and sanctioned by God; he does not say that the concrete form or the personal bearer of authority has in every case divine authorization. He is discussing the abstract right to rule, not the concrete right of any particular person who happens to occupy the position of ruler. The "power" and "powers" of which St. Paul speaks are to be understood in exactly the same sense. They refer to the abstract right or authority, not to the concrete government or governor. Whether the person or persons who are actually in control of a given country do or do not possess this abstract right, is a question that cannot be decided by reference to the words of either St. Paul or Pope Leo. Hence their statements cannot be used against the theory that every people has a right to determine the form and personnel of its government.

While the Church has made no pronouncement for or against the right of national self government, her competent private teachers, the moral theologians and canonists, have discussed the question at considerable length. As we have just seen from the words of St. Paul and Leo XIII., the ruler derives his right to rule from God, Who is the source of all authority. Immediately, therefore, we face the questions: how does this governing authority descend from God to a ruler? how can we know that it has actually been conferred upon an existing king, president, or parliament? Theologians and canonists have dealt with these questions in considerable detail.

As regards the manner in which the right to govern reaches the first legitimate ruler of a State, the majority opinion among Catholic writers is that stated by Cardinal Bellarmine and Francisco Suarez. The work of the former on this subject was written in the last quarter of the sixteenth century; that of the latter in the first quarter of the seventeenth. Bellarmine's doctrine may be summarized as follows: Political authority in general comes directly from God to the whole community. Since God has not given it to any one in particular, there is no natural reason why it should reside in one rather than another of many equal individuals. Inasmuch as the community is unable to exercise this authority directly, it must transfer the function to one or to a few persons. The community, the "multitude," also has the right to determine the form of government, whether it is to be a monarchy, an aristocracy, or a democracy, and, for a legitimate reason, to change any one of these forms into another. While the authority is, indeed, from God, it becomes particularized in one or more individuals through human counsel and choice.[1]

This doctrine was far from acceptable to the defenders of the "divine right of kings," which was claimed by more than one monarch in the days of Bellarmine. James I., of England, was so displeased and disturbed by the declarations of the Roman Cardinal that he took the trouble to write an attempted refutation. He contended that the king did not derive his authority from the people, but from God immediately. Against this assertion the Spanish theologian, Suarez, wrote several chapters in his *Defensio Fidei Catholicæ*. He pointed out that the opinion enunciated by the King of England was "new and singular, invented to exaggerate the temporal and to minimize the spiritual power;" and that the doctrine of Bellarmine was "the ancient, commonly accepted, and true teaching." Supreme political authority, he maintains, is given by God directly to the political community as a whole, inasmuch as He made men of such a nature that they need to have a political organization. There is nothing in the nature of things to show that this organization should take the form of a monarchy or an aristocracy, nor that the ruling authority should be located in any given person or group of persons. Political authority resides in the community as a whole, and

[1] *De Laicis*, ch. vi.

may be transferred by the community to one or more persons. Whence it follows that no monarch has ruling power immediately from God, but through the medium of the human will and human institution.[2]

Suarez concludes this part of his argument with the statement that this doctrine is not new, nor invented by Bellarmine, and he gives a long list of theological and canonical writers in proof of its universality and antiquity. Otto Gierke, a distinguished non-Catholic authority, tells us that, "an ancient and generally entertained opinion regarded the will of the people as the source of temporal power. . . . Indeed, that the legal title to all rulership lies in the voluntary and contractual submission of the ruled, could therefore be propounded as a philosophic axiom."[3] According to Dr. A. J. Carlyle, "the fact that in mediæval theory the authority of the king is founded upon the election or at least the recognition of the community, does not in truth require any serious demonstration."[4] Although Cathrein rejects the doctrine of his fellow Jesuits, Bellarmine and Suarez, he admits that it was held by almost all the Schoolmen.[5] Meyer concedes that "many Christian teachers" of the Middle Ages held that kings were not *immediately* appointed by God but *mediately* through the election or consent of the people; however, he maintains that these writers did not all clearly profess the opinion that the "mediating" act of the people consisted in transferring to the monarch political power; he contends that the expressions of some of them merely meant that the people have the right to determine the form of government and designate the person who is to rule.[6]

These qualifying observations are not of great practical importance. In the first place, he should have said "*all* Christian writers," for he does not mention a single exception to the general fact that mediæval opinion denied that political power comes to the ruler immediately from God. In the second place, if it be held that the consent of the people is always a necessary prerequisite to the assumption of political power by any person, it is of no *practical* significance whether the people be conceived as handing over to the ruler, *authority*

[2] Lib. III., cap. ii.; *cf. De Legibus*, lib. III., cap. ii.
[3] *Political Theories of the Middle Age*, pp. 38, 40.
[4] *History of Mediæval Political Theory in the West*, vol. iii., p. 153.
[5] *Philosophia Moralis*, no. 496. [6] *Institutiones Juris Naturalis*, II., 350, 351.

which God has deposited with them, or as designating the *person* upon whom God will confer the authority. In either supposition God does not bestow authority, nor does the ruler receive it, until the people have somehow given their consent.[7]

To sum up the historical situation: down to the nineteenth century, Catholic moralists and jurists, with the exception of certain adherents of Gallicanism, were unanimous in holding that the consent of the people was required to make the position of a ruler morally legitimate; and the majority of them maintained that the people had a right, not only to select the ruling person, but to confer the ruling authority.

The insistence of Suarez upon the doctrine that authority comes to the ruler only through the people, was to some extent due to the circumstances of his own time. Even before the Reformation, a tendency had appeared among some monarchs to claim authority directly from God. Kings who got into conflict with the Pope made this claim in the hope of strengthening their position; for if their authority was conferred upon them by a direct divine grant, it was on as high a plane as that of the Pope himself. This was the position taken, for example, by the rebellious imperial princes of Bavaria in a document addressed to the Pope toward the middle of the fourteenth century. In passing, it is worthy of notice that the monarchs who set up such a claim used it to exaggerate their own power, not only as against the authority of the Roman Pontiff, but as against the rights and liberties of their subjects. They were gradually approaching that claim of absolute power which was reached by many post-Reformation monarchs, but which "was wholly foreign to the Middle Age."[8] In resisting these pretensions, the Popes of the later Middle Ages not only were defending their own spiritual and moral prerogatives, but in a very effective way protecting the rights of the people against royal encroachment and absolutism. Even Lecky admits that the power exercised by the mediæval Popes over secular princes was "on the whole favorable to liberty."[9]

This exaggeration of royal authority became much more general and more excessive after the Reformation; for the Protestant monarchs were impelled by religious as well as political motives to exalt their power as compared with that

[7] *Cf.* Balmez, *Protestantism and Catholicity in their Effects on the Civilization of Europe*, pp. 305-311.

[8] *Cf.* Gierke, *op. cit.*, pp. 35 *et seq.* [9] *Rationalism in Europe*, vol. ii., p. 142.

of the Pope. In this they derived powerful assistance from the teachings of the Reformers, who declared that secular princes ruled by divine right. "In fact, the religion of the State superseded the religion of the Church. Its first form was the Divine Right of Kings. Luther and Machiavelli were two of the most important factors in the change." [10] Since they denied that their ruling authority was limited by either the Pope or the people, the Protestant monarchs naturally claimed that it came directly from God, quite in the same fashion as that of David and Saul. James I. declared that his power was at once civil and ecclesiastical.

This doctrine, declared Suarez, is "new and singular, and invented to exaggerate the temporal and to minimize the spiritual power." He saw clearly that if the doctrine of James went uncontroverted it would have the effect of injuring the prestige of the Church in every nation whose ruler, whether Protestant or Catholic, made such a claim. Therefore, he stated the doctrine of the indirect derivation of civil authority, of its transfer to the king by the people, in the most systematic and convincing form that it had received up to his time. Fortunately he was able to show that such had been the traditional teaching of both theologians and jurists all through the Middle Ages; but the powerful religious motive that lay behind his argument cannot nor need not be denied.

In precisely the same way, the special circumstances of their time have been largely instrumental in determining many Catholic writers of the nineteenth century to depart from the doctrine of Bellarmine and Suarez. The superficial resemblances between this doctrine and the theories of popular sovereignty associated with the French Revolution and with subsequent revolutionary movements, seem to have impressed these nineteenth century writers as a grave danger to civil order and to the stability of royal dynasties. Hence they have turned their backs upon the traditional teaching that authority comes to the ruler only through the people. The principal names in this group are Haller,[11] Taparelli,[12] Liberatore,[13] Meyer,[14] Cathrein,[15] and Cronin.[16] All but the first and last of

[10] *From Gerson to Grotius*, by John Neville Figgis, p. 71.
[11] *Restauration der Staatswissenschaften*, 1820.
[12] *Saggio teoretico di diritto naturale*, 1856.
[13] *Institutiones Ethicæ*, 1887.
[14] *Institutiones Juris Naturalis*, 1900.
[15] *Philosophia Moralis*, 1900.
[16] *The Science of Ethics*, 1917.

these are, like Bellarmine and Suarez, members of the Society of Jesus. On the other hand, one of the ablest recent defenders of the traditional doctrine is likewise a Jesuit, Costa-Rosetti.[17]

That the apparent support given by the older doctrine to popular sovereignty and to the overthrow of monarchs has been a powerful motive in the rejection of that doctrine by the writers cited above, is clearly established by their own assertions and admissions. Taparelli intimates that Suarez and the other ancient exponents of the traditional doctrine would probably have modified their views had they lived two centuries later, in the midst of the havoc wrought by popular revolutions; and he expresses his astonishment that many should continue to boast of the sovereignty of the people and the inalienable rights of man to govern himself.[18] Meyer declares that in our age we ought to beware of defending doctrines which lend support to the ever increasing opposition to the monarchical form of government.[19]

Nevertheless, all these writers defend the traditional doctrine against the charge that it is equivalent to the social contract theory of Rousseau. They point out that the two doctrines are similar only superficially, inasmuch as both attribute the origin of civil society to a social compact, and teach that political authority resides primarily in the whole people. But these principles are very differently interpreted in the two doctrines. According to Suarez, political government is a natural necessity, and a community is not free to dispense with it; according to Rousseau, primitive men were under no moral obligation to organize themselves into a political society. According to Suarez, many of the individual's rights come from nature and from God; according to Rousseau, they all proceed from the social compact. Suarez maintained that political authority is derived ultimately from God who confers it upon the people, while Rousseau held that it rests in the people ultimately and fundamentally. In the doctrine of Suarez, political authority rests in the people as an organic whole, or community; in the opinion of Rousseau, it is merely the sum of the rights of the individuals and is shared by each as an individual. There are other important differences, which need not be stated here.

[17] *Philosophia Moralis*, 1886. [18] *Op. cit.*, nota 79. [19] *Op. cit.*, II., 375.

Now the fact that the traditional doctrine may be misinterpreted and abused so as to give countenance to unsound revolutionary principles, or even to unjustified rebellions, is not a sufficient reason for discarding it, any more than the fact that the theory defended by the more recent Catholic writers can be, and has been, wrested to the support of despotism and absolutism is a sufficient reason for adopting the older doctrine. Indeed, it is a fair question for debate whether the harm done to religion and to human welfare by the abuse of the more recent theory has not been greater than that resulting from the misapplication of the doctrine of Bellarmine and Suarez. In any case, the really important question is the objective soundness of either doctrine, and not its accidental consequences.

The Catholic writers who reject the theory of Suarez appeal in the first place to history, pointing to the well-known fact that the first rulers of many tribal and patriarchal societies did not owe their position to any sort of pact between themselves and the community, and contending that the latter gave no genuine consent to a transfer of political authority to the former. Nevertheless, Suarez declares that in such cases *implicit* consent sufficed, and that the people really gave this, inasmuch as they made no objection when the patriarchs gradually came to exercise political as well as domestic authority. This was surely effective, even though passive and informal, consent; for if the people had not been satisfied they would have offered opposition. The second historical argument used by the modern writers, is that in some primitive societies the ruler obtains authority by the simple fact that he is the only one that is capable of governing; therefore, it is unnecessary and unreasonable to suppose that the people have a right to give or withhold political power. Unfortunately this argument is sometimes presented in terms that would justify mere physical force as a determinant of the right to rule. Cathrein declares that in some communities the patriarch was the one man fit to govern because he would not submit to any other ruler, and because he possessed sufficient physical power to make his refusal effective.[20] The German Kaiser need not go beyond this principle to justify his government of Belgium.

[20] *Op. cit.*, no. 502.

When, however, Cathrein lays stress upon the *moral* and *intellectual* prestige and qualifications of the patriarch, as the basis of the latter's exclusive right to govern, his argument is at least worthy of respect. If there have been, and the hypothesis seems not unhistorical, primitive societies in which only one man was capable of governing with even a minimum degree of efficiency, it seems reasonable to say that only that man had the right to exercise political authority, and therefore that the people had no right either to confer or withhold such authority. Since the sole purpose and justification of government and titles of authority is the welfare of the people, it would seem that when this end can be secured only through one man, the people have no reasonable choice in the matter. They have not even the right to make their consent decisive in the selection of the person.

The second or positive line of argument against the Suarezian theory takes the form of a direct attack upon the principle. It denies that the title of rulership is ever bestowed by God upon the whole people, except in the rare case in which they exercise the authority themselves; that is, in a pure democracy. Political authority, says Dr. Cronin, is an attribute of the ruler as such, just as domestic authority belongs to the position of the parent.[21] Where, then, did authority rest before it became attached to the patriarch, council or king? Nowhere. It is not like a physical entity that must have a local habitation before it can come into a person's possession. It is an attribute which attaches itself to the ruler through the occurrence of certain particular events, just as parental authority attaches itself to the father and mother by the fact that a child is born to them. They then receive the authority from God. In similar fashion the legitimate ruler receives his authority directly from God.

This argument and the latter part of the second historical argument, summarized above, seem to be convincing. Moreover, there is another line of reasoning which seems to reënforce these arguments and to weaken very seriously, if it does not entirely destroy, the cogency of the Suarezian doctrine. It leads to the conclusion that the central principle of the doctrine is gratutious and unnecessary. Why should we assume that God gives authority to a king or a president through the

[21] *Op. cit.*, II., pp. 499-503.

people? Why should He not confer it upon the accredited ruler directly? Only one possible reason can be brought forward in support of the theory of indirect transmission. It is that this method is somehow required for the welfare of the people.

With the exception of the right to life, all natural rights are merely means to the attainment of some necessary personal or social end. Thus, private property and government are required for the reasonable life and development of the individual; hence he has a right to acquire goods and to have the benefit of a government. But the power to receive political authority from God and to transmit it thence to the ruler, is not necessary for the welfare of the community. Even if we were to assume that the consent of the people is in every instance a necessary condition to the legitimate reception and exercise of political authority by the ruler, we are not logically driven to the conclusion that the people must become the depositary and transmitter of that authority. It is enough to assume that they have the exclusive right to designate the ruling person, and that God invariably bestows the authority directly upon the person thus designated.

Some of the opponents of the Suarezian theory have contended that it was rejected by Pope Leo XIII. in his encyclical *Diuturnum,* and by Pope Pius X. in his letter condemning the *Sillon;* but the contexts of the expressions used by both Popes show that they were refuting the eighteenth century theory of popular sovereignty. Neither of them makes any clear allusion to the doctrine of Bellarmine and Suarez. It is quite unfair and unscientific to read into two isolated sentences a condemnation of a doctrine which was taught by the great majority of Catholic moralists and jurists for upwards of seven centuries. Therefore, it cannot be seriously maintained that the traditional doctrine has been superseded by the official authority of the Church. We are still perfectly free to adopt it if we are convinced by the reasons urged in its favor.[22]

We have to admit that the traditional doctrine is very attractive to the believer in political democracy. It seems to provide a simple and obvious weapon for refuting the pretensions of autocracy. And it immensely enhances the dignity

[22] *Cf.* Costa-Rosetti, *op. cit.,* pp. 628-630; Meyer, *op. cit.,* pp. 370-372.

of the people, by making them the depositary of a most important moral prerogative. It is particularly pleasing to Americans, and above all to American Catholics. For the resemblance between it and certain well-known clauses in the Virginia Declaration of Rights, as well as in our national Declaration of Independence, is obvious and striking. These documents declare that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that the people have the right to alter or abolish any political rule that becomes destructive of the true ends of government. Suarez declares that if the power of the ruler be not proximately or remotely derived from the people and community it is not just [23] and that when the monarch converts his government into a tyranny, the people can revoke the grant of authority.[24]

Indeed, it may be persuasively argued that these two great Declarations have come more or less directly from Suarez or Bellarmine or both. Thus, Mr. Gaillard Hunt, of the Library of Congress, declares that Thomas Jefferson derived from Bellarmine substantially the wording in which he stated these famous doctrines. In the opinion of Mr. Hunt, "it should be a satisfaction to Catholics that the fundamental pronouncements upon which was built the greatest of modern revolutions found their best support in the writings of a Prince of the Church."[25] An Irishman, Professor Alfred Rahilly, goes further, declaring that, while Catholic scholars "have largely forgotten the great seventeenth century exposition of Christian Democracy, the influence of Suarez, working through English Whigs and Puritans and culminating in the American Declaration of Independence, is once again inspiring men toward freedom."[26]

Nevertheless, if the theory that political authority is transmitted to the ruler by the people is unprovable on grounds of logic, and unnecessary as a basis of democracy, it should not command our assent merely because it has done valiant service against the autocracy and tyranny of a James I., a Louis XVI., or a George III. Our political philosophy should be based upon necessary and universal principles. Let us then consider on their merits the following questions: What is the true basis of the claim that every people has a right to

[23] *De Legibus*, III., cap. iv., par. 2.
[24] *Defensio*, III., 3, 7.
[25] *The Catholic Historical Review*, October, 1917, p. 289.
[26] *Studies*, March, 1918, p. 21.

determine the form and personnel of its own government? How far is this claim justified?

The doctrine of Bellarmine and Suarez, so far as we have considered it in the foregoing pages, applies directly to those communities only that are at the beginning of their political history. It deals with a people that is about to have its first government and its first ruler. Confining our attention for the present to situations in which a government is about to be set up, we shall find that the questions just asked cannot always be answered in the same way. Let us take first the case of a semi-civilized tribal community that has hitherto possessed no social organization except that which necessarily grew out of the association and relations of men and women who are united by the bond of blood under the authority of a supreme father or patriarch. Now that they are becoming more numerous, the tie of kinship more slender, and their life more settled, the more intelligent among them are acquiring political consciousness. They are beginning to see that order and security cannot be maintained unless the patriarch, or someone else, exercises those additional functions of authority that are called political. Now it may happen—historically it has happened—that the existing patriarch is the only man in the community who is capable of giving a government that will have even elementary efficiency. The alternative to rule by the patriarch is downright anarchy.

In such circumstances the only reasonable solution is the exercise of political authority by the patriarch. Even though the community should not consent, should oppose his authority by physical force, his moral right to rule seems to be impregnable. Since the patriarch is the only one capable of ruling, he is the only one who has a moral right to rule. The people have no right to refuse their consent. Why? Because the rule of the patriarch is necessary for their welfare. To contend that they have a right to reject the patriarch, is to assume that a right may exist which has no rational end, or rather which leads to an end that is positively irrational, that is, anarchy. There can be no such right. As noted on a preceding page, the supreme determinant of human rights is human welfare, the welfare of the people; but this requires that the patriarch should exercise political power. Therefore, he has the moral right to exercise it, and the people have no

right to prevent him. And his authority comes directly from God.

Let us now consider the case of a savage or semi-savage people that possesses some rudimentary show of political organization, but that exhibits conditions little better than those of anarchy. Life, limb and property are always in jeopardy, and there are no such institutions as schools or churches. Although the territory occupied by this people contains natural resources which would be of great benefit to the human race, the native rulers are unwilling or unable to provide those public safeguards which are necessary to exploit and utilize these great natural bounties. Suppose now that a civilized power desire to intervene in the affairs of this impotent community in order to set up a stable government, and to render the natural resources available for the satisfaction of human wants. We shall assume that the intervening nation will, as rapidly as possible, educate the natives and introduce civilized institutions, including some degree of local self-government. We shall further assume that the natural resources of the country will be utilized and developed with adequate regard to the rights and welfare of the occupants of the subjected territory. Finally, let us assume that in consequence of this beneficent, though forcible, intervention, the native population will at the end of one hundred years be immeasurably farther advanced toward civilization and satisfactory social conditions than they would have been if left to their own devices. All the foregoing suppositions are within the reach of actual achievement by a civilized nation that is truly humane and Christian.

In this situation the outside nation has surely the right to intervene and impose its government upon the helpless community. The latter has no right to oppose or resist, no right to choose some other government, no right of "self-determination." And the sufficient proof that no such right exists is to be found again in the end of all rights, human welfare. The welfare of this people will be hindered instead of promoted by the attempt to govern themselves; therefore, they have no right to make such an attempt.

It must be admitted that the civilized nations which have imposed their rule upon savage or semi-savage people have not, as a rule, carried out the enterprise in the spirit or with

the results assumed above. Nevertheless the abuse of a right does not operate to destroy the right. If it did, we should have to deny that any people has any right to democratic institutions, since the latter have been quite frequently manipulated to the injury of the people and the violation of human rights. All that we are concerned with here, is the general principle that uncivilized, and perhaps partially civilized, peoples sometimes lack the moral right of self government. It is no part of our task to justify the historical acts of national injustice that have been committed in the name of the principle.

Turn we now to the case of the American Colonists after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. The victorious army has determined, we will assume, to make General Washington emperor. Let us assume further that he and his associates could have set up the imperial form of government at the cost of little bloodshed, and could have given the new political community a somewhat more efficient government than the one that actually came into being after the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Nevertheless, the people did not want either the empire or the emperor. They would yield only to the superior force exerted by the army.

In this case there is not a shadow of doubt that the imperial government would have been morally illegitimate. Washington would not have derived from God the authority to govern. For the refusal of the people to consent to his *régime* would have rendered beneficent government impossible. Within a few years it would probably have been overthrown by armed insurrection. A people that had made such sacrifices to rid themselves of British autocracy, would not soon have submitted to another form of autocracy. Since the imperial government could not have promoted public welfare, it would have lacked the one indispensable element of justification.

On the other hand, the people of the Colonies were capable of determining for themselves and of maintaining a form of government that would promote their welfare to a reasonable degree. Therefore, they had a right to make such a determination. To justify this right we do not need to recur to the Suarezian hypothesis that the people were the despositary of political authority, and had a right to confer it upon whomsoever they chose. Their right of self-determination had am-

ple moral and logical support in the fact that their welfare, their personal and social development, would in the long run be better promoted by a government that they themselves set up than by one that they did not care to have.

Yet we have assumed that "Emperor" Washington and his associates could have provided an administration technically more efficient than that of the young republic. Why should the likes and dislikes of the people be decisive in the matter of political rights? As well might one ask, why should individual preferences be decisive as regards the right of private property? If men would only agree to share goods in common as do the members of a religious community, they could all lead happier, more efficient and more virtuous lives. Nevertheless, the Church teaches that men have a right to individual possessions, because the likes and dislikes, the passions, ambitions and weaknesses of the average man render private property necessary for his welfare. Now the longing for political freedom, the desire of communities to determine their own governmental forms and persons, is so fundamental to human nature, so bound up with human welfare, that reason requires it to be satisfied. No such powerful considerations could have been urged on behalf of the claims of Washington had he sought imperial power.

To those of us who believe in a democracy, the foregoing argument is powerfully reënforced by the superiority of a republican form of government. We hold that an imperial rule not only would have been incompetent and ineffective, owing to popular dislike, but that it could not have provided as large opportunities for individual development and social progress. A people that strongly claims the right to determine its form of government will usually desire to embody in it a large element of democracy. Hence the right of a self-determination is considerably strengthened by the fact that politically competent peoples will, as a rule, utilize it to establish that form of government which is peculiarly suited to develop individual initiative and capacity, and thus to promote to the utmost individual and social well-being.

What was true of the American people in 1783, is true to a greater or less extent of every people that has developed a political consciousness, and that possesses the political capacity to make provision for and maintain a fairly com-

petent government. The very fact that they want to select their own polity, that they will be profoundly dissatisfied until they are enabled to do so, and that the forcibly imposed government will consequently be unable to give them a beneficial administration, are sufficient reasons to validate their right of "self-determination." Even when the alien rule has the capacity to give a more efficient government, as regards the technique of legislation and administration, this advantage may be more than neutralized by that governmental inefficiency which results from the lack of popular consent and coöperation. In such a case, a technically less efficient popular government may well produce a higher degree of efficiency in terms of adequate human welfare. Therefore, a politically conscious and moderately capable community has always the right to make its consent a necessary condition of political rule. A *régime* that does not have either the explicit or tacit consent of the people, will lack moral justification simply because it will not be able to fulfill adequately the supreme purpose of government, the welfare of the people.

Obviously it is impossible to define in exact terms those qualifications which fit a people to choose its form of government and which give it the right to make its consent a necessary condition of morally legitimate sovereignty. We know that some peoples are clearly incapable and that some others are clearly capable of giving such authoritative consent; but between these two classes there exists a wide "twilight zone." We can, however, lay down a few important general principles. If a people has already had some experience of self government, either entire or partial, that fact will of itself create a strong presumption in its favor. Where there is no moral certainty that the people are incompetent to make their own choice, they should have the benefit of the doubt. Even though the popularly established government should remain relatively incompetent for several years, it might in the long run prove more beneficial to the community than an alien rule that was more efficient technically. The republics of South America are apt illustrations of this principle. In certain rare cases an alien rule might be preferable for a time, because it was seeking primarily the welfare of the subject people, and striving honestly to fit them for self government. The

Filipinos under the control of the United States are a good example.

In general, however, we must bear in mind that the art of self government is well worth learning by any people, that it must be learned mainly by intimate and painful experience rather than by artificial instruction from without or from above, and therefore that the strong desire of a people to determine their form of government goes far to outweigh the technical superiority of alien rule.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

EMPTY HANDS.

BY MARTIN T. O'CONNELL.

I COME with empty hands, Lord,
Apleading at Thy throne—
These palms held goodly gifts once—
Thou gavest all, I own,
But I was like the man's son
Who squandered all his gold—
So freely were they given
They seemed too cheap to hold.
Oh, would that I had kept them
Unbroken and unmarred
As Mary kept the white box
Filled with the precious nard.

But I come with empty hands, Lord,
A beggar to my King,
I should not seek, I know, Lord—
I should be offering.
Still Thou art King and all things
Must have in bounteous store,
And so I come apleading
To have just one gift more.
Tomorrow will be Christmas—
Dear Lord this gift I pray:
That I may know the value
Of Thy gifts I flung away.

PISA AND PISAN ROMANESQUE.

BY EDITH COWELL.

IT is hinted that Mr. Townsend Coyne—one of the enigmatical threads of Mr. James' characteristic maze, *The Sense of the Past*—had, of all Italian cities, a preference for Pisa. The reason for this choice is, with the author's usual economy of revelation, withheld from us. We can only guess at it. Was it for love of those "lonely and secret" monuments which pulled at Rupert Brooke's heart-strings, those wonders of architecture which rise with almost dramatic suddenness from that Irish-green meadow, bright with daisies, close under the shadow of the long, low city wall? Was it for the more homely reason of a climate notoriously benign? Was it—here, I think, we approach the solution—to leave behind the many-headed multitude, that this dying man, who knew he was dying, journeyed from Florence to spend his small store of weeks and days in that one Italian city which the tourist has elected to neglect?

One muses—but not sadly—on this caprice of the tourist. Pisa is so loveable. Why is she so little loved? Again we can but draw a bow at a venture. Every city set upon a hill has spells to bind men's hearts—and Pisa is a plain-town. She is also too generous of her treasure. The one magic meadow which is the platform of her glory is too plainly visible from the train. How many aspiring tourists "do" these monuments without leaving their corner-seats? Why should they move? They can see enough to talk about, in the large manner, when their circular ticket brings them in the fullness of a few short weeks back to their suburb.

Also, it is true that outside that incomparable meadow, Pisa is not particularly *simpatica*. It is but a well-kept city, four-square, with comfortable buildings, white, with green shutters. Well-kept is a weak point here, as it was with the Maison Van Claes, whose trim and polished cleanliness gave it a dryly honest and becomingly respectable look which, says Balzac, was apt to chill romantic minds. So it is with Pisa. A

few holes in the stocking—a few gaps to allow the wind and the sun to impose their colors, and the trailing green leaves to twine—and the thing would be done. However, the Pisans think otherwise. A stitch in time is their proverb—and a good balance at the Savings Bank. So their city is as bright and shining as a new pin. Long may it be so. The tourist in search of the romance which is denied him at home, brings money no doubt, but he also brings tea-shops, golf-links, rubber baths, and an Anglican church, all things innocent enough, and some of them admirable in their own place, but as offensive to the *genius loci* of a Latin city as the hurdy-gurdy which plays the *Merry Widow* under the arches of the Colosseum.

There may be other reasons for the small popularity of Pisa. It is to be observed, for instance, that though she has been the nursing-mother of many holy men and women whose names are dear to God and the Pisans—there is that St. Senior, who is said to have ordained St. Patrick—she has reared no saint who claims universal devotion. And after saints come artists. Siena has many, and Florence more than many. Pisa has her Guinta and his boasted priority, but how many tourists have heard of him? It is different when we come to sculpture, and the great name of Niccolo Pisano. But then sculpture, for some reason, is not popular. To the multitude, art means pictures—and there are comparatively few pictures at Pisa.

It is like the provoking reticence of Mr. James not to tell us at what hour his Townsend Coyne made that last journey. The point is quite important. Every ancient city has its hour, when its rich casket is unlocked, and its spikenard poured forth. At Venice it comes at sunset, when behind sullen brooding domes and fretted marble palaces liquid amber and rose melt into deep crimson and proud purple. At Pisa it comes in the morning, when the silver veil of dew still hangs before the green mountains which hide Pisa from Lucca, her ancient enemy.

And, besides the hour, there are other things we would have had Mr. James make manifest. First, at what gate this man returned to his beloved city? This is, save one, the most important, and for this reason: in every historic city two spirits stalk abroad, the spirit of the past and the spirit of the present. The difference between them is like that between the

thoroughfares of the Strand, and the cool valleys of Western Ireland. In Pisa the second spirit has unattractive qualities. It is commonplace, commercial, a trifle cunning. It makes a raid on every unfortunate visitor who, in his innocence, chooses to arrive at Pisa by rail, and to enter the city through the south gate leading into the inevitable Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. For this reason one would like to feel sure that this dying lover, come to rest in the city of his heart, took care to return by that other gate—the Porta Nuova—through which he would pass, in the twinkling of an eye, from the gold and purple vineyards of the Pisan plain to the vision of all the loveliness that Pisa has to offer.

Yes, one does really hope that, for the second spirit is intolerably importunate. It bids (and sometimes with threats) men buy, bearing down upon them armed with terrible alabaster monstrosities, from one franc fifty upwards. One hopes the poor invalid escaped that ordeal; that to meet him there was but the other spirit of days long past whose weapons are olive branches, and who only speaks of peace—not the sleepy, misty peace of an English Sunday afternoon, but that peace which the world cannot give, neither can it take away.

Indeed, if it was truly for peace that this worn pilgrim craved, he did well to come to Pisa. There is at Marly, says Hilaire Belloc, a fountain hung with silence. Well, then, here at Pisa we have a meadow hung with peace. For if there is one quality which distinguishes the Pisan Romanesque from the more showy efforts of the Renaissance style of architecture, it is that sense of peace which is the outcome of harmony and simplicity of design, and the complete and humble subordination of every part to the whole. It may well be so; for in these monuments whose outline is as clear and unbroken as the curves of Peter's Barque, we have the concrete expression of a Catholic world, as yet unshaken by the fiery trials of the period which brought not only Renaissance, but also the so-called Reformation.

Therefore—a last request—we would, most of all, have liked to ask with what *viaticum* this traveler was to tread the dark valley? Reading between the lines, we may suppose that he possessed, and took pains to develop, the disturbing gift of *the sense of the past* to that dangerous degree which brings the soul into close touch with the spirit world. He was not a

Catholic then and, even for æsthetic reasons, that is a pity. For if it is good for the lover of beautiful monuments like these of Pisa to know, not only who built them, but also for what purpose, by whom they were served, who was to worship in them, and what manner was to be his worship, it is even better, for more perfect enjoyment and understanding, to share that worship.

There is little in these Pisan monuments into which non-Catholics, however cultured they may be, can really enter. They belong to a century with which all but Catholics are completely out of touch. They belong, in spirit, as well as in time, to those ages which the vulgar still call dark—presumably because they were lit, not by the electric light of science, but by the small red lamp of faith. The story of the founding of the Pisan Cathedral, the first of the four monuments, is one the simplest Catholic can appreciate. Three years before William of Normandy first trod the green and gold meadows of Pevensey, Pisa won a great victory over the Arabs at Palermo (1063). Being vainglorious, they wished to record their triumph; being pious, they wished to give thanks. This being the case, their thoughts turned almost inevitably to building, for building was in the air, like an epidemic, in the eleventh century. We know why. You remember the gardener at the Clapham Hermitage, the residence of the godly Mrs. Newcome, who was a "Scotch Calvinist of the strictest order, only occupying himself with the melons and pines provisionally, and until the end of the world, which event he could prove, by infallible calculations, was to come off in two or three years' time at farthest?"

By calculations equally inspired, the world was to have come to an end in the year of grace one thousand, for which reason few men in the tenth century felt an impulse to build.[1] But no sooner was the fatal day past, than they crept out again and felt the sun, and Christendom, says the old chronicle, put on a white robe of new churches. None was more lovely than that cathedral which was raised at Pisa in honor of the "Magnificent Queen of the Universe, Ever Virgin and Most Worthy Mother of God, Advocate of Sinners." We do not know by what hands it was built, nor after whose design. There was

[1] It is true that the great cathedral of Tours was begun in 999, and that in France generally a good many churches date from the tenth century. But this was probably from necessity, in order to replace those demolished by Scandinavian pirates.

that Buschetto, who seems to have been a relative of Mrs. Harris, about whom authorities loved to dispute. We need not trouble about him if we adopt the labor-saving theory that this, and every other great monument from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries, was the work of the rather mysterious Comacine Masters. For a long time these architects and builders seem also to have belonged to the family of Mrs. Gamp's friend; but there is a lately-developed idea that they formed one large single fraternity, descended, it is thought, from the old Roman building *Collegium;* that their guild "hybernated in the Dark Ages, emerged in the Lombard period, and found their wings in the full Gothic of the Renaissance; and that in it men of every race—Romans, Lombards and Greeks in large numbers especially during the Iconoclast persecutions—found their place, each bringing his special gifts and traditions." The work of such a guild would carry its members wherever the services of expert craftsmen were desired. They would accompany St. Augustine to Canterbury, St. Boniface to Germany, and the Emperor Charlemagne to France. It is even suggested that after being called by the great Irishman, St. Finbar, bishop of Lucca and founder of her prosperity, to work there, they crossed the Irish Sea at his bidding, and erected the Round Towers and Crosses of Ireland.[2]

It is easy to imagine how, if such a world-famous guild did exist, the city fathers of Pisa prompted by zeal and pride and a well-filled treasury would tell each other that the best was always the cheapest in the long run; how they would vote unanimously in favor of approaching the Comacines with a suitable offer; how, after the usual preliminaries (or we might call it haggling) the bargain for their services was made; and how, when it came to a question of the style in which the proposed cathedral was to be built, it was decided to spare no expense to have it very handsome. The marble columns taken from the enemy were to have a prominent place; this and that feature of the different foreign monuments which had most impressed the Pisans in the course of their commercial-traveling all over the globe, were to be incorporated, so that this cathedral of theirs should combine every sort of splendor, and be one of the wonders of the world. It is probable, too,

[2] For an elaborate exposition of this theory respecting the character, scope and origin of the guild, see *Cathedral Builders,* by Leader Scott. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd. Second edition, 1899.

that they would wish, for municipal reasons, and to avoid heart-burnings, that certain local craftsmen should be allowed to have a finger in the pie. If so, there would be no difficulty. These would be only too proud to be granted membership in the great guild so richly endowed with privileges by the Popes that its members were known as *Freemasons*. It was the custom, we are told, to welcome such new associates, who would form the nucleus of a new branch. However that may be—and it may well have happened somehow in that way—the result was one of the most glorious specimens of Romanesque architecture.

The qualities of Romanesque architecture are strength, gravity, and that simplicity which is the outcome of a rigid obedience to elaborate canons. The result is a certain severity, which casts a gloom on some people's minds. "It is natural to see a certain likeness between the heavy vaulting that overwhelms and darkens the church and the leaden cope that seems to weight the soul," says a French writer, M. Emile Mâle, in speaking of the great Romanesque abbey churches. Ah, monsieur, you have not read your Lovelace! Maybe the great abbeys of the day, with all their seclusion and elaborate discipline, seemed havens of rest and order in comparison with the chaos and struggle of the world outside their high walls; and that to many their yoke was easy, and their burden light, in comparison with the price to be paid for freedom in those disordered times. Stone walls do not a prison make; at any rate there was comparative safety within those sober strongholds. If the windows of these monastic buildings were small and sparse it was not from a monkish dread of sunlight, but because, first of all, it was necessary to build strongly against frequent attacks from Scandinavian pirates, for instance, whose name was as dreadful to that century as Napoleon's was to another. For this reason, too, and not because they loved gloom, did the Romanesque architects build such massive walls. Of course the result is chilling to many people—the sort of people who complain of what they call the coldness and artificiality of our great liturgical hymns, with their admirable reticence, their sturdy faith, their sterling piety, and manly patience.

Even that able and wayward æsthete, Huysmans,[3] who

[3]We may assume, I think, that Durtal spells Huysmans.

did at least love the Liturgy, calls the Romanesque style the La Trappe of architecture, built only for penance, and the recitation of the penitential psalms. He compares it unfavorably with the more effusive and gracious Gothic, accusing it of being a convert from paganism ill-accustomed to the forms of Christianity. Finally, he considers the Gothic an allegory of the New Testament, while the Romanesque is the "image in stone" of the Old Testament. Following up this characteristically whimsical idea, Durtal expresses a desire for a style which, by combining the symbolical attributes of both styles, would give us "the whole of Catholicism." I believe Huysmans did not know Italy at all well, and surely he cannot have known Pisa, for the Pisan monuments—the Cathedral, the Baptistery and the Leaning Tower—do really combine the strength and restraint of the one style with the cordiality and sympathy of the other. If the country churches of Normandy are the most uncompromising of Romanesque buildings, these Pisan specimens are the most approachable.

We need not imagine, however, that this delightful modification of the traditional Romanesque principles was due to any desire to give expression to some longing for freedom from accustomed restraint, either religious, social, or æsthetic. We can account for it by recalling a prosaic point often and curiously forgotten by people who write upon architecture, viz: the exigencies of the situation—the question of site, of the materials available, of the style most adapted to the soil and to the surroundings, and so forth.[4] The Pisans were men to understand these practical points very well. For the rest, we know they had but two wishes—to record their triumph, and to give thanks for it. If their cathedral was bright and sympathetic, instead of sober and severe like the two great abbey churches at Caen, it was not because the Pisans were intoxicated with a new love of beauty. It was rather because of the radiance of the white marble which they drew from the Carrara quarries near by, and of the brilliance of the sapphire Italian sky, compared with the duller surface of the rougher Caen stone, and the sombre climate of the rainiest province in France. Likewise, the adoption of foreign features—Greek, Arabic, and so on—was no indication of any leaning

[4] It is even possible, as French architects have suggested, that the vaulted roof was first thought of as a protection against fire by the Scandinavian pirates.

towards Byzantine ideas, or Arabic philosophy. It was simply the result of a very human desire to "go one better"—just as the extraordinary building activity of the Third Rome is prompted partly by a childish determination to show Florence what the Piedmontese can do when they give their minds to it!

Whatever they expected of their cathedral the Pisans were satisfied. We know that, because scarcely was it consecrated when they began (in 1152) to build the Baptistery, remaining faithful to the same architectural principles, save that the old octagonal form was abandoned in favor of a circle so perfect that it is a bell in sound as well as in shape. Often, passing by the open doors, I have heard a sonorous chord, as from a mighty organ. It was the sacristan singing the notes in rotation, that the harmony of their lingering echoes might edify the tourist. A certain Diotisalvi, a half-mythical personage with a knowledge of Greek architecture, perhaps because the Comacines had lately been employed in Sicily and the Kingdom of Naples, was the architect of this glorious dome, whose slated roof, stained by wind and rain and sun and tinted like a pigeon's breast, stands out brilliantly against the huge masses of white marble.

After the Baptistery, and also of the same superb material, came the Leaning Tower. It is rather difficult to say much about this building, except that, as Dickens has said, it certainly does lean as much as the most sanguine tourist could expect. For a long time it was supposed that this eccentricity was the result of a feat of engineering gymnastics, erected perhaps as a sort of poster to catch the eye of the cosmopolitan crowd who thronged the streets of Pisa in those days when her name was a power from Spain to Babylon, and from Aix-la-Chapelle to Carthage; when her ships sailed proudly over the whole of the Mediterranean, and broke the power of Sardinia, Corsica, and the Balearic Islands; when her law courts were established at Acre, Joppa, and Jerusalem; Antioch, Damietta, and Tunis.

Another theory was that the Leaning Tower was built at this angle by a hunch-back architect who desired, sardonically, to perpetuate the memory of his deformity. This idea is rather far-fetched. It is now commonly believed that the leaning is the result of some engineering defect, through ignorance of the character of the soil. For the rest, the tower

is circular, and is completely masked by short white columns—some of the famous booty, no doubt. It has no parent, and no offspring, and there is a certain insipidity about it, compared with the rugged beauty of the campanile of SS. Giovanni e Paolo in Rome, and other Romanesque bell towers. One day the Leaning Tower will lean no longer. Let us hope it will imitate the Venetian campanile, which "even in dying still behaved like a gentleman," killing no one in his fall. May the day when the Pisan bell tower falls be far distant; not because it leans—only the silliest tourist cares about that—but because of the many centuries it has called the faithful to Mass, since the Adorable Sacrifice was first celebrated in the Cathedral in the presence of Pope Gelasius II. "The modern is good; the eternal is better," said one Fogazzaro, who suffered much because he afterwards forgot this profound truth. Canterbury and York, they too have forgotten; but Pisa still remembers.

We do not know how the proud Pisans would have stood the test of the Renaissance; whether, like the Sienese, they would have clung to the old paths, and so be left behind, to brood and dwindle; or whether, like the Florentines, they would have hurried forward to pluck the danger-sweet fruit of the tree of the New Learning. We shall never know, because, before that time of testing had come, Pisa's sun had set. It had set because she had put her faith in princes, and because a fatal day had dawned when the princes of the house of Hohenstaufen had expiated their crimes, and had drawn Pisa, their vassal, down with them into obscurity. That day came when he was lying in his cradle whom the world hails as its greatest genius, forgetting, in the strange way it has, that he was the pupil and the whole-hearted disciple of a system of philosophy which some are fain to consider a grotesque aberration of the intellect. In 1266, after the battle of Benevento, there lay in agony beside the "green river" Liri that prince into whose mouth Dante has put some of his divinest lines:

> I am Manfredi. . . .
> My sins were horrible: but so wide arms
> Hath Goodness Infinite that It receives
> All who turn to It.[5]

With Manfred fell the Empire, and with it Pisa. Today

[5] *Purgatorio* III., 112 *et seq.*

far from being one of the great world republics, she is a provincial city of secondary importance, engaged quietly in commerce, on a mediocre scale. "He who would see the glories of Pisa, let him go to Genoa," says the proverb. Like many proverbs, however, it is false. The glories of Pisa are still her own: her cathedral, her baptistery, her bell tower, and, lastly, her cemetery.

You must have suspected that there was real solid piety in the hearts of men, who, even in the day of their triumph, remembered to evoke Our Lady under her title of Advocate of Sinners. So, too, it was with them, in their hour of trial. When, in the middle of the thirteenth (and to Pisa disastrous) century they decided to build their Campo Santo, they conceived the pious fancy of having its dimensions correspond with those of the ark of Noe. Not only that, but they took trouble to instruct the captains of certain ships bound (no doubt for trading purposes) for the Holy Land to return with a full cargo of earth from Calvary. In this holy soil they wished that the citizens of Pisa—saint and sinners, magnificent and humble, aged and little ones—whose bodies were laid aside in expectation of the resurrection should rest. Followed a strange and lovely result. Every month of May marvelous blue blossoms, of a kind unknown in Italy, opened star-like eyes among the narcissi and forget-me-knots which gather lovingly round the dead in the sweet Italian way, and for want of knowing their name the Pisans, in their pious fancy, called them the Tears of the Holy Mother. They may still be discovered there, it is said, by those who are in Mary's secrets. I have searched, but I have not found them. Instead, at sunset, when the pale moths were abroad, I have found and plucked the long straying branches which cover the low walls and bend down to brush, with delicately tapered and scented fingers, the still homes of the faithful dead. Honeysuckle is the English name; but in Pisa they call it the Little Hands of the Madonna.

ST. MATTHEW AND THE PAROUSIA.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

XII.

THE Palestinian doctrine of salvation was the Crown without the Cross. One of the things to which Jewish expectation looked when the Messias came was the complete reconstitution of the heavens and the earth. This renewal had been foretold by the prophets,[1] it was lengthily described in later Jewish writings,[2] and won for itself a place of no small importance in the literature of the Rabbis.[3] All things were to be delivered from their present state of corruption, and restored to spiritual purity and splendor by the strong right arm of Divine power, acting, it was thought, in the worldly interests of the chosen people. A transfigured Israel, a New Jerusalem, a Messias-King reigning in state over a world reorganized and rebuilt, these were some of the glories expected when the old order of history changed.

There is much mention of "thrones" and of "judgment," in connection with the world's remaking;[4] and an occasional reference to the "pain" that will seize the Gentiles when they see "that Son of Man sit on the throne of His glory."[5] The Greek word employed to translate this racial doctrine of salvation has the primary sense of "physically restoring,"[6] and there is nothing high or holy associated with its use in most of the literature of the times. What must we think, therefore, when we find this accusing expression in a text of the First Gospel? Is not the mere fact of its presence the clearest proof that the author is reviving Rabbinism, and not reporting Jesus? Who but a Jewish-Christian writer, freely mingling the old with the new, would ever think of weaving into his narrative such an unmistakably Palestinian statement as the following: "Amen I say to you, that you who have followed Me, in the regeneration (?) when the Son of Man shall sit on the throne of His glory, you also shall sit on twelve thrones, judg-

[1] Isaias lxv. 17; lxvi. 22. [2] Enoch xci. 16, 17; 4 Esd. vii. 28.
[3] For references, see *Life and Times of Jesus*, Edersheim, II., 343.
[4] Dan. vii. 9, 10; Apoc. xx. 4. [5] Enoch lxii. 5. [6] Παλιγγενεσία.

ing the tribes of Israel?"[7] Is he not looking for the rebirth of the world when the Kingdom of Heaven is inaugurated? Does he not believe that the end is nigh? Many scholars are of this opinion. It seems to them the only possible supposition for scholarship.

The verse is embedded in a most impressive context.[8] It is the closing days of the ministry in Peræa. A young ruler, probably of the local Synagogue, and a man of wealth and station, impetuously throws himself at the feet of Jesus, saying: "Good Master, what must I do to possess eternal life?" Jesus leads him through the whole table of the Commandments to the positive precept of love of neighbor, which the law enjoined. The young ruler frankly replies that he has "kept all these things from his youth," and asks what is further lacking. Whereupon Jesus tells him that detachment from wealth is the one thing still most needful to perfection. "If thou wouldst be perfect, go, sell what thou hast, and give it to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven: and come, follow Me." The youth's countenance fell. He was one that "had great possessions," and he knew of nothing in the law compelling a choice between the highest good and the things that stood as barriers to its winning. Aghast at the thought that following meant forsaking, his ardor dampened, and he withdrew from the Lord's presence, sorrowing. Upon his leaving, Jesus spoke to those about Him of the difficulties of detachment and sacrifice, especially in relation to wealth, which He declared an almost insuperable obstacle to entrance into the Kingdom. This comment surprised the disciples as much as the youth's departure. The official theology described the affluence and bliss of the Messianic Kingdom, and poverty was not naturally to Jewish liking. Is it any wonder, then, that St. Peter should ask what return lay in store for all their sacrifice? If the faithful were not to have their worldly goods increased, what would the guerdon of their complete self-giving be? To which Jesus makes answer in the verse already quoted about the "thrones," supplementing it by the general promise that whosoever leaves parents, relatives, children, or lands for His name's sake shall receive a hundredfold of compensation in this world—"with persecutions,"[9] too, says St. Mark—and inherit "eternal life."

[7] Matt. xix. 28. [8] Matt. xix. 16-22; Luke xviii. 18-30; Mark x. 17-22
[9] Mark x. 30.

When did the author of the First Gospel expect the redemption of this promise? Did he think the Twelve were to sit on thrones immediately after the inauguration of the Kingdom at the end of the Jewish age? That would make the incident a clear retouching of the old Rabbinical view that the Jewish people were to judge the nations when the Messias came. It would also prove the author a firm believer in the proximity of the Lord's Return in glory, to punish the wicked and reward the good. But from what we have seen in the course of the present investigation, this could not have been the thought intended. No Synoptic writer has left us a more un-Jewish picture of the future peopling of the Kingdom than the author of the First Gospel; none has incorporated into his account so large an amount of material openly at variance with the roseate expectation of the times; and none has taken such pains to acquaint the reader in detail with the corrective teaching of Jesus and His manner of combating the false views in vogue. Nay more, the trend of the evidence thus far gathered is against our so supposing. In the thirteenth chapter, the author goes out of his way for language to let his readers see, that an age of the Gentiles is to follow the age of the Jews.[10] He does so again in the sixteenth, although the verb which he uses to emphasize his dissent from Rabbinism has been strangely taken to indicate his surrender to its creed.[11] The thirteenth chapter is filled with the idea of a Judgment indefinitely put off to the harvest time of the Messianic Era;[12] and one of its verses expressly gives us to understand that there is to be no reign of the just in the Kingdom of the Son of Man;[13] a statement which compels us to assign the verse about the "thrones" to a period not included within the *historical* duration of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

It is antecedently improbable, therefore, that the incorporator of the special promise to the Twelve looked for its realization on the morrow of the Kingdom's opening. A writer who speaks in one place of the postponement of the Judgment is not likely to have so far forgotten himself, in another, as to announce or insinuate its near approach. He is engaged on

[10] Matt. xiii. 10-43. *Cf. St. Matthew and the Parousia*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1918.

[11] Μέλλειν.—Matt. xvi. 27. *Cf. St. Matthew and the Parousia*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, February and April, 1918.

[12] Matt. xiii. 30, 41, 43, 51, 52.

[13] Matt. xiii. 43.

something quite other than an attempt to revive pre-Christian opinion, or to galvanize Rabbinism into the false semblance of renewed life; and that something other is conspicuous all through his pages, not new or strange to the present case. It is the desire to prove Jesus the fulfillment of all the prophecies concerning the King of Israel and the Saviour-Lord of men. That is why he reports Jesus, not as denying the truth of the predictions about Renewal and Rulership, but as announcing their deferred fulfillment. Expected at the beginning of the Messianic Kingdom on earth, they were not to be realized until its close; a corrective piece of teaching quite different from the Palestinian expectation that history was not to continue after the Kingdom came. It is not surprising, therefore, to find this twofold prophecy reasserted elsewhere in the New Testament pages.[14] Its reassertion is due to Him Who came not to destroy, but to fulfill; and so far from being Rabbinism revived, it is simply one of the many instances in which Jesus announced the fulfillment of prophecy in a new and unexpected manner. His eschatology proclaimed the continuance of history and the spread of His word through the whole inhabited earth, before the consummation came. It did not identify the beginnings of the Kingdom with the world's final rebirth.

The fact that the First Gospel, when read forwards, moves on a different plane from Rabbinism—the plane of deferred realization as distinct from immediate fulfillment—is of prime significance, and in the nature of a leading light. It takes the promise to the Twelve out of all its supposed associations with near time. Even if "regeneration," "renewal," "restoration," in the physical and cosmic sense, were the proper rendering of the Greek, one might still claim, and with goodly show of reason, that the thought behind the phrase is un-Rabbinical and Christian. A prophecy postponed and a prophecy expected to come to pass shortly, are quite different eventualities for the human mind, meaning in the one case that history is to continue, and in the other that it is to cease or become transformed. A New Jerusalem on earth and a New Jerusalem "coming down out of Heaven from God"[15] are not necessarily references to the same event, or hints of an identical expectation. It is quite possible to use current language and not

[14] 2 Peter iii. 13. Apoc. xxi. 1.

[15] Apoc. xxi. 2.

intend it in the current sense. What is true of the far future may be expressed in terms once associated with the near, without contracting any taint of error in the process. So that, even if we were textually compelled to admit that St. Matthew had the renewal of the heavens and the earth in mind, when he recorded the special promise of Jesus to the Twelve, critics would still have to prove that he was referring to the beginnings of the Kingdom, and not to its consummation. Their thesis that the thought expressed is Judaic and not Christian, would still be as far from establishment as ever.

Fortunately we are not in such textual straits for proof. There is another passage in which the author of the First Gospel quotes the same prophetic phrase, "sitting on the throne of His glory," and it reveals the connection of events which he had in mind: "When the Son of Man shall come in the glory of His Father, and all the angels with Him, *then* shall He 'sit on the throne of His glory;' and before Him all the nations shall be gathered."[16] The resurrection to Judgment is unquestionably meant, and there is not the slightest reference to the world's renewal. Must we not translate in like manner the promise to the disciples, and read it as follows: "Amen I say to you, *in the resurrection to Judgment,* when the Son of Man shall sit on the throne of His glory, you also shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the tribes of Israel?" If St. Matthew be suffered to act as his own interpreter, through the cross-reference just mentioned, there is no other conclusion for scholarship to draw. We venture to assert, therefore, that "regeneration," in the Palestinian sense of the word, is not the proper rendering of the Greek. Though commonly accepted by modern critics as the correct translation, its accuracy is far from being exegetically established. Even were we to grant that "physical renewal" is the thought everywhere intended—a concession not capable of establishment—nothing of consequence would follow. The First Gospel does not represent the renewal and the resurrection to Judgment as immediate. It distinctly portrays them as events postponed.[17]

Does a passage somewhat kindred in St. Luke point to the "restoration" as immediate? The Lord is assuring the Twelve of future dominion in reward for their persevering

[16] Matt. xxv. 31.

[17] *St. Matthew and the Parousia,* THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1918.

loyalty, and He is quoted as saying: "You are they who have continued with Me in My trials; and I appoint to you, as My Father hath appointed unto Me a Kingdom: that you may eat and drink at My table in My Kingdom; and you shall sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel."[18] The interesting feature about this passage of St. Luke's is the textual position of the promise. In the most ancient manuscripts—the Sinaitic and the Vatican—it is reported as an *independent utterance,* over and above what was said before.[19] Jesus has just been contrasting the pagan notion of lordliness with the Kingdom of Service which He came to found.[20] He declares that He has appointed to the disciples an historical Kingdom on earth, and invested them with regal power, that they may eat and drink at His table in His heavenly Kingdom. This is to be their immediate reward, independently of their future wielding of the staff of rulership. Loyalty in suffering, service, and trial will win them a place at His banquet table of eternal life. Not until all this has been said, do we find mention made of their sitting in judgment on Israel for its rejection of the word. Clearly, it was not of any *immediate* event that Jesus spoke or His reporters understood Him to speak, when He promised that they should "sit on thrones." The promise referred to the consummated Kingdom at the end of the Messianic Era, not to the inaugurated Kingdom at the beginning, as Palestine expected.

That this was, indeed, the reference becomes even more clearly apparent when we look into the literary environment in which St. Matthew locates the promise. The context preceding is taken up with the idea of "eternal life," and the laying up of treasure "in Heaven;"[21] the context following with the Parable of the Laborers in the Vineyard.[22] The thought flows steadily in an anti-Rabbinical direction. Laborers coming into the vineyard at a later date are to enjoy rewards and privileges equal to those conferred upon the first to enter. There was, in other words, no special and exclusive advantage in being alive at the time of the Christ's coming—a thought dear to the heart of Israel, which expected Him to come but once and stay forever. Future disciples entering the Kingdom at the eleventh hour would receive the same *denarius* of eternal life,

[18] Luke xxii. 28-30. [19] καὶ καθήσεσθε, not καθῆσθε. Luke xxii. 30; Matt. xix. 28.
[20] Luke xxii. 24-27. [21] Matt. xix. 16, 21. [22] Matt. xx. 1-16.

Jesus tells them; it is not the times or seasons that count, but acceptance of the call, and this call will continue to be issued over and over again, unto the Vineyard's closing hour. God has no chosen people but the willing and the heeding.

What have we in this Parable of the Laborers in the Vineyard—corrective teaching, or the reassertion of Palestinian eschatology? Professor Allen thinks it is the latter. Its meaning is merely that "when the Kingdom *comes* (at the end of the Jewish era), God will give to all that enter His service the eternal life which He has promised them."[23] Can this statement be fitted to the text or context? Is not the thought, rather of a Final Judgment deferred, of *an historical Kingdom coming*, in which the nations are to share, before the time of the consummation? It is clear from kindred material in St. Luke that an historic process is meant. "There *shall* be the weeping and the gnashing of teeth, when you *shall* see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets in the Kingdom of God, and yourselves cast out. And *they shall come* from the east and the west, and from the north and the south, and shall sit down in the Kingdom of God. And behold, they who shall be first are last; and they who shall be last are first."[24] In the text of St. Matthew, the Saviour's statement about "the last being first and the first last" is made the subject of the parable that follows, as may be seen from the explanatory particle in the first verse,[25] and from the repetition of the phrase explained, in the last.[26] The paying-off of the laborers, beginning with the last, and the murmuring of the early comers at this equality of treatment,[27] are un-Jewish pictures of a Kingdom that shall recruit itself from among the nations —a Kingdom in which no Divine favoritism is to be shown the "chosen people."

The Saviour is here correcting the current idea that salvation is the special privilege of the Jew. St. Peter had asked Him about the recompensing of the Twelve in the resurrection to Judgment. The Lord tells him that "the Twelve shall sit on thrones, judging the tribes of Israel," and then balances this promise by the larger statement that those entering the vineyard at the eleventh hour (5:00 P.M.), shall receive the same reward as those who entered in the early morning. It

[23] *St. Matthew*, W. C. Allen, p. 214. [24] Luke xiii. 28-30. [25] γὰρ Matt xx. 1.
[26] "*Thus* shall the last be first, and the first last." Matt. xx. 16.
[27] Matt. xx. 10-11.

was the exact opposite of Palestinian expectation, this admission of the Gentiles and exclusion of the Jews; this deferral of the Judgment until the last as well as the first had an opportunity to enter the Kingdom and be saved. It is corrective teaching, therefore, not Jewish eschatology, which we find set before us in this phrase and parable. The "sitting on thrones" is an event postponed from the Kingdom's opening to its closing days. It embodies the new teaching of Jesus that salvation is to be individual and private as well as public and glorious. The former, immediately; the latter, when the Messianic Era ends.

An interesting question remains. Did the Lord ever explain what He meant by His "coming in glory," as He explained what He meant by "coming in His Kingdom?" It does not seem likely that He left His disciples to their own resources on a matter of such deep concern as the nature of His Second Coming; and the seventeenth chapter of the First Gospel appears as the occasion when this much-needed instruction was supplied. "And after six days"—a detail that shows how the Lord saw and pitied the bitterness of their disappointment at the thought that He was going to die—"Jesus taketh unto Him Peter and James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart. And He was transfigured before them. And His face shone as the sun; and His garments became white as snow. And behold, there appeared to them Moses and Elias talking with Him. And Peter answering, said to Jesus: Lord, it is good for us to be here; if Thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles, one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias. And as He was yet speaking, behold a bright cloud overshadowed them. And lo a voice out of the cloud saying: This is My Beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased: *hear ye Him.* And the disciples hearing fell upon their face, and were very much afraid."[28] It was, indeed, "good to be here," as Peter said, for this was the atmosphere of Jewish expectation, the veriest incarnation of its hopes. No wonder he proposed the raising of three monuments to the two who had led, and to Him Who was expected to lead, the people of God's choice out of their house of bondage. The new faith and the old nationalism were struggling for the mastery in Peter's soul, and it was the lat-

[28] Matt. xvii. 1-9.

ter that found a tongue. Let us not press inquiry further. History is full of like examples, and our own times are crimsoned with the issues of the struggle.

What was the purpose of the Transfiguration? To manifest His indwelling Divinity to these chosen three? To rekindle confidence in minds disheartened? This, surely, and something more, besides. Jesus had just divided His "coming in glory" [29] from His "coming in His Kingdom." He had just informed the Twelve that it was the latter, not the former event, which the generation was to see. More disappointingly still, He had just predicted His own death and theirs.[30] Occurring in such a context of shattered hopes, His statement that He was one day to return in glory stood doubly in the need of proving; it could not merely be mentioned without show of proof. And so the Lord transfigured Himself before them, not only to reveal His Divinity, not only to hearten the future preachers of His word, but, over and above all this, *to offer them a concrete and visible demonstration of the way and manner in which He was yet to come in glory for the consummation of His Kingdom.* The vision would stand them in good stead, later, when, before a hostile audience that denied all Scriptural warrant for the idea of a Second Advent, they could testify from their own personal experience that they had been witnesses of the glory in which the Lord would return as Judge. Neither they, nor the hardened public soon to hear the strangeness of their word, were to be suffered to think that the Lord's right arm was shortened, because it forbore to strike. The purpose of the Transfiguration, therefore, was to create intellectual conviction no less than to foster moral courage; to let the disciples actually behold the glory of the Father, in which, when justice had her patient, tardy day, the Son was finally to come.[31]

Nor is this interpretation ill-founded. We have the express testimony of St. Peter—one of the witnesses present—in its support. Critics of the rationalist school have long wondered why it was that the Prince of the Apostles, when challenged for proof that the Lord was again to come, should have made his appeal, not to the facts of the Resurrection and Ascension, but to the mysterious incident of the Transfigura-

[29] Matt. xvi. 27, 28. [30] Matt. xvi. 21, 24, 25.

[31] This is the interpretation of St. Chrysostom. Hom. 57 in Matt., *in initio.*

tion, instead. The difficulty ceases in the interpretation above offered. St. Peter understood the Transfiguration as a demonstrative proof of the Final Coming. His words in reply to the Judaizers plainly show that such was his understanding of its significance. "For," he says, "we have not followed *cunningly devised fables,* when we made known to you the *power and coming* of our Lord Jesus Christ, but we were made eyewitnesses of His glory. For He received from God the Father honor and glory, this voice coming down to Him from the magnificent glory: 'This is My Beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased: hear ye Him.'"[32] St. Peter then goes on to add that he has a "stronger word of prophecy" in the fact of the Transfiguration than the False Teachers can hope to claim by their private interpretation of the Scriptures.[33]

Such was the answer of St. Peter to the Judaizers and mockers, who were attempting to prove from the prophets that no Second Coming of the Christ had been foretold of God. It is a most enlightening piece of testimony. The Chief of the Twelve engages in no exegetical controversy, to establish from the prophets that the Lord is again to come. Nor does he point to the Ascension as guaranteeing the credibility of the Apostles who had preached the Second Advent. His appeal is to a fact of personal experience—that ecstatic scene which he, with James and John, had witnessed on Mount Thabor. Who shall say, therefore, in view of this pointed declaration by an eyewitness, that the understanding of the Transfiguration as an acted proof, an anticipative revelation of the Lord's power to come in glory, is without secure exegetical footing in the New Testament Scriptures?

We have come to the end of our long investigation, and this first series of studies is finished. Its particularly new results are easily summed up for the judgment of the critical. The opening study made the claim that St. Matthew's Gospel was not the restricted Palestinian world-view, which it seems to be to many, under the microscope of scholarship. The first proof offered to substantiate this audacious claim was the discovery of the meaning of Μέλλειν. It is not used in the sense of the near future at all, but to express the *prophesied necessity* of the actions or events narrated. The result of this initial discovery was another of equal import—the fact, namely, that the Lord's

[32] 2 Peter i. 16-18.

[33] 2 Peter i. 19-21.

"coming in His Kingdom" and His "coming in glory" are actually set before us as *disconnected events,* in the New Testament text. With the detailed establishment of this fact, the *precise* nature of the Lord's method of teaching disclosed itself to analysis. It was found that the Saviour taught the new under cover of the old, filling the current phrases of prophecy with a sense not had before.

"The end of the age;" "the *Parousia;*" the "coming of the Son of Man in the glory of His Father with the angels;" His "coming on the clouds;" His "coming in the name of the Lord;" and His "coming to the individual at the hour of death," are all typical instances of making a phrase that had but a single meaning in the usage of the times, carry several distinct shades of significance to the hearers. The Synoptic writers have left us every indication—grammatical, textual and critical—that they are reporting *this very method of education,* and asking us to see its wonders with them, eye to eye. What from the point of view of literary criticism, seems like a mere gluing-process of editorial comment, as, for instance, the many reported reactions of the Pharisees to the Saviour's words, is in reality a description of the *counter effects* of the new teaching, and not a recondite problem in the mechanics of composition. The clearing-up of the pedagogical element in the text led to the most surprising discovery of all—the *exact nature* of the questions asked and answered on the Mount of Olives. These were found to be Christian questions, not Jewish queries; and the Great Discourse of the twenty-fourth chapter fell at once into the simplest and most natural of divisions.

Through not undertaken with an apologetic view in mind, the investigation now brought to a temporary close offers material for a Christian apology of no uncertain value. So far as the writer's knowledge goes, this is the first time that proof has ever been offered of the *disconnection* which the Gospels establish between the end of Jerusalem and the end of the world. Hitherto the attitude has invariably been to concede the connection, and to apologize for it, either on the ground that the Lord spoke of the destruction of Jerusalem as the *figure and type* of the end of the world, or that the Evangelists, without *affirming,* nevertheless *expressed,* the common opinion of their time. A third possibility—to say no more—now opens

up: *His never having connected the events in question; His never having been reported to that effect!*

The corrective teaching of Jesus has been a commonplace of Biblical study from the beginning. Friend and foe alike have detected its existence in the Gospel pages, and at the present writing there is a discernible tendency to study Palestine less and Jesus more. But what has escaped observation all along is the *sweeping extent* to which this corrective teaching of the Lord was carried. The present writer frankly confesses that for years he never looked for it in the phrase of prophecy: *the coming of the Son of Man;* and not till overwhelming evidence revealed it *there* as elsewhere, were these studies undertaken to establish the truth of its presence. Final judgment rests, of course, with the Church; and to that tribunal, all that has been said or claimed is dutifully submitted.

Several questions are affected by the results reached, and among them the date of the Gospels. The composition of any of the Synoptic writings much before 70 A.D. has been denied of late, because of the so-called "small Apocalypse"[34] existing in all three, and set down for a common source from which the several writers drew. Professors Wendt, Weiffenbach, Pfleiderer, Schmiedel, Wellhausen, Holtzmann, Loisy and Moffat, to mention no others, post-date the appearance of the Gospels, largely on account of this supposed "Synoptic Apocalypse." Their position will have to be reviewed. The texts quoted to prove the existence of this subsidiary source are really Christ's *reported teaching to the contrary.* The *corrected and corrective phraseology* of the Synoptics has been mistaken for a tract of the apocalyptic propaganda in vogue about the year 70, when the war clouds were gathering over Israel, and the long promised "end" seemed nigh. Only a very small fraction of the texts thus incriminated is apocalyptic; *and even in this small fraction, the end of the world is not portrayed as impending, but as indefinitely postponed.*[35] Those who think that "in a private conversation with two or three disciples, Jesus would speak in a sustained style of

[34] Matt. xxiv. 6-8; Mark xiii. 7-8; Luke xxi. 9-11; Matt. xxiv. 15-22; Mark xiii. 14-20; Luke xxi. 20-24; Matt. xxiv. 29-31; Mark xiii. 24-27; Luke xxi. 25-27, 28.

[35] Matt. xxiv. 29-31; Mark xiii. 24-27; Luke xxi. 25-27, 28.—Nor is Luke xviii. 8—"Shall the Son of Man coming find faith on the earth (?)?"—a reference to the Final Advent. It should be translated "in the land," not "on the earth." See ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς in Luke xxi. 23. The "Son of Man *coming*" means the destruction of Jerusalem ἐν τάχει.

eschatological commonplace," or be actually reported to that effect, have made "a tether out of a hair," and missed the distinctive psychology of the Gospels, in their excessive devotion to the principles of literary criticism.

The Saviour had to teach His new doctrine of the Kingdom in current phrases that had long been wrested to another meaning. The thought in all minds, the phrase on all lips, was "the drawing nigh of the Kingdom of God," and the "coming of the *glorious* Son of Man." Jesus begins His ministry by preaching the former; He continues and ends it by a long educative process in regard to the latter. Because He used the current expressions to convey His new revelation—He would have secured no hearing had He done otherwise—critics leap to the conclusion that His employment of the terms of the day reveals the *source and limitation* of His personal knowledge, and affords a clue to the intelligence of His reporters. On this fallacious criterion a whole mountain of adverse criticism has been reared, which topples at once with the detection of the fallacy that contributed to its rearing—the fallacy of confounding a chosen *means* of expression with the *thought* actually expressed. Take the sum of the quotations of Jesus. A mere glance will suffice to show that even if the *language* employed be Palestinian, the *thought* behind it is of an altogether different origin, plane and range. Let us gather these texts, with no attempt at order. The originality of their *applications* is not diminished, but increased, by a random gathering.

"So shall it be *at the end of the age.* The Son of Man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather *out* of *His* Kingdom all scandals and them that work iniquity." [36] "*Then* shall the just shine as the sun in the Kingdom of *their Father.*" [37] "The Son of Man shall come *in the glory of His Father* with the angels; and *then* shall He render to every man according to his works." [38] "Amen I say to you, there are some of them that stand by, who shall not taste death, till they see the Son of Man *coming in His Kingdom.*" [39] "To him that hath (My word of the Kingdom), it shall be given, and he shall abound; but from him that hath not, even that which he hath shall be taken away." [40] "If I wish him (St. John) to remain *till I come,* what is it to thee?" [41] "He that perse-

[36] Matt. xiii. 41. [37] Matt. xiii. 43. [38] Matt. xvi. 27.
[39] Matt. xvi. 28. [40] Matt. xiii. 12; xxv. 29. [41] John xxi. 22.

vereth unto the (?) *end*, the same shall be saved."[42] "Where the *body* is, there shall the *eagles* be gathered."[43] "He that saveth his life (by denying Me), shall lose it; and he that loseth his life (for confessing Me), shall find it."[44] "But there are first who shall be last, and last who shall be first."[45] "*Amen I say to you*, in the regeneration when the Son of Man shall sit on the throne of His glory, you also shall sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel."[46] "You shall not see Me *henceforth* until you say: Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."[47] "But if the master of the house knew at what hour *the thief* was *coming*, he would have watched, and not have allowed his house to be broken through."[48] "Be ye therefore also ready, for at an hour that you *think not*, the Son of Man will come."[49] "Let your loins be girt, and lamps burning in your hands; and you yourselves like unto men who are waiting for their Lord when He shall return from the Marriage Feast; that when He cometh and knocketh, they may open to Him immediately."[50] "But when the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the angels with Him, then shall He sit on the throne of His glory, and all the nations shall be *gathered* before Him."[51] Who would dare maintain that this entire assemblage of texts referred to the Second Advent, or was understood as so referring by the exceptionally acute people, to whose "apperceptive masses" the Lord addressed His word?

And that suggestive picture: "The Lord said to My Lord: Sit Thou on my right hand, until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool"[52]—a picture repeated before the judges at the trial, in the impressive words: "Furthermore, I say to you, you shall see the Son of Man *sitting*[53] on the right hand of Power and *coming* on the clouds of heaven,"[54]—what is this but a pictorial and summary denial of all that Palestine expected concerning the King and the Kingdom that were to come? His *sitting at* the right hand of the Almighty and His "coming on the clouds" at the same time, are so expressed

[42] Matt. xxiv. 13. [43] Matt. xxiv. 28. [44] Matt. xvi. 25.
[45] Luke xiii. 30; Matt. xix. 30; xx. 16. [46] Matt. xix. 28.
[47] Matt. xxiii. 39. [48] Matt xxiv. 43. [49] Matt. xxiv. 44.
[50] Luke xii. 35, 36. [51] Matt xxv. 31.
[52] Matt. xxii. 44. Comp. St. Paul, 1 Cor. xv. 25. δεῖ γὰρ αὐτὸν βασιλεύειν. Also Eph. i. 22 and Ps. viii. 6.
[53] The thought behind the Hebrew imagery—"sitting at the right hand"—is *supreme judicial power.* [54] Matt. xxvi. 64.

as to signify His reigning in Heaven and the progressive triumph of His Kingdom on earth. The grammar of the verse definitely settles the fact that the "coming on the clouds" [55] is *progressive,* not a single event; and if the reader will consult the Lord's answer to the second question of the disciples on Mount Olivet: "What shall be the sign of Thy coming (in Thy Kingdom)?" [56] he will find that the answer of the Master is much broader than the discipular query. The four who put the question understood the "coming" as a *single* event—the destruction of Jerusalem. The Saviour does not take it in this limited sense. He speaks of it as the progressive announcement of His Gospel in the whole inhabited earth, and declares that there shall be much false teaching even to the very end.[57] He forecasts the history of His Kingdom, not only during the Jewish period, but beyond it to the consummation of the Messianic Era; and He treats Jerusalem as a mere incident in the world-process that is still to be—a fact which St. Matthew distinctly brings out, by inserting three additional verses which he previously omitted when describing the future history of the Kingdom unto the end of the Jewish times.[58]

It is not to His Second Advent, therefore, but to the *visible triumph* of His Kingdom, that Jesus is referring, when He declares that His participation in Divine power and honor will be made manifest to His judges *from that time forth.*[59] The High Priest rose and rent His robes at this assertion. It was nothing short of blasphemy in his holden eyes. And the second part of the Lord's avowal—the reference to His "progressive coming on the clouds"—was equally disconcerting. Expert that he was in the literature of prophecy, Caiphas could not have failed to notice how the Lord had divided the vision of Daniel,[60] disconnecting the "coming on the clouds" from the expected "earthly reign of glory," and *rejecting eschatology for history!* Jesus solemnly affirmed before His judges that He would reign in Heaven and triumph in His Kingdom on earth. *His*

[55] Compare Apoc. i. 7 with Matt. xxvi. 64. [56] Matt. xxiv. 4-14.

[57] Matt. xxiv. 11. Compare Matt. xxvi. 13. Nor is St. Paul's use of κόσμος against us here. [58] Matt. xxiv. 10-12; x. 16-23.

[59] ἀπ' ἄρτι. Matt. xxvi. 64. Three times used by St. Matthew in the same sense. Matt. xxiii. 39; xxvi. 29; xxvi. 64. St. Luke has: ἀπὸ τοῦ νῦν. xxii. 69. *Cf. The Theology of the New Testament,* Stevens, p. 158; *St. Mark,* Gould, p. 252; and Professor Allen's embarrassment at the grammer of the verse. *St. Matthew,* Allen. p. 284.

[60] Dan. vii. 13-14.

was not the world-view of the folk who sat in judgment on His word.

Of all the pictures in the Gospel, this of the *sitting* and the *coming* is the most far-reaching and instructive, especially when put through the double test of verification which we fortunately possess in the Lord's interpretation of the *Dixit Dominus* and in the manner of His answer to the second question of the disciples on the Mount of Olives. *Il a prêché le Royaume, mais c'est l'Église qui est venue,* says Loisy; and so long as the existence of a Synoptic Apocalypse was admitted, it seemed a difficult matter to prove scientifically that Christ identified the "Kingdom" and the "Church." But with the disestablishment of the supposed Apocalypse, and the discovery of history where eschatology only was thought to be, the two terms, so long kept apart by criticism, instantly rejoined each other, and the apparent gap between them closed of itself.[61] *Jesus preached the Church, and it was the Church that came.* The Kingdom and the Church are one!

Christ spoke of His "coming" in four different senses. He said that the Son of Man would come in power at the end of Israel; in glory at the end of the Messianic Age; in salvation or rejection to the individual at death; and—as has just been shown—in His *historical Church,* the growth of which He assured His judges they would see *from that time forth.* Such are the results which the present investigation has found, after distilling each conclusion, drop by drop, through a triple process of analysis—grammatical, contextual, and critical. In the opinion of the present writer, whatever may be the fate of particular parts of the investigation, the main line of the thought discovered will actually be found *present* in the Greek text, inwoven into its very fibre, and not read into it from without. It is not a question of *who saw it, but whether it is there.* And for its being there, we have the express assurance of Jesus, Who taught us to look for its presence in advance. When He first transferred the phrase "end of the age," from the Old Kingdom of Israel to the coming "Kingdom of Heaven," the Twelve were so surprised that they asked Him for an explanation. Jesus gave it. He told them that "every scribe instructed

[61] Matt. xvi. 18, 19. Notice the identification of "My Church" in v. 18 with the "Kingdom of Heaven" in v. 19. Compare xviii. 17.—The supposition that St. Matthew was written late, because it would take some time for the first Christians to realize the difference between the βασιλεία and the ἐκκλησία is without foundation.

in the Kingdom of Heaven is like to a householder, who bringeth forth out of his treasure *new things and old.*[62] It was the description of His *method of teaching.* He would use the old phrases of prophecy in new senses. He would fill the old bottles with new wine. And the present investigation, above and beyond all things else, shows how masterfully He redeemed His pledge.

A BLAZE OF SILVER.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

In the dim autumn morn I sought the place
Where bides the Blessed Presence evermore,
Where children bow and penitents adore.
The world was silver, as I neared apace
That blazing Centre! For a frost, to grace
That Sacrament of love, had gone before
My poor, unwary soul to win it o'er
To purer vision and more glad embrace.

For every grass-blade, every feathery spray
Dead blooms and stars irradiant glistening white
Caught the first sunbeams, till the shining way—
First filmed and then bejeweled—was a sight
For Seraphim, who view with loving eyes
Each gleam that links our world with Paradise.

[62] Matt. xiii. 52.—μαθητευθείς. "Every scribe who hath become a disciple in the Kingdom of Heaven."

THE FOOL OF GOD.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

THE PERSONS:

Francis of Assisi.
Pietro Bernadone, his father.
The Bishop of Assisi.
The Chaplain of San Damiano.
Scribio, a clerk.
Antonio, a beggar.
Basilio, a leper.

THE SCENE:

A summer morning in the cloth-shop of Bernadone at Assisi. A view of the town through the Gothic window at back. Doors, right, and left—at right, opening to the warehouse; at left to the street. Back centre, a tall desk, littered with papers and samples of cloth; also a high bench before the desk.

(*Scribio is heard singing off stage, in the warehouse. He enters with a broom, sweeping; and crosses to the street door.*)

Scribio: *So what care I, whate'er befall,*
God's in His Heaven over all,
For Him I do whate'er I do,
And make a song about it too!
There Messer Dustheap! There my dancing dandy!
And out you go, out in the merry sunshine
To ride on the morning wind. Why, Messer Francis,
Who taught me how to sing—he says himself
There's no time you can find the Good God quicker
Than in the early morning. So!—away! (*He sends the dust flying.*)

(*Enter Pietro Bernadone from the street, in the face of Scribio's dust-cloud. He storms in angrily.*)

Bernadone: You noisy dog! You lazy hound! What mean you,
Pitching the dirt of the floor in your master's eyes?

And so you're at your sweeping at this hour, eh?—
When every other shop in the street is open
And humming long ago! (*He tweaks Scribio's ear.*)

Scribio: O, master, master,
Be not so hard upon me! Master, master,
I'm but a poor young clerk—

Bernadone (*going to the desk*): Ho! Clerk, indeed—
With last night's dust still on the counting table!
Can I not trust you for an hour? By the saints,
I can trust no one more! Clerk—good for nothing!
Servant—a stupid! And the two in one
To make a fool! And then, to cap the bargain,
A son that's fool and good-for-nothing both!
What are you mumbling there? Some of the prayers
That gadabout Francis has been teaching you,
I'll warrant!

Scribio: Nay, 'twas but a little song
I was remembering—

Bernadone: Ay, songs—and prayers—
'Tis all you're good for since that pious gabbler
Of mine came home. I would to Heaven he'd stayed
In France, with his troubadours, nor ever come
Chanting his chants about my dizzy ears
To wear the old days out of me! Where is he now?
Where is young Francis now? Speak! fool!

Scribio: Nay, master,
I do not know! I heard him in the dawn
Go singing by the window. 'Twas just sunrise,
And he on the road that takes you from the town
Out toward the forest—

Bernadone: Ay, that's it, that's it—
Off making serenades to the birds of the wood,
And I here breaking my palsied back to lay
A fortune by for him! I'm done with it!
I'll put an end to this today! Be off!
Find him and bring him here! Did I not tell you
That I must ride this morning to Foligno?

Scribio: Not to Foligno, master? Why, you said—

Bernadone: Another word like that from you, you stupid,
And I'll clout *you* to Foligno, all the way,
And hand you back to your beggar of a father!

Scribio: No! master! no! O! what have I done now,
What have I said? Please, Messer Bernadone!

Bernadone: Then keep your mouth tight—and remember this:
Whoever asks you, whosoever queries,
Your master's ridden to Foligno. So!
You understand me?

Scribio: Ay;—but master—master—

Bernadone: But me no buts, but see that yonder door
Into the warehouse there is left unlocked—
Ajar—like that—do you mark? I'll keep my eye
On you, remember!

Scribio: But the Bishop, master?
The Bishop himself may come today; and what—
What may I say to him?

Bernadone: I'll bishop you!
Was ever a half-wit so half-made as you!
What think you then I ride to Foligno for
If not for this—your Bishop and his coming?
Have I not told you, ay, a dozen times?
You are to say to him, your master's ridden
Off to Foligno. Let me hear you say it!
Come now! Speak up—as if I were his lordship
The Bishop of Assisi! Come—"Your Lordship,
My master has gone—"

Scribio: "Your Lordship"—Nay, but master,
And if you go not to Foligno, sir,
Though you do say that you do go to Foligno—
Why sir, is that not telling a lie? And Francis,
Young Messer Francis, only yesterday,
Talked of the sin of lying.

Bernadone: Saints in Heaven!
Am I to endure a witless goose like this?
May I not ride where I list, you fool, or stay
Or go as I will, or say I go or come,
Without some mumbling priest to sit upon it,
The saying or the going? If the Good God
That you're so fond of prating of, perforce
Must send to me this double-dark affliction—
A fool for a son, a simpleton for a servant,
May I not keep an eye on them, to save me
From beggary—and bishops, with their funds,
Their chapels and their building and restoring?
I've nothing for your bishop—nothing, nothing!
Therefore I've ridden off—gone for the day.

You hear? You understand? And mark you this—
If you do by the wink of an eye betray me,
Or let that door be closed, you'll whine for it,
You cackling hen! Now get you gone and fetch me
That brother fool of yours! Hark! There he goes,
Like a loud clown singing along the street!

(*Francis is heard singing in the street. He enters, bringing with him into the dusty shop a burst of sunlight and radiant summer air. He is a comely youth, richly dressed in the best fashion of the day.*)

Francis: *God's in His Heaven, what care I!*
For Him I live, for Him I'd die!
Or joy or sorrow come my way
I'll make a song about it!

(*He stops short on seeing his father.*)

Oh—father—

Bernadone: Well! And it's time you put an end
To your unseemly noise. Get to your tasks!
Here is the desk piled with accounts and letters,
And you in the streets, like some mad troubadour
Shouting your psalms!

Francis: Nay, good my father, listen!
'Twas not a psalm. 'Twas only a little song,
A song of my own making. See—it goes
This wise at first—

Bernadone: You and your songs! Be silent!
You'll split my ears—you'll break my heart! Be still!
Once I could find no key to keep you in
Gadding about, carousing in the night;
Now 'tis the busy daylight that you spoil
With noise and idleness!

Francis: Not spoil, my father!
'Twas but a little serenade of joy
I'd sing to our good Father God in Heaven
To pay a little for the hours I once
Was wont to waste at night with rioters,
Sinners and folly-makers—

Bernadone: Done! Have done!
Begin me now none of your pious prating!
Get to your work here! And look you, keep to it!

I'm off to Foligno for the day; (*To Scribio*) Remember
Foligno—for the day! Come! To the desk!
Here's a whole sheaf of letters in the French—
Let your poor learning leastways earn me a penny!
And here are accounts upon accounts to check;
And there'll be custom humming too, today.
And keep the beggars and the paupers out!
I'll have none of your rags and tatters here,
That are forever at your heels. Come now—
To work!

Francis: But father, is not this the day
The Bishop was to come—

Bernadone: What? Am I never
To hear the end of the Bishop? I have nothing
For him or his ruin of a chapel—so
I'm to Foligno (*to Scribio*) for the day, you hear?
(*He starts away.*)

Francis: So be it, father. All is well! The keys?

Bernadone: The keys? Think you I'll leave the chests wide open
For you to spill for any mendicant
Comes crying at the door? There's coin enough
There in the desk to serve the day's trade out.
To work now! Both of you! (*He goes out leading Scribio off by the ear.*)
Quick step, you witless!

Francis: Yes, father, yes! Alas, but my poor father—
That he should always be in anger with me!
Good Messer God in Heaven knows I strive
To please him—yet he hath no faith in me,
No faith, no trust! 'Tis only in his riches
He puts his faith. O, were I not a man,
My father, I could weep for you, to think
What grief, what care, you put upon yourself
For sake of a little silver profit!—This!
(*He fingers a handful of coins on the desk.*)
Nay, but 'twould serve me better, and serve him
To pray for him, not weep for him!

(*The street door opens stealthily, and Antonio, a beggar, enters. He peers shyly about, then comes forward, touching Francis on the arm.*)

Francis: What, you?
It is my poor Antonio of the Wood!
What has befallen you now?

Antonio: Good Messer Francis,
Only that I—that I am hungry again.
I have had naught to eat since yestereve.

Francis: But did I not give money—ay, and food—
To you last night, Antonio?

Antonio: So you did,
God blessing you for it! And the food—you saw
How hotly I did relish that!

Francis: But the money?

Antonio: There was another hungrier than I,
In sorrier rags,—a leper by the road.

Francis: A leper? By the San Damiano road?
Blessed Antonio, how you do shame me then!
For I too saw that leper by the road
This very morning, I in the sunlight singing;
Passing him by—and yet so loathsome to me
His running sores, so dread the ghastly pallor
Upon his deathly face, I turned me away,
Blind to his misery, deafening my ears
To all his sorry moaning. I turned—I ran—
I threw him not even a little coin.
And you gave him your all! So shall I give
My all to you! (*He gives Antonio his purse, the beggar protesting.*)
Nay, all, Antonio, all!
How could I ever sing to God again,
Did I not give you all, remembering
How richly you've outdone me in charity?

Antonio: Messer Francesco, nay, not all, not all!
One silver bit's enough; for there be others
More needy even than I—

Francis: Then you, my brother,
Shall be their almoner. Nay, you must take it;
And go and share it with others as you will.
Make haste now! Someone comes! Mayhap my father.

(*Francis puts Antonio out the street door as Scribio enters from the warehouse.*)

Francis: You, Scribio! See how you set me trembling,
For thinking 'twas my father had returned

To catch me giving alms!—so sorrily
Doth he distrust me. Hath he ridden away?
Gone to Foligno?

Scribio: Ay, he's gone—he's gone!
Did you not hear his horse a-hoofing it
Out in the court? Did you not hear the clatter
The master made of it, that you might know
He's gone to Foligno for the day—Foligno,
And nowhere else!

Francis: What mean you, Scribio?
Nay, I heard nothing—save the Voice of God
Shaming my selfishness! Antonio
The beggar of the Wood was here again.

Scribio: You did not give him money, Messer Francis?
O, have a care of what you do this day,
Good Messer Francis—

Francis: Why, you do mean something—
What is it, Scribio? You are distressed,
For my sake you are troubled! Ah, I see—
My father has set poor Scribio to watch
Upon me while he's gone! Is that it?

Scribio: Nay—
On my good word it is not that, young master!
You would not think that your poor Scribio
Could spy upon you?

Francis: But one must obey,
And one must tell the truth, good Scribio.

Scribio: But I am telling the truth, good Messer Francis—
That is—I—O, forgive! I am afraid!

Francis: Nay; one should be afraid of the devil only!

Scribio: I am afraid mayhap Messer your father—
Might it not then befall that he would change
His mind about Foligno? Or—or might he
Remember something that would bring him back—
What am I saying!

Francis: You are saying folly,
Folly, good Scribio! You know my father!—
If to Foligno he would go, then mark you
To Foligno he will go—and for good gain!
Rest you assured of that! Besides, remember
The Bishop is abroad today to gather
Funds for the ruin of San Damiano:
Therefore my father profits prettily
Out of the Bishop's way! Moreover, see—

All is secure! There is the chest—secure!
The keys—secure! sare on the road to Foligno!
I know my father!

Scribio: Ay, but have a care
Of what you do, of what you say!

Francis: Rest easy!
I'll have a care—thanks to my father's care!
Nor think you that I want in reverence:
'Tis not my father's lack of love for me,
But his too ready love for gold and gain,
That doth assail my soul with bitterness!—
That greed that putteth hunger on the famished,
Strips the poor beggar of his shivering rags—
Ay, and would strip the very sanctuary
To leave it all unroofed! It is that greed
That sets its ferret eye upon me, go,
Come, sing, pray, toil, or do I what I may!
So, watch me close, poor Scribio.

Scribio: Nay, nay!

Francis: What harm then can I do, unless I break
Open the chests and take my patrimony
Therefrom, to give the poor?

Scribio: What are you saying?
Good Messer Francis, do not that I pray you!

Francis (laughing): Scribio! Have no fear! So—there, I promise!
I will not break the chests!

Scribio: That would be—thieving!
That would be robbery!

Francis: But no—it would not:
By my own right, and by my mother's right,
There are a thousand florins there in gold
That I may do with as I please—

Scribio: Good master,
It is the devil tempting you!

Francis: One thousand
Bright golden florins! Mother of God, I would
I had them now—today—(*A knocking is heard at the street door.*)

Scribio: A customer!

Francis: Quick, to the door!

Scribio (opening the door ceremoniously): Enter, good sir, and welcome
In Messer Pietro Bernadone's name—

(Basilio the Leper enters: his face is deathly; his bared breast, his hands and his arms are scarred with the ghastly sores of his disease.)

Basilio: Unclean! unclean!
Scribio: You? You? Out with you, out!
You filthy thing!
Basilio (turning away): Unclean! Unclean!
Francis (thrusting Scribio aside): Nay, nay!
Come back! Come back! O Scribio, you also
Turn him away! I too, unhappy man,
I too once turned a deaf ear to your cry,
Forgive me; Brother Leper!
Basilio: Touch me not!
Nay touch me not! I am unclean! unclean!
'Twas but to speak my gratitude to you
I dared to step upon your doorway here.
I am Basilio, whom Antonio
Helped with your charity.
Francis: But still you tremble
And shiver in the cold! So—you shall have
A cloak to cover you. *(Francis takes off his own cloak and puts it around Basilio.)*
'Tis yours, my brother.
And warmly may it shield you from the wind.
Scribio (with a fearful eye on the warehouse door):
I do beseech you, have a care, young master!
Basilio: Ay ,sir, the lad is right: I must not take it!
Yet who would touch it now, since it hath touched
My sorry foulness!
Francis: I would! I would! Nay,
The cloak is yours; and by this selfsame token
You shall know how I grieve because, unthinking,
Once I did turn away from you and coldly
Refuse your poor beseeching.
Basilio: I am unclean!
Francis: And you shall also give to me a token
That I may know how you have pardoned me.
(Francis kneels to the leper.)
Say that you pardon me; for 'twas against
The merciful Christ Himself, Who healed the lepers,
I sinned when I did pass you by!
Basilio: Nay,—nay—

Scribio: You must not kneel to him! You must not touch him!

Francis: He is my brother. He shall see my spirit
Broken, and all my wicked pride cast down!
Good Brother Leper, kind Basilio,
Grant me one favor, and I shall remember
You and your name in gratitude and gladness
Forever and forever! Let me embrace you,
Even as Christ Our Saviour would have done: (*He embraces Basilio and kisses him.*)
Ah, now, indeed, I know I am forgiven!

Basilio: Nay, let me go! It is against the law!
I am unclean! I am unclean! Unclean! (*He breaks away from Francis and runs out.*)

Scribio (*closing the door after him*): Ugh! May the saints preserve you and purify you,
Good Messer Francis! Saw you ever such sores,
Such black corruption in a face?

Francis (*enraptured*): I saw
The light of Christ's face in his countenance!
Yea, 'twas the Christ Himself Who smiled upon me
Through those so sorrowful eyes—'twas Christ Himself!

Scribio (*listening at the warehouse door*): What if your father even yet should come,
Returning on us?

Francis: Ah—my father! Yes,
He would be very angry, Scribio:
He would not understand. (*He returns to the desk.*)
What said my father
Of these two bills 'gainst Baron Cosimo?
See, they are due this day and date. Perchance
It was for this that he went to Foligno?

Scribio (*still with an ear to the warehouse door*):
Ay, Messer Francis, ay; perchance it was. (*There comes a knocking outside the street door and a "Halloo!"*)

Francis: A customer!

Scribio: Belike, another beggar!

Francis: Give him a mite, then, if it be a beggar!
But see, I've not a farthing left—unless,
Indeed, I draw upon my patrimony, (*He takes a few coins from the desk*),

And so I shall! Here, give the poor man this, Scribio!

Scribio: No, I dare not, Messer Francis! (*The hallooing is heard again.*)

Francis: Take it, I bid you, and make haste!

Scribio: Well, well!
'Tis not my doing! And whoever he be,
He's a proud beggar, with his hallooing
And pounding at the gate! (*Exit.*)

Francis (*writing at the desk and counting off more money*):
So—it is charged
Against my patrimony. Am I not
A strict accountant! (*Scribio reënters, carrying a bag of money, and grinning broadly.*)

Scribio: There's your beggar for you!—
Old Baron Moneybags, no less, and he
Riding a steed that paws the sun for fire!
The bill—the bill of Baron Cosimo!

Francis: The Baron Cosimo himself? (*He takes the money and signs the bills.*)

Scribio: Nay, not himself:
Some underling who calls himself a steward,
And would not put his foot out of the stirrup
To bend his neck under a common door!
The way he tongued at me! Give him his bill
Ere he comes riding roughshod through the window!

Francis: Then show him—thus: the full account is cancelled
And stricken out; and there, my father's *grazia,*
Signed with my name—my best of flourishes!
And make him your most courteous bow. Be quick! (*Scribio hurries out. Francis counts the money.*)

Francis: Two thousand florins—gold—bright yellow gold!
O little shining suns of fortune,
What wealth of happiness could you not bring
To many a hungry, many a suffering soul!
And you were mine, so, presto, should you go—
Ay, like a shower of sunlight in the dark—
To make the wretched smile again through their tears,
To make the grieving and the heavy-hearted

Look up and laugh once more! Two thousand florins—
Why, twice my patrimony! And what if I
Should take you—now? Is it a wrongful thought,
Good Messer God?

(*Scribio enters.*)

Francis: What think you, Scribio:
Would it be wrong—is it a wrongful thought—
That I should take out of this money-bag
The sum of my own patrimony?

Scribio (*terrified*): What—
What are you saying, Messer Francis? Oh,
What are you thinking of? (*He runs to the warehouse door, where he stands listening in fright.*)
And would you have me sent away and driven
Back to my drunken father in Foligno?

Francis: Nay, my good Scribio, why take such fright?
Why should you be driven back to Foligno?
How came it too, I wonder, that my father
Met not the Baron's steward on the road?
He'll be surprised—O, he'll be pleased, I'll warrant,
When he returns tonight and sees the gold
I've taken in! Yet half of it is mine,
Half rightly mine, did I but claim it. See—
How I've divided it. Look, Scribio—

Scribio: O, have a care!

Francis: See, all of this is mine—
Less this small silver, counted for the coin
I took for the beggar—who is yet to come!

Scribio (*giving Francis the coin*): I had forgotten it. I would not touch it!

Francis: One thousand florins for a patrimony. . . .
Always my father is displeased with me;
From morning until night there is a cloud
Of anger on his countenance against me.
Or if I sing—or if I pray—the same!
He does not love me. It were better that I
Once and for all were done with it and gone!
Yet, scold as he might, when I was wont to ride
With gallants and carousers of the town,
Spending his gold like water for gay dress,
Feasting and folly, giving the night hours o'er

To empty nothingness, the day to sloth—
Still did he take a pride in me, and talked
Of knighthood—and of purchasing a title!
O, folly, folly!—to spend my heritage
On trappings and a crest, when with it now
The hungry might be fed, the naked clothed;
Ay, and an altar even be set up
In San Damiano's ruined fane—an altar
Where the sweet food of Christ's divine bright body
Would nourish hungry souls! He laughs at that,
He frowns on that. And so, because the Bishop
Would ride abroad today to beg an alms
For that dear fallen sanctuary, my father
Perforce must also ride abroad—to hide!
To hide him in Foligno for the day!
I am ashamed. O Scribio, I would
My patrimony were, indeed, mine own,
Free in my hand—that I might go unfettered
To live the life I'd love! Here I'm not wanted.
'Twere better far I get me gone from here!

Scribio: Nay, Messer Francis, Nay! What would become
Of Scribio, and you were gone? You only
Are kind to me, you only are gentle, good—

Francis: O Messer God in Heaven, make it plain!
Is this but a temptation of the devil;
Or is it in truth Thy Voice that calls to me?
O, Scribio, pray for me! I am afraid!
I know not what to do. For I have come
Upon the crossroads of my life; nor know
Whither to turn: or shall I still stay on
Serving my father, ever in displeasure;
Or shall I speak him plain, demanding from him
My heritage—and go?—and so, be done!
If but some sign were given me;—if only
The Bishop, indeed, were come, were near me now—
He who so intimately knows my soul,
My every thought; who guides me, counsels me. . .
So! I will go to him! You, Scribio,
Shall care for my father's shop the while I run
Up to the Bishop's house—

Scribio: No! no! You shall not!
I'll not be left alone! What if your father

Should now, indeed, return, and find you gone?
Gone to the Bishop's house? Or what if robbers—

Francis: What, robbers in the daylight? Scribio!
Then we shall lock the doors. (*He goes to the warehouse door.*)

Scribio: Not—not that door!
O, not that door, good Messer Francis, no!
It must be open—to—to air the shop!

Francis (*locking the door*): Surely your wits have flown you, Scribio!
To air the shop? There's the street door for that!
Keep a close eye on it; make your best bow
To every customer.

Scribio (*distracted*): Oh, Messer Francis!

Francis: There's someone coming now! Go on—

Scribio (*opening the street door*): Yes! Yes!
Enter and welcome to the shop of Messer—
Oh! Oh! It is the Bishop! The Bishop himself!
(*Scribio kneels in confusion.*)

Francis (*duly greeting the Bishop*): Good my Lord Bishop, bless your son Francesco!

Bishop: Arise, my son. Blessings upon this house
And all who bide in it.

Francis (*greeting the Chaplain*): And warmest welcome
To the good Chaplain of San Damiano.

Bishop: Alas, San Damiano!—that it has
Nothing now left to it but its good Chaplain:
No roof, no altar—even its walls are falling.
Soon it will be a sorry ruin indeed,
Unless the faithful who so long have found
Soul-shelter in its hallowed sanctuary
Shall join together to restore it—mend
At least its broken roofs!

Francis: Let me be one
To help, Lord Bishop! See! My hand is strong,
My arm is able. Let me be among
The workmen who shall make San Damiano
Rise beautiful before the sun again,
Its spires to catch the light, like signals burning
From Heaven's topmost towers!

Scribio: You, Messer Francis?
Nay, my Lord Bishop, you will not permit it!
His hands are far too fine for such a task!

Francis: They can be roughened at no better toil.

Bishop: It is not workmen that we are in need of—
Nay; for an army of stout toilers waits
The word that forthwith, summoning them in,
Shall set them singing at their tools and trade,
Giving them honest bread for honest labor;
It is not workmen that we need, but money.
And for the want of it, good men go hungry,
And God is mocked!

Francis: O, money, money! Then
Let me give money, if so with my hands
I may not toil, set timber upon timber,
Stone upon stone. I have my patrimony—

Bishop: It is your worthy father I have come
To see, my son. He is a man of riches.
His trading prospers, and God's blessing seems
To rest upon his roof. Assuredly
Out of his bounty he will give to us.
May we not speak with him?

Francis: He is not here;
He is away, my lord—

Scribio (speaking loudly, for the ear of Bernadone): Ay, he has gone
To Foligno for the day!

(The warehouse door is rattled. Scribio starts toward it, but Francis detains him.)

Francis: Nay, it is nothing!
Good my Lord Bishop, and I beg of you
That you shall put a very special blessing
On Scribio here, to cure him of his trembling.
He is afraid of even Brother Wind
Whispering at the keyhole!

Scribio: Messer Francis!

Bishop: So? To Foligno then your father's gone?
Was it not Messer Bernadone's horse
We saw then in the courtyard as we entered?

Francis: It could not be; for at an early hour
My father rode away; and not till nightfall
Will he return.

Bishop: We counted heavily
Upon his help; for now we are in straits!
Not only do the workers wait upon us,
Crying for bread; not only does the church,
Fallen to ruin, shame us all our days;
But now our treasury is emptied all

With giving of alms and feeding of the poor—
Yet by this hour tomorrow the money-lenders
From whom we long ago were forced to beg
Loan upon loan—tomorrow they must be paid!
And, save your father, there is no one else
Whom we may turn to in our hour of need:
For all have given of their means but he—
Even the poor have offered up their mites—
Even Antonio, the beggar of the Wood—
Yes, and Basilio the wandering leper—
Brought their poor farthings! Yet there still remains
A thousand florins to be paid.

Francis: A thousand—
One thousand florins, to be paid? The sum
And total of my patrimony! So!
It shall be paid! It is a sign, a sign! (*He rushes to the desk and begins to scoop up money, pouring it into a bag.*)

Bishop: A sign? What can you mean, my son?

Chaplain: My lord,
May it not be an answer to our prayer?

Francis: It is a sign from God! Ay, and an answer
To my prayer and to yours. Good my Lord Bishop,
You entered here this morning on the heels
Of my desire for you; is it not so,
Good Scribio? For I had scarcely said,
"O that the Bishop were but near me now
To counsel me in my perplexity;"
And I had scarcely turned my face to go
In haste to your own house—when lo, you entered
There at the door! So, out of a blue sky
This selfsame morning came this bag of gold—
Enough and more to pay me my heritage,
Which waits upon my mere demanding it.
I shall demand it then; and it shall be yours!
Yours for San Damiano—for the poor—
Yours as you will!

Scribio (*holding tight to the warehouse door*): O, Messer Francis, wait!
Brother Wind doth make an unholy noise
Here at the keyhole! (*He listens to Bernadone whispering vociferously through the keyhole, struggling to get the lock turned.*)

Francis: It is yours,
My Lord. (*He offers the money.*)
Bishop: Hold, my son, hold; and are you sure, indeed?
And is the money yours, indeed, to give?
Francis: To the least counted scruple it is mine—
Mine, and I want it not, I'll have it not;
Mine, or to give or keep. O, let me give it,
Straight to our Father God, and I'll be happy!
Scribio (*still struggling with the door*): No, Messer Francis! . . . Yes, I am opening it! (*Bernadone bursts the door open and storms angrily in.*)
Bernadone: Open, I say . . . Well, and what folly's this? (*He strides to Francis, seizing him by the shoulder and laying his hand on the money-bag.*)
Pardon, Lord Bishop; but this son of mine—
Francis: His lordship hath not been saluted, father!
Bishop: All in due time, my son.
Bernadone: Yes, in due time!
We'll settle first this talk I hear. What means it?
Whence came this money?
Francis: From Baron Cosimo.
You scarce had ridden to Foligno—
Bernadone: Well—
From Baron Cosimo? How comes it then
That you so freely are dispensing it?
Lord Bishop, you belike would call me rich,
And count on me for a fat purse to give?
Yet how, I ask you, may a man keep roof
Over his head—much less, mend chapel roofs!—
With such a fool as this to call him father?—
A son who'd spill my coffers on the wind
Fill every beggar's paw with my good silver
Stuff every beggar's belly with my bread—
Bishop: Peace, peace, my son! There is no need of anger.
Bernadone: What! When a lad whom you perforce must leave
To watch your trade, doth lose his wits like this?
And were it not yourself that is to gain
You'd call it thievery!
Bishop: My son, my son,
Keep guard upon your tongue, lest it offend!
Francis: It is not thievery! It is my right!
It is my patrimony, that the law
Awards me, give or hold it as I will.
And hold it I will, or give it I will—

Bernadone: No! Never!
What? Shall I see the money I have hoarded
And guarded for you, tossed into the street?
Francis: Take it, Lord Bishop! Take it I beseech you!
San Damiano shall no longer shame
Your reverent name, nor toilers cry in vain
For work, for bread!
Bernadone: Enough!
Bishop: Not thus, my son—
I cannot take it thus. Let there be an end
To anger and to quarreling; let us take
Counsel with calmness—
Francis: You then, Father Chaplain!
Chaplain: It is not meet.
Bernadone: No, and it shall not be!
Francis (casting the money at the Bishop's feet): Still will I give it! It is mine to give! (*He throws himself into the Bishop's arms.*)
And take me too! My father does not love me.
Bernadone (picking up the money-bag): My lord, you will not countenance such folly!
The boy is mad! Ay, verily, he's mad!
Bishop: I know my Francis! Nay, he is not mad
Good Messer Bernadone. . . . But I cannot take
Your gift, dear son. God's blessing must be on it,
Freely and gladly given—
Francis: So it is!
For it is mine to give—my heritage,
None to dispute it!
Bishop: But remember, son,
When that an heir shall choose his heritage,
And from the family coffer take that share
Which is his own by right, he must abide
For all time by his choice.
Bernadone: Ay let him bide
Upon his choice! Let him remember that!
So! Let him take his patrimony now
And go—see how that tastes!—without my board
To feed him on the fatness of the land,
My feathers to lie abed in!
Francis: Good my father,
Nothing I more desire! I make my choice:
Give me my heritage and let me go!
Bernadone: You hear him, all of you? You witness it?

Francis: They witness it. Give me my heritage.

Bishop: Not in the heat of haste, my son!

Francis: Why, no!—
For I have thought upon it heavily.
It was for this I would have gone to you
This very day. I ask my heritage.

Bernadone: Then take it, and I wash my hands of you!
Mark you all that—I wash my hands of him!
And let you every one of you see to it,
That he shall not come whining back to me
This time tomorrow, begging for my bread!

Francis: God feeds the birds! I'll make me a little nest
In the dear hollow of His hand!

Bernadone: Enough!
And riddance to you—and we'll have this signed
And sealed, Lord Bishop, according to the law!
Come, look to it! There with your name, young fool!
And witnesses—we'll have our witnesses!

Bishop: Think and consider well, my son. This is
The full renunciation of your rights
And every separate and collective claim
That may be yours, now or in time to come,
Save this, your heritage.

Francis: I understand;
I do it gladly of my own freewill.

Bernadone: There shall be an accounting, too! What gave you
These beggars here this morning?

Francis: Only my purse—
My own purse, and my cloak. (*He removes his tunic and the jewelled chain around his neck.*)
But you shall have
All that is left to me—and this—and this! (*He bares his bosom.*)
Let me go naked to my Father God,
Even as I came from Him!

Bishop (*wrapping his cloak about Francis*): You shall be clothed!
And ever the warmth of God's love shall enfold you!

Francis: May we not go, Lord Bishop, now?

Scribio: No, no!
Sweet Messer Francis, do not leave me so!

Bernadone (*spinning Scribio across the room*): You get to work, you fool!

Francis: Good Scribio,
Have patience. Some day you shall follow me,
And we shall be together, brothers once more.

Bernadone: Brothers! Birds of a feather—fools, fools, fools!

Francis: And will you not my father, bless my going?
Or say me some farewell?

Bernadone: I'm busy now!
I'll count my money first. How do I know
How sharp you've cheated me!

Bishop: My son, my son!

Bernadone: *My* son!—and he's a fool! A fool, a fool!

Bishop (*standing beside Francis in the open door, the sunlight flooding them*): He who for God's love is a fool, is wiser
Than tongue can tell! The sweetness of his name
Shall never perish from the earth. The light
And radiance of his memory shall shine
When brightest gold is rusted all away,
And sharpest wits of sharpest money-changer
Are dust in a forgotten gravel!

Bernadone (*bending over his accounts*): Fools! Fools!

[CURTAIN.]

IN AN OLD MARYLAND MANOR.

BY MARGARET B. DOWNING.

IT was an evening of oriental splendor, with the sun a golden disk hanging from shifting clouds, and the light resting on St. Marie's City in the brilliant colors of old glass. Everywhere gleamed the water—the river, fringed with purplish hills, rushing from the north—islands here and there dappled in the current, long slender capes protruded into the stream and bold promontories rose sheer from the banks. Then gradually the channel widened and deepened as the brooks and smaller rivers poured in their tribute, until, at St. Marie's, the bay stretched out majestically to receive the grain and tobacco-laden ships and bear them out to sea. On the plateau above the steepest bluffs, the city reclined like a queen on her throne, and the river, breaking into glistening waves, parted in two swift streams and encircled her with protecting arms.

The year was the year of Our Lord, 1675, with the month and day alike declining, and the month perforce December, since it was that good day of all the days of the year, Christmas eve. The harbor which lay about the city like the crescent of a new-born moon, presented a scene of unusual activity. For, though the agents of my Lord Baltimore proclaimed all times propitious for the adventurer to the Palatinate, the wisdom of forty years held the weeks between Martinmas and Christmas as the last in which ships could safely pass the lower capes. But a day past, the royal fleet from London had appeared in the bay and, with the utmost expedition, the ships could not discharge their cargo and make ready for sailing homeward before Twelfth-night. But it had been a clement winter and mariners have ever loved to tempt fortune.

Obedient to the laws of the Province, the fleet had ridden at anchor one mile from shore and during two full tides. Messengers had landed with state papers for the Governor and fat bags of letters and packets for the planters. The port dues, one-half pound of powder and two pounds of shot, had been

stored in the fort against hostile invasion, and all these obligations discharged, the fleet even now in the glow of the golden sunset, was riding under full sail into the harbor. Letters had come on the ships, which dispatched by swift horse through the country, had the effect of a stone dropped suddenly into a quiet lake. Life was ruffled to the farthermost manor holding patent under the Lord Proprietor, and it seemed as though a goodly part of the male population of the Province had gathered on the pebbly shore. A great shouting rose, as the passengers touched land and friends pushed forward to conduct them to the sailboats in waiting or to rowboats or to horses, as the need might be. Many soberly-clad stewards seized on the wrong guest and laughingly exchanged him for the rightful, and many strangers stood by anxiously, fearful of being overlooked in the medley.

Such a one—a young man robed in the habiliments of a gentleman, yet of sombre fashion compared to the rich silks and velvets of the manor lords of Maryland—kept close to a small group of men under the protection of the Master of the pennant ship. They were men of grave and reverent mien and, without gainsay, the most important who had come by the fleet for, without a struggle, the crowd gave them free way to the lord of St. Egbert's who, with his steward and retainers, was waiting to receive them.

"Reverend Sirs," said the shipmaster, with a bow which would have been creditable at court, "I have brought you safely through the perils of the sea and with God's blessing. Now, I confide you to the lord of St. Egbert's and may he as safely conduct you through the perils of this land, and all present say, 'Amen.'"

A hearty shout answered and those near dropped on a knee and asked a blessing. And my lord, challenged by the shipmaster, answered in clear ringing tones heard to the outer edge of the concourse:

"My lords and freemen of Maryland, we have long been orphaned in the spiritual sense but now we have a Father, and I call on all who hear my voice to welcome him as a father. May we be to him dutiful children and lighten his labors and sweeten his exile. My old friend and kinsman, Mr. John Pennington from Gloucester and with him the Rev. Nicholas Gulick and the lay brother Mark, to be house father at St.

Inigoes, and a cheer for their Reverences and God rest them and bring a Merry Christmas to Maryland."

There were blessings and greetings until the lord of St. Egbert's pointed to the darkening sky.

"'Tis a good five miles by the water, with the tide and the wind contrary. Cousin Pennington, you go with the steward, Ralph Beamor, and take Brother Mark. My lady and the lads and lassies and the tenants will meet you at the landing and fittingly escort you to the Manor. Torches must be lit on the shores to say we shall have Holy Mass at midnight and all things are ready. I go to the Great House with Mr. Gulick, who will be the guest of the Governor, and say Mass at midnight in St. Marie's chapel and again at dawn. He then sets out for Ascension where a great crowd will gather for last Mass. God speed you all and again thrice welcome to Maryland, and may you and your holy mission prosper! Come, Mr. Gulick," and the energetic lord of St. Egbert's, swung around and faced towards the bluff before the boat was fairly off from the shore. "We have a stiffish climb up the main road, for I misgave whether you could ride a horse and left mine at the Governor's."

Then, mindful of something forgotten, he stopped short, and turning to a young farmer pressed a paper in his hand:

"I have here a bill of lading which passes my understandstanding, for my lady or my daughter ordered naught by the fleet." Taking the paper again, he held it to Mr. Gulick:

"See, Reverend Sir, with what piety doth my unknown friend confide his treasure to the deep," and he read aloud:

> Shipped by the grace of God and in good order and well conditioned by one nameless here, but known to the Master of this good ship *Happy Fortune,* which he commands under God for this voyage, and whose name is Richard Stapleford, and the ship now rides at anchor in the harbor of London and bound for the port of St. Marie's in the royal Province of Maryland, being marked and numbered is to be delivered in like good order and well conditioned, the peril of the sea alone excepted, at the port of St. Marie's to Henrietta Maria, daughter of Egbert Neale, lord of St. Egbert's Manor. In witness thereof the ship's Master, the same Richard Stapleford, to whom is delivered this bill of lading. And may God send the good ship *Happy Fortune* in safety to her desired port. Amen.

"It is a worthy document, and mayhap the packet is something of great moment," remark Father Gulick.

"Mayhap, too, it has fuddled my brains with guessing the meaning," laughed the lord, and then to the farmer: "Seek out the merchandise with this bill and take it by boat to the Manor. Doubtless some Christmas remembrance for Etta, but whatever it is, 'tis ours, since I have the bill from Stapleford himself, and there is but one lord of St. Egbert's, though Neales there be in plenty. Come, my Reverend, and grant you feel like springing up the hill nimbly, for I have kept the lady at the Great House waiting over long for her tea."

The strange youth who had lingered aloof from the group yet alert to its movements, crossed the road swiftly and bowing before the lord of St. Egbert with easy grace, asked the favor of a moment.

"I could not but hear that my lord and his reverend guest are bound for the Governor's Palace. I am but now just off the fleet and I also have a mission which takes me your way. May I ask your condescension to join you?"

"Right gladly do I welcome your company now and your presence in our land," answered the lord heat. "Or hospitality come as an adventurer, or on ship business to return within the fortnight?"

"As yet I cannot answer your question as frankly as 'tis put," replied the stranger. "I have come because of a vow but though I have letters from the Lord Proprietor whom I visited in Yorkshire, addressed to his deputy, Governor Wharton, I must part company with you when the road passes the land attached to St. Marie's chapel. Then I pray you point out the nearest path to the burying ground. I make my devoirs there before I go to the Palace."

Both the lord and the priest looked at the speaker keenly. He was of robust stature and of fair height, his age seemingly about twenty-five. His step was firm and springing, and he held his head up with the fire of a war horse. His eyes were dark almost to blackness, and they looked strong and straight into the eyes of those who questioned.

"'Tis a sad pilgrimage on Christmas eve," murmured the priest. "But it is often so in life. We must weep for those we have lost, before we may rejoice with the living."

The stranger bowed low but made no response, and the

lord, though his thoughts were busy, forebore to intrude. Pointing to a mulberry tree, that stood off the road, he explained:

"Under this tree, my friends, good Mr. Andrew White celebrated the first Holy Mass on Maryland soil, and that on the day the Pilgrims landed. The Indians have ever stood in awe of the spot, as where the Great Spirit rested, and to this day, it is for them as holy as it is for us. We built a statehouse later, but they would have none of that. Governor Leonard Calvert made all his treaties under this mulberry tree, and even yet all proclamations which concern the Indians, must be nailed thereto. They pay no attention to what is fastened on yonder walls." He pointed to the low squat house they were passing.

"An ugly house, it must seem to you accustomed to the elegancies of London, but it stands for vast courage and high principle in the men who built it. My wife's father was of the Pilgrims who came by the *Ark* and the *Dove,* and was of those who helped build this statehouse. He stood against its having a chimney, for that meant it would be turned into a tavern like [illegible] and hereabout. So 'twas built without a chimney, and Governor Leonard Calvert was wrothy of a truth. He would come to the council table wrapped up in blankets like an Indian sachem, with a big flannel nightcap over his wig and his feet kept warm by stones heated in the stable yard, a sight to make one roar even at the memory. Betimes, the councilmen consented to have a chimney built on the outside, but they made covenant that no man should as much as mull a tankard of ale before the fire. My good father could quaff his drink with all, but he was strong against muddling the heads of the lawmakers with potations brought ceaselessly from the tap-room. But here, Sir, is the line where the land of St. Marie's chapel crosses that of the Great House, and yonder you can see the white path which leads to God's acre. Can I make your way more plain?" he asked courteously.

But the stranger declined further directions, and with a hearty hand shake from the lord and a blessing from the priest, he strode into the shadows which led to the cemetery.

When the lord of St. Egbert's had swallowed his tea and was making ready for the ride through the forest, the Governor's lady beckoned him into the hall:

"My lord, who is ill, bade me say he has tidings of great moment for you, and if you ride this way tomorrow to drop by and hear the letters. And a Merry Christmas for all at the Manor, and 'tis more than we hope to have here, with my lord in the hands of the chirurgeons and being bled every day, and Sister Rozer with sick children and moaning that our mother tarries in Yorkshire with Lord Baltimore instead of in the Province with us."

"News of moment for me," mused the manor lord as his sturdy horse plunged through the wood, "and I make guess I have but lately talked with the man who brought it. He has the tongue of an Englishman, but his looks and his ways are foreign."

In 1675, Maryland Province had passed from the rude pioneer stage into an existence full of elegance and comfort. The present lord of St. Egbert's, kinsman and ward of his wife's father, had torn down the square log cabin which had sheltered the family for almost forty years, and built a mansion of stately proportions of yellow brick fired in the kilns by the river. A flight of wide stone steps led from the bank to the pillared porch, and passing in from the wide hospitable vestibule, the transition period seemed quite as evident. The hall was furnished with deep cushioned chairs and soft rugs were strewn on the floor, and, at the far end a great open fireplace yawned half way across the room. The Yule logs burned brightly. Pewter and stoneware had passed from the dining room, and on the buffet gleamed silver and glass and carven flagons of precious metals and tall goblets of crystal.

Just before the lord entered, my lady had been explaining to her guest, Mr. Pennington, that the young people called the logs, Yule, but as a matter of sentiment only.

"As a truth, from the hour the breezes blow chill from the river, logs crackle merrily on this hearth. 'Tis the boast of the manor lord that his fire is never dim nor the latch of his front door ever fastened. All the buildings on the plantation are safely chained over night, the stables, the granaries, storehouse, dairies and pantries and the steward locks the keys of the padlocks in the strong box. But the front door stands open by day and by night, and if the weather be cold the fire burns on the hearth. There is food and drink on the sideboard, and the wayfarer may enter and refresh himself and go

his way and none will question. 'Tis a custom we prize more than another, for we have it from the first who came to the wilderness. But our Etta has a spicy fir which she calls the Yule logs, and she saves them all through the year against Christ-tide. She says, while these Yule logs burn, dreams come true."

Father Pennington turned from the comely dame to the fair young girl who sat a little apart. He had noted her at the landing, a home maiden who welcomed him with a graciousness that turned his heart warm. He saw that she caught her mother's cape as it slipped and fastened it securely, and that hers was the hand that brought hot drinks for all who entered the house. She was the active head of the house and my lady, so lovely in satin and lace and fine cambric, seemed a grand lady of the court and not of the homely hearthstone.

"What have we here?" asked Mr. Pennington, his gaze resting on the splendid carved mantle, where monsters grotesque enough for gargoyles on some ancient cathedral held the fire board aloft. "Surely your province boasts no artist skillful enough for this?"

"Twas a bond servant whom my father brought from London, and who was with us three years. He carved our stairway which my Lord Baltimore opines is the finest in the Province, and some lovely little figures which we use for the holy manger in the chapel at St. Marie's. You shall see it tomorrow when you go with father to call on the Governor."

"He was a gentle lad," spoke up my lady, "and from Southern parts. Our harsh climate here soon laid him low, and he was ill many months before the end came, at the turning of the leaves. He had promised us a manger with all the figures, carved by himself, even the magi, like one in his old home—somewhere in England, we believe—but he told us little of his past, though he lived here with us cared for, even as a son. But here is my lord and the squires."

The lord hurried to the fire and drank generously of the hot spiced brandy mulling on the hearth, and gave tankards to the young horsemen shivering by the door. Then his quick ear detected the sound of steps up the river flight.

"Hold the torches that they may see," he ordered the steward, "'tis without a doubt the packet from the fleet addressed to our Etta, and she blushing and protesting she knows

naught of the matter. Sit it down here my lads, and get some tools, for the box is of stout wood and heavily hinged with iron."

With a merry hammering and clattering the box was pried open, and found to contain many smaller boxes stuffed well with shavings and soft rags. These finally stripped away, there came first a letter sealed with an imposing coat of arms and written in large letters to "The Lady Henrietta Maria Neale, daughter of the lord of St. Egbert's Manor, to be hers for all time." But within, no line told whence came the carved crib with every figure perfect, the Holy Child in garments of silk and linen, yellow with age, good St. Joseph and the shepherds and the Three Kings in finery pathetic from its raggedness, and the ox and the ass stripped of their warm covering of hair by the relentness tooth of time.

"It comes from the home of our bond servant," said the young lady Etta in a low tremulous tone to her father and Mr. Pennington. "Full many a time he described it for me, and he grieved that he was to die before he could carve me enough like it, but he said I should have one, and in time for our Christmas. We must set it in place for the midnight Mass."

"Aye and we must move about quickly. For it is already late, and we must snatch some rest before the river people begin to arrive at the bank. For I shall be there to see nothing untoward happens as they land. Then after the Mass and their Communion, their first, my dear friend and kinsman, in a dreary five years, we have a breakfast in the great hall with all the tenants on the place and all the retainers of the lords who come down our highway, the river, in answer to our burning flambeaus. 'Tis a gay time but fatiguing, and our cooks and all the cooks of the near manors have been making ready ever since we knew, of a surety, your Reverences were on the fleet and would land before Christmas day. I shall make ready to send you, good Father, to St. Inigoes soon after the midnight Mass that you may be in good time for the confessions and to say Mass at a-day dawn. Also, shall I send for you and Brother Mark to join Mr. Gulick here for Christmas supper and the revels of the young people. And now to your cot, for you must be wearied well-nigh to illness."

It was a Christmas of almost perfect happiness, for as yet the dark clouds of revolt and intrigue and bitter persecution

had not broken into the deluge which later fell upon the fair province of Maryland. Barge after barge landed pious manor lords and their families and their tenants and retainers at the stately stone steps which led from the river. The great hall where the altar had been erected, with the manger, embowered in fragrant pines cut hastily in the dark, a conspicuous object to the left, was crowded as never before in its history. Then the spiritual feast reverently completed, the guests gathered in the dining hall where a fire as great as in the hall threw out its welcome.

Father Pennington escorted to the river by a guard of manor lords, had set sail with Brother Mark and many hampers of good things for the mission at St. Inigoes. Then with a noisy exchange of the wishes proper on Christmas morning, the company sat down for a breakfast which would have been a proper sister of the Lord Mayor's banquet in London. It was a complaint of the housewives in Maryland that, so bountiful was their fare all the year through, there was nothing left with which to make merry in a special manner on Christmas day. Great sides of beef had been roasted, and whole pigs, fresh and smoked, awaited the skilful knife of Ralph Beamor, the steward. Crisp brown turkey and ducks were laid on platters on the buffet; hot drinks in vast pitchers were passed about and good home-made bread and cakes of brown sugar and spices. For the Marylanders of 1675 were a sturdy race and their capacity for food, especially when the wind blew cold from the river, is a tradition to make their descendants envious. The faint streaks of light proclaimed the dawn before the last boatload faded in the mists of the river, and the lord of St. Egbert's left his post at the landing and stumbled wearily towards his bed.

"'Tis a mercy we have this right joyful day, but once a year, my Etta," he said jovially to his daughter, as she handed him a last hot cup before he sank to repose. "And now let me sleep my fill, happen what will, for I feel numb with cold and fatigue."

So it fell out that a messenger came from the Governor's in the early afternoon, and was ushered into the great hall and seated honorably at the hearth and given warm drink and food by my young lady Henrietta Maria, for my lady of the Manor felt the effect of the night turned into day and was resting as

deeply as her lord. He was a distant, reserved young man, who held his head high and looked the questioner straight in the face, but with a deference which stirred my lady Henrietta Maria into the memory of something past. She entertained him a little shyly, for her life had been passed at the Manor. All she knew of the great world was from the guests at her father's and the personages of renown who, from time to time, were fêted at the Great House. But it seemed to content her guest, and the two were chatting like old friends, before my lord, finally aroused and told of the Governor's messenger, appeared in the hall.

He was not surprised to see the stranger, whom he had directed to the churchyard, nor to have him crave a moment's confidence, before he perused the state papers sent from the Great House. "Only the need of His Excellency, who has grown fearfully ill since morning, would have sent me to your home, my lord, before I had met you at the Governor's and told you my mission. But necessity took the affair in her own hands and I am here. Some three odd years ago you took compassion on a youth who besought you at the English coast, and begged a goodly sum of money for a pressing need." Then dropping lightly to his knee, he pressed the lord's hand to his lips. "May our God Who shows mercy as we show mercy, requite you for that deed of gentleness, you and yours, until your generations run out."

"Aye and I have been requited," said the lord heartily, "he brought us more than we could give back to him, and all we have to comfort us is that we made the home of his exile happy. He told me ere he died that the money which I gave him would be paid back gold piece by gold piece, and that what he had given us, priceless things in music and fine sentiment and wondrous things in carving, was in payment of his debt for the love and comfort of our home. My daughter Etta loved him from the first. We feared his going would sadden all her life. Now we know differently."

"My lord since I know you so well already, and by what His Excellency and Mistress Wharton have told me, I shall not offer you gold. But you see in me *Deo dandum,* one for whom a life has been given, and who offers his life in return to God and through your hands. I hold myself ready to finish the term of my foster-brother as your bond servant. Your gold

freed my father from a grievous load of debt and sent my sister happy across the seas with a dower to wed her Italian lover. My father is with her, for he is penniless, though the rightful heir of Wilton and lord of its broad domain. My foster-brother would have been a famous artist had he not gone in my place to work out the debt made by your gold."

"'Tis Christmas day, my young lord of Wilton," said the lord of St. Egbert's, "when we forgive all sorts of debts in memory of the Divine Babe Who has made all mankind debtors to Him and to one another. We shall talk of this later. Meantime, you know the manger has come. You sent it. But how, with the King's myrmidons in your old halls? That much I knew from the bondman, and that he was not of the blood, but brother by adoption."

"Aye my lord, and that is a tale for some stormy night, when we crouch by the fire. But now the dispatches. His Excellency is ill beyond help of the chirurgeons and he wishes the Council called hastily, even tomorrow morning, that a fitting man, mayhap yourself or Mr. Thomas Notley, may take over the office of Deputy in behalf of young Cecilius, as his father, the Lord Proprietor, may tarry another six months in London and York. I grieve because sorely does Mistress Wharton need the comfort of her mother, my Lady Baltimore, in the sorrow fast coming to her."

"Well, naught can be done tonight, for we keep Christmas apart from the worries of state, and I promised to dance with a bride from the Acension Manor. Tarry a moment while I apprise my lady of your coming, and that you will be with us until you must needs go back with the fleet."

The short winter day was closing in before the lord and his guest joined the revelers at the big hearth. My lady who had loved the bondman was a flurry at the arrival of his brother. Such happenings were common enough in the Province, nobles of high degree were often working out debts, but that such a fine-spoken youth should come to their home was an incident far out of the common, and to have him remain till Twelfth night put all the young maids a-flutter. Father Pennington and Brother Mark had arrived and were seated with Mr. Gulick, in the blaze of the logs, to hear the tale, over and in many versions, from Etta and her row of younger sisters and the young misses from about the river.

"For a full month we hear naught but of balls and fox hunts and fine dinners for Christmas tide, and we shall show our young lord from London what life is in our Province," my lady smoothed her fine silk skirts. "As for sweetmeats, we near the ports, have them to our cost all through the year. My lord orders seventy tubs of rock candy and five hundred pounds of brown sugar, and spices and syrups to make you open your eyes. We shall have dancing, and in honor of our guest I shall permit the young people to trip about until nine. Seven-thirty is our usual time to stop the fiddlers. But our Etta looks very happy."

As, indeed, she did, leaning by the balustrade and pointing out the marvels of the carving to the stranger. What they said mattered little—probably what young people have said all through the centuries when Yule logs burn and mistletoe gleams in the evergreen garlands about the sconces.

What Father Pennington said was more to the point: "Our young lord of Wilton stays until Twelfthnight? I make a wager he will ask you and your good lord a gift of the magi, which it may twitch your heart strings to grant."

"Aye, but he comes back in the spring. He will not take our Etta away. That he has promised my lord, but we leap to conclusions. She never laid eyes upon him, till this day while my lord and I were sleeping."

But Father Pennington could read deep into the human heart and he laughed, as did the lord of St. Egbert's, who had joined the group at the fire.

Only by visions can we live. The river still rushes from the north, but the hills which fringe its banks are not purplish with virgin forest, but gleam golden with grain fields and the smoke from the farmhouses curls lazily over the water. Islands dot the channels and bold bluffs rise sheer from the banks. The water breaks into two streams and encircles the promontory with protecting arms. But where is the city which rested on the hills like a queen on her throne?

Desolation more desolate than when the white man came in the "winged canoes" rests over what was once St. Marie's City, and only those with inner knowledge can trace the outlines of the chapel, the first house of God erected on Maryland soil. Only those with inner knowledge can point out the

outlines of the Great House, the dwelling of those Catholic Governors who established the first State in all the world, where people were governed by laws made by themselves; the first civil government in all Christian lands, administered under what later developed into the cardinal principles of American liberty: the harmonious relations of Church and State and their independence of each other. Only those who love the glorious history of Maryland, bow reverently before the ruins of the statehouse, where in tones which rise full and clear above the bigotry and intolerance of the age, freedom of conscience was announced for the first time as man's inheritance and inviolable right.

What matter that St. Marie's City is a ruin, when such a fragrant memory breathes through her desolate streets? When such a halo wreathes the brow of those early manor lords and lawmakers, what matter that their homes are lost in the wilderness of forest and farm? It may be, as said one who came of a race nourished at a manor like St. Egbert's in delivering a magnificent requiem over St. Marie's City on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of the *Ark* and the *Dove*, March 24, 1884, " that though the renown of Maryland's ancient capital gives grandeur and glory to the foundations of the American nation, and is an inspiration and pride to its later annals, yet history has recorded its birth without a smile, and written its epitaph without a tear." But the vision of its founders, something not seen of the eye nor felt with the hand, outlives the grandest tribute history ever paid, and is that imperishable something which is leading all the world towards the true liberty proclaimed by the stones of the ruined city of St. Marie's.

New Books.

BEAUMARCHAIS AND THE WAR OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE. By Elizabeth S. Kite. Two volumes. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $5.00 net.

OUT TO WIN. The Story of America in France. By Coningsby Dawson. New York: John Lane Co. $1.25 net.

One of those accidents almost more curious than design, brings these two books to the reviewer's desk together. Remote from each other in style and perspective, Miss Kite's scholarly monograph on a man who died in 1799, and Lieutenant Dawson's moving tribute to the American forces in the Great War, fit together like story and sequel.

It has lately become something of a convention, perhaps, to speak of our debt to France. General Pershing's fine: "*Lafayette, nous voilà!*" is accepted as expressing our attitude, but our very acceptance of the phrase has tended to stereotype it. No better reminder of the reality for which it stands could be found than these two books. In one we attend the very inception of the scheme for French aid to which we proudly acknowledge ourselves debtors. We trace the life of the remarkable man of whom it is said: "Long before the historic dinner at Metz, where Lafayette conceived his chivalrous design, before even the signing of the Declaration of Independence, Beaumarchais had planned and worked out the details of the aid to be rendered by France, and then literally had forced the cautious and conservative government of France to acquiesce with his plans." In the other, we read Lieutenant Dawson's record of how our debt was being paid in France. This particular point is not the purpose of his book, however. Lieutenant Dawson sets out to interpret, with his own keenness and generosity, the whole fighting attitude of America. But the chapter "The War of Compassion," which details the positive achievements of the American Red Cross in France during the *inferno* of the German invasion, lingers in the memory. Of military accomplishment, when *Out to Win* was written, its author could only predict the noble promise of our men. His eager praise of them has been brilliantly justified.

If we keep to the language of debtor and creditor in speaking of our relations with France, what we have done may seem a large installment on even so large an obligation. But surely we have

owed some special *amende* to France in the person of Beaumarchais. Not Lafayette himself admired more the cause and courage of the Americans, or rendered them more vital aid. Yet Lafayette has not met at our hands with the scant and formal requital we have accorded to Caron de Beaumarchais.

In the words of Mr. Bigelow: "To him, more than to any other person, belongs the credit of making Louis XVI. comprehend the political importance of aiding the Colonies in their struggle with Great Britain; he planned and executed the ingenious scheme by which the aid was to be extended; he sent the first munitions of war and supplies which the Colonists received from abroad and he sent them, too, at a time when, humanly speaking, it was reasonably certain that without such aid from some quarter, the Colonists must have succumbed."

This is indisputable. Yet he worked, by agreement, under the handicap of secrecy. When, in the first years, it suited the French Government to appease the English ministry by opposing the enterprises of Beaumarchais, it did so. The enmity of Arthur Lee was enlisted against him, to the great harm of his credit with Congress. Benjamin Franklin was prejudiced against him by his own "dear good friend" Doctor Dubourg, and refused altogether to treat with him. He received nothing of the tobacco which it had been expressly stipulated with the Colonies was to be returned for his supplies. Finally, the famous affair of the "lost million" was construed against him—to the no very great credit of our Congress—and was made an excuse for not paying him anything of the formidable sum to which he was entitled. After the energetic and brilliant work of years in aid of the Revolutionary cause, the net result was that he was out enormously in pocket and moral credit in America.

This unjust situation was afterward partly reversed in 1835, when the government paid to the heirs of Beaumarchais part of their ancestor's just claim. But this could not cancel our debt of gratitude to the man to whose brain and character we, as a nation, owe so much. Beaumarchais was too large a man not to realize how natural it was that existing circumstances should militate against him. To the last he spoke of the Americans as "my friends, the free men of America."

As we read the facts in Miss Kite's well authenticated biography, we share her regret for the truth of the accusation: that Americans were ungrateful, "as shown by our utterly ignoring the services of Beaumarchais in the cause of American independence."

To such a state of mind, Lieutenant Dawson's serious and

generous praise of our work in France comes very gratefully. Never has help been more sorely needed than that given on such a vast scale by our Red Cross in France. Before we were formally at war, our relief units "by their mere presence condemned the cause that brought them there." At Evian-les-Bains, "the first point of call across the French frontier for the *repatriés* returning from their German bondage," the American Red Cross made the situation endurable. "It might have been a funeral *cortège*, only there was a horrible difference: the corpses pretended to be alive." Among them our great institution of mercy moved, examining, classifying, advising, helping, where possible rehabilitating. It restored "in the affirmative with mercy, precisely the quality which Hun fury and propaganda had destroyed with lies, ... their belief in the nobility of mankind."

Scenes of this sort recall our purpose in the War. We did not go out merely to pay a debt. The purpose which, under God, it now seems probable we may have aided in partly realizing, is larger. Its scope is the fair ideal which aims to make liberty and justice possible for all men. But the smaller theme of gratitude and recognition blends with the larger one. As we have the distinction of representing most nearly, in form of government and national ideal, those things which the world is more and more coming to desire, it is surely not inappropriate to consider with them the forces which helped make this unique fortune possible for us. In the forefront of those forces stands France, and with the foremost of the French, Beaumarchais.

HERSELF—IRELAND. By Elizabeth P. O'Connor. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50 net.

A delightful lightness of narrative pervades this volume. It has all the charm of a well-read, far-traveled friend who talks well, and never bores. It does not try to teach; it tells a pleasing story. Like a fair, country road, it wanders here and there; is at times a bit bumpy, but shows on every side the most interesting, human and fascinating country in the world.

Mrs. O'Connor is more brave than discreet. She openly confesses that she has been only one year in Ireland, and then presumes that she knows Ireland and the Irish. Maybe it is the woman's power of intuition that saves her. However, she does show a breadth of vision and a sympathetic appreciation that makes her work an interesting and fairly accurate study of Ireland and her people. Her attitude is not one of condescension, but of respect and admiration for the great faith, the unselfish purpose and cheerful whole-heartedness of the Irish.

The book gives more of externals than of intimate intensive study of the Irish. It might be said that it is a pleasing popular lecture, written for the sake of telling a story, rather than of bringing a message.

MODERN AND CONTEMPORARY EUROPEAN HISTORY. By Salwyn Schapiro, Ph.D. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Co. $3.50.

Mr. Schapiro has succeeded in establishing, as regards method and scholarship, a new and valuable standard for the fair treatment of modern events in text-book form. "Believing that the main function of history is to explain the present," he shows a breadth of outlook and an insight superior even to that of C. D. Hazen, whose *Europe Since 1915* has been justly reputed the best political history of its size thus far produced in English. The prominence Mr. Schapiro gives to literature and to definite expositions of Socialism, Syndicalism, and Feminism are features of special excellence. In dealing with the revolutionary activities of the past century, he fails, at times, to appreciate the true position of the Catholic Church, and frequently uses the word "people" where "mob" would alone be historically accurate. A noteworthy instance of this is his account of the Ferrer case and of the Barcelona riots. On the whole, however, he has shown a discernment far beyond the usual in the non-Catholic historian. One gross error, deserving of notice, is the statement that "Lutheran Prussia subscribed to it (the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings) as heartily as Catholic Spain." Spain is the one country of western Europe where this doctrine was not taught. Outside of Protestant Germany and Protestant England, none, except the Gallicans in France and the Febronians in Austria, ever subscribed to it. This points to the one defect of the book taken as a whole. The author fails to render intelligible why the Nineteenth century was so disturbed politically: why governments could find no other justification for authority than sheer force or why liberal aspirations never succeeded in giving any better account of themselves than by stirring up one revolution after another. Yet the answer was not far to seek. The Reformation had simply robbed the people of their historic rights and had established absolutism; and if we, in this country, enjoy a liberty wholly unlike the spurious brand so much advertised during the past on the European continent, it is due to the fact that we inherit the Catholic mediæval traditions of liberty, recaptured at the Revolution of 1688 in England, and handed on to us by English Whigs.

UNCHAINED RUSSIA. By Charles Edward Russell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Any book on Russia today suffers from sudden changes of events. This, by the eminent Socialist leader and member of the Root Commission, is less out of date than the majority. Mr. Russell is always a loyal American and always a clear observer. Unfortunately he is not well cast for the rôle of Daniel, as subsequent events in the Bolshevik reign of terror sadly prove.

The first thing he encountered in Russia was a distrust of America and a lack of understanding by Americans of the Russian psychology. Both were due to German tincturing of news items, German bribe money and our backwardness in "socialistic" progress. We can understand German propaganda and bribery, but in speaking of America as being socialistically behind the times Mr. Russell falls into the pit so many of his fellows encounter: he mistakes difference for progress. That we Americans refused to fraternize with Germans, for example, is no evidence of our backwardness in universal brotherhood. The Russians did it under the circumstances of sudden freedom and plenty of Teutonic money, but at the same time they refused to extend the hand of fellowship to their British and American brothers! The almost universal interest in sociological subjects, which Mr. Russell claims the Russians show, does not necessarily prove progress. We Americans are different from the Russians in these matters, not sadly behind the times.

Another pitfall into which the author tumbles, is his failure to see anything but the dreamer in the Bolshevik. Quite an active dreamer, one might say, when he boasts of a daily slaughter of five hundred *bourgeois*, and sets a special day for a big killing! The Bolshevik is a symbol of the transition between discipline imposed from above by an autocratic, militaristic autocracy and the discipline imposed by the free will of a people on themselves. He has been freed from the one and has not attained the other; meanwhile he knows no law. He is to be pitied—and watched; not patted on the back affectionately, as Mr. Russell would have us do.

Where Mr. Russell does score is in his analysis of the peasant, the economic elements at work, the conditions of schools, railroads, coöperative societies and women under autocratic rule and at present. He sees clearly their possibilities and their chance for the future in the development of a stable entity out of this revolutionary ferment. One certainly shares with him the plea that, during this evolution, we "be patient with whatever vagaries and illusions the new-born democracy of Russia may indulge in

while finding itself." Patient? Yes, and helpful. For our task, now that peace has come, is to help build up the wreckage of Russia into a livable and self-respecting nation.

LIFE OF ST. JOSEPH OF COPERTINO. Translated and adapted by the Rev. Francis Laing, O.M.I. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00.

This, the first extended biography in English of St. Joseph Copertino, usually called Cupertino, was translated from the Italian of Father Pastrovicchia. It is a history of many miracles and marvels, of wondrous flights or levitations, for God Who is wonderful in His saints showed His power thus in the simple, humble Friar Minor. One cannot but think he would have been specially dear to St. Francis of Assisi, had he lived in the days of the great founder. His uneventful life bore great fruit for souls, so deeply marked was it with the Cross, the seal of the Master. The translation is unfortunately poor, the English being far from idiomatic.

CREDIT OF NATIONS: A STUDY OF THE EUROPEAN WAR. By J. Laurence Laughlin, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

"The ultimate causes" of the War "are undoubtedly to be found in economic conditions," says Professor Laughlin in his opening chapter, even though the immediate causes may have been dynastic ambition, exaggerated nationalism, and lust for power; and he proceeds to explain the operation of these ultimate causes. In the period since 1880 the world has been experiencing an unparalleled industrial revolution in which all of the progressive nations have participated. The nations have made their various contributions to industrial progress, the contribution of Germany being due mainly to her organizing ability. Germany advanced during this industrial revolution relatively more rapidly than the other nations, and there appeared to be no economic ends to be gained by war which she could not better obtain by peace. But made ambitious by her growing power she dreamed of *Mitteleuropa*. Feeling that she must expand geographically to the southeast, she was determined to prevent Russia from extending her sphere of influence in the Balkan States and so the War came. "It is mere deception to speak as if Germany had been deprived of the chance for unlimited industrial and commercial growth in times of peace, and as though she had to go to war for the right of legitimate economic development."

The second chapter on "War and Credit" treats of the general principles of credit, while the four succeeding chapters treat

respectively of English, French, German, and American credit operations since the outbreak of the War. The book is full of interesting facts so skillfully interwoven with the author's money theory, as almost to justify the optimism expressed in the preface to the effect that "stripped of their technicalities, these matters can be made easy of comprehension."

The author indulges in many entertaining bits of humor in his treatment of the rival theory to his own; that is, the "quantity theory." But he does not inform his readers that this "obsolete," "archaic" and "fallacious" quantity theory still has so much vitality left, that the majority of American writers on money and credit prefer it to his own. He is especially incensed at the fact that the British statesmen in their financing of the War appear not to agree with his theory of credit, but he is at any rate so generous as to grant that their theorizing had no untoward consequences.

HISTORICAL RECORDS AND STUDIES. United States Catholic Historical Society. Volume XII. June, 1918.

The United States Catholic Historical Society does an increasingly valuable work in the regular publication of these papers. It is the reasonable hope of all truth-lovers that the claims of historical research will be more and more generally recognized with the progress of the years. The part played in the historical education of the public by fair-minded and interesting Catholic writers is an extremely vital one, and a generous measure of praise is due the members of the Catholic Historical Society, both for their grasp of this fact, and for the way in which they act on it. Valuable and interesting reading is provided in each of the eight papers which form this volume: "The Church in the Island of San Domingo," Peter Condon, A.M.; "Francis Cooper," William H. Bennett; "Catholics in the War with Mexico," Thomas F. Meehan; "Destruction of the Charlestown Convent;" "Alaska in 1779," translated from the original Spanish statement, by Rev. Walter Thornton, S.J.; "Pierre Toussaint," Henry Binsse; "The Church of St. Vincent de Paul, New York," Henry Binsse; "Our Diplomatic Relations with the Holy See."

GERMAN ATROCITIES. By Newell Dwight Hillis. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.00 net.

At the request of several bankers of New York, Dr. Hillis made a personal investigation of the charges of German atrocities. He examined the records of the Commissions of Belgium, France, Poland, Serbia and Armenia, and also journeyed through

the devastated regions of Belgium and France where he obtained the testimony of eyewitnesses.

The facts as he gathered them the author first used in speeches for the First Liberty Loan. They form a recital of such wanton cruelty as to fill the reader with disgust and resentment. The book is a terrible record of unjustifiable brutality and ruthlessness. The evidence is of such a revolting nature as to challenge the imagination.

Dr. Hillis has included in his book some photographs which add to its vividness, but seem a little unnecessary in their nauseating reality.

CAROLYN OF THE CORNERS. By Ruth Belmore Endicott. New York: Dodd Mead & Co. $1.35 net.

The little girl in this story is one of the juvenile army who have recently undertaken the transformation of the world. She is left, a supposed orphan, to the care of a gloomy small-town uncle. Little by little her presence changes the lives of those around her until they have all learned to "look up" and be happy. Perhaps it is its open missionary spirit which makes this book pall a little on the reader. We have been lectured on the duty of cheerfulness so often of late from the infant pulpit that some of us sigh covertly for the spankable, lovable naughtiness of the old-fashioned *enfant terrible.*

FANATIC OR CHRISTIAN? By Helen R. Martin. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40.

This novel is hardly up to Mrs. Martin's usual standard. The Pennsylvania Dutch community, her own particular territory, is again depicted, it is true, but subdued to an almost unnoticeable background for a singularly uninteresting story. Two sisters, of opposite types of character, are in conflict for the possession of a fortune and a man's love. The modern, progressive, unorthodox "Christian," of course, embodies all the virtues, while her orthodox sister stands for selfishness and greed. Neither type is convincing, and the action is tenuous and unreal. We felt true sorrow when the old Pennsylvania Dutch mother was stricken, and no longer delighted us with the characteristic *argot* which Mrs. Martin can reproduce so inimitably.

FOLLY AND OTHER POEMS. By Theodore Maynard. London: Erskine Macdonald, Ltd. $1.25 net.

Mr. Maynard is the newest recruit of the *modern mediævalists* —that happy band, almost wholly Catholic, bent upon recapturing something of the faith, the fire and the folly of "Merrie Eng-

land." The Belloc-Chesterton-Kilmer school it might perhaps be called, had not Mr. Chesterton long ago repudiated that somewhat forbidding title. At all events, Theodore Maynard is worthy of his allegiances. He is an artist in word and metre, with a form of feeling and a fresh originality of thought which not only provide beautiful things for the present, but promise great things for the future.

In this little book are songs of faith and songs of travel, drinking songs, and songs of love sweeter and happier than our torn world has recently rejoieed in. Probably the most striking of the whole collection is *Laughter*—a poem entirely worthy of Francis Thompson, had Thompson's genius not been bound up inevitably with the Divine Sorrow rather than the Divine Mirth. But Mr. Maynard is incontestably at his best with happy themes.

Lovers of Catholic literature will do well to give the book a warm and wide welcome. For Mr. Maynard is not merely a *new* poet: he is a *poet*.

CHRIST'S MASTERPIECE. By the Rev. William F. Robison, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.25.

This "Study of the One True Church," is a solid contribution to the needs of the present day. It is eminently American, addressed to the man in the street, who is inclined to look upon religion in a practical minded way, and is yet possessed of a somewhat mystic vein which renders him able to apprehend and to appreciate the things of the spirit when brought to his attention. These lectures portray the King to Whom His Father hath delivered a Kingdom; the King's Magna Charta, given to His Church: "Go ye and teach all nations," "Some Prerogatives of the Kingdom;" "The Primate of the Kingdom;" "The Seal of the King's Signet," lead up to "The Bridegroom and His Bride." The freshness of treatment retains all the vividness of the spoken word, holding the reader's attention with oratorical power. We trust this is only the breaking of the ground by this able and zealous preacher.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF LIFE. HELPS TO THE CHRISTIAN WAYFARER. Rev. Albert Muntsch, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00.

This book of spiritual reading meets the needs of life, not in the cloister, but in the busy haunts of the world: it teaches man to use his religion for daily wear, not to keep it for Sunday.

The work is divided into four parts: "Life's Warfare;" "Our Spiritual Armor;" "When the Lamp of Hope Burns Low;"

"Thoughts for All Times." These in turn are subdivided into sections of three or four pages—some even shorter—thus making a short spiritual reading complete in itself, which may serve for quiet reflection fruitful for the soul. It should equip a man to give an account of the practical side of Catholicism.

OUR LADY'S MONTH. By Sister Mary Philip of the Bar Convent, York. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.30.

As the title indicates, this little book consists of short chapters on Our Lady's titles, some taken from the Litany of Loretto, others from various devotions. They are well suited to the use of sodalities of the Blessed Virgin. It is a pity the verses were not chosen from the liturgical hymns, and that the price of the book is so high. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Northampton contributes the preface.

JESUS IN THE EUCHARIST. By the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00.

Originally published as a series of articles, the chapters of this book offer simple expositions of the teaching of the Church concerning the central dogma of the Eucharist. They are suited to the seeker after truth outside the pale of the Church, as well as to the increase of intelligent devotion in the faithful. A special chapter on Holy Communion contains the interesting story of Gustave Maria Bruni of Milan, a little Italian boy of marvelous precocity and spiritual development.

HAPPY TALES FOR STORY TIME. By Eleanor L. Skinner and Ada M. Skinner. New York: The American Book Co. 64 cents.

Two teachers have had the happy thought to collect, adapt and simplify for very youthful readers some of the charming stories of the world literature. Their work has been done with skill and judgment. By clever iteration the earlier stories are made possible for the little reader, who is gradually led on into an enlarged vocabulary. In the last story we find the gem in the matrix of Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*. All the artificial glitter of his many-facetted false philosophy is lacking, and the child is led straight to the heart of a great truth—that happiness is found at home. But in the "Land of Memory" we experience a sense of disappointment inevitable to the Catholic. It is not thought of our beloved dead, but prayer for them that wakes them to new and fuller life. But for the presence of this half-truth the author, not the compilers, is to blame.

The *Happy Tales* will win deserved popularity.

AMERICAN CITY PROGRESS AND THE LAW. By Howard Lee McBain. New York: Columbia University Press. $1.50.

This volume contains the substance of a series of lectures given by Professor McBain at Cooper Union in 1917. It deals with the legal principles underlying the operation of our municipal government, pointing out in what respects the law facilitates or obstructs the city in its endeavor to apply new policies to the solution of existing problems. The author gives the meaning of legislative home rule, and cites numerous cases of strict construction of the cities' charters.

He takes the stand that it would be highly desirable if the courts would hold that any doubt against the powers of a municipal corporation should be resolved, not necessarily against the corporation but always in favor of the public, whether for or against the corporation. He gives a splendid exposition of the police power, citing in it the attempts to solve the question of the regulations of billboards and the abolition of the smoke nuisance. Additional questions treated in a broad and sane manner are: city planning, building heights, zoning, excess condemnation, municipal ownership of public utilities, control of living costs, municipal recreation, commerce and industry.

Professor McBain has performed a valuable service in this work. Up to this time the legislatures which insist upon supervising the cities, to their vast detriment, have been narrow and unjustifiably coercive in preventing freedom of action on the part of municipalities. This clear and logical statement of the cities' position will do much to bring about a better understanding of the problems they are facing, and, perhaps, gain for them aid in their honest attempt to solve those problems.

JERUSALEM, PAST AND PRESENT. By Gaius Gleen Atkins, D.D. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.00.

Dr. Atkins has taken occasion of the recent redemption of the Holy Places by Christian arms to present us a study of the significance of the Holy City in its four aspects: the Glory of the Great King, the Desire of the Exile, the Despair of Our Lord, and the Goal of the Crusader. Written in a dignified and rhythmic prose, the book is penetrated with deep reverence and sturdy piety. Where the author's Christianity verges on sentimentality, the Catholic reader readily ascribes it to absence of that firm intellectual position which he is accustomed to regard as the basis of his religion of the heart. The historical narratives and vivid descriptive reconstructions appear particularly just and exact. It is not quite clear, however, whether, for Dr. Atkins, Jesus is

God, and the Bible the inspired Word of God. He possesses the concept of the Church as a visible society founded by Christ, vaguely, if at all, and his evident and welcomed appreciation of the Catholic Middle Ages leaves one bewildered, since he persistently refuses to look on the supremacy of Peter and the civilizing influence of the Catholic Church in those ages as patent historical facts.

RICHARD BALDOCK. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Marshall has made a reputation for himself as the spokesman of everyday life in rural England—everyday life in infinite detail; and still he never permits himself to become lost in the mazes of the inconsequential, as is the wont of many writers who attempt to achieve the intimate touch. Not so Archibald Marshall. He is a literary artist: he knows just how and when to pass over detail, how and when to enter into it. The result is a remarkable flavor of reality; not a strong flavor, but a persuasive and all pervading one.

This story of *Richard Baldock* is a charming romance, a simple account of life's struggles and misunderstandings, with not much plot, but with a compelling atmosphere of suspense—the same suspense that makes us hang upon every succeeding word of the narrative of a friend's life and progress. No one can set a book like this aside, once it is begun; and yet it cannot be said to have one single "thrill" in all its four hundred pages. But it has characters, characters such as Dickens might have created. And for genuine drama, it would be difficult, indeed, to find anywhere a stiffer conflict than that between Richard and his rigid, well-intentioned but utterly purblind father. There is also a delightful mixture of book lore and nature ken in the story: the forest remains always the background of the tale; but books and the love of books likewise exercise their charm.

ALBERTA: ADVENTURESS. By Pierre L'Ermite. Translated by John Hannon, with a Foreword by François Coppée. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.35 net.

This novel gives a very good insight into social and industrial conditions in France before the War. Its theme, the curse of abandoning the country for the allurements of the metropolis, is not a new one to American readers, yet it is worked out so skillfully that the story from beginning to end is one of absorbing interest. Daniel Dietzch, a clever unscrupulous engineer, and his partner Alberta Harmmster, an adventuress, contrive to interest

Count Bruno de Saint-Agilbert in their railway car works in Paris. The young Count, tired of the old château in Fleurines and fascinated by the prospect of a business career, only too eagerly offers to finance the company. He gives up everything—his mother's love, the château, the honor of the family, and goes to Paris to become the general manager of the company and the dupe of Dietzch and Alberta. On the opposite end of the social scale is Claude Routier, a humble peasant, who has been lured from his father's farm in Fleurines by the same precious pair and offered the position of superintendent in the factory. The adventures of the foolish young Count, the machinations of Dietzch and Alberta, the struggles of Claude against the plotting of his workers, combine to make this one of the most interesting pieces of recent fiction.

The plot is not the only source of interest. All of the characters are sketched in with a firm and sure hand. If a criticism be made, it is that the secondary characters stand out too prominently. Yet we would not forego the characterization of old Mathurin Routier, grim and implacable, in his refusal to forgive his son, and of the Countess Dowager and her niece, Luce. Especially fine is the portrayal of the Countess, a splendid example of the devout French Catholic mother.

ELIZABETH'S CAMPAIGN. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Several of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novels have their inspiration in some intellectual or social problem of the age. In this present novel, which deals with the reactions of various members of English society to the demands of war conditions, she assumes the rôle of propagandist in her country's cause. She draws a striking picture of the different attitudes towards the War prevalent in England—ardent patriotism, selfish indifference, war weariness, pacifism, in order to throw into relief the vital necessity of solidarity among all ranks and classes. Her principal theme is the process by which Squire Mannering, selfishly absorbed in the cult of the classics and blind to all sense of the urgent needs of the time, is reclaimed from his supineness through the good offices of his secretary, Elizabeth Bremerton. Before this end is effected, however, the humanizing touch of bereavement is needed to bring home to the squire the horror of the nation's visitation. The subject of the story lends itself readily to a display of Mrs. Ward's special powers of describing certain types of upper-class life, and of creating an atmosphere of culture and scholarship. Yet some of the characters are imperfectly realized:

Elizabeth, for all the setting of Tanagra figurines, Greek manuscripts, and the Winged Nike, remains a mere lay figure, and the Squire seems impossibly fatuous. On the other hand Desmond Mannering is a convincing embodiment of buoyant English youth. The chief charm of the book lies in the uniform distinction and grace of writing which are Mrs. Ward's by birthright and training. Its greatest lack is the absence of the creative imagination that conceives incidents and characters through sheer artistic impulse, and with no conscious purpose of didacticism.

THE VALLEY OF DEMOCRACY. By Meredith Nicholson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00 net.

Mr. Nicholson's handsome volume on the Middle West is more than a mere commentary; and yet it cannot be said to be a deliberate or cold-blooded "interpretation." It is so genial and frank a performance that it partakes much of the nature of a heart-to-heart talk about "folks and things"—without any of that smirk of self-complacence which so often makes this sort of writing distasteful. Mr. Nicholson takes his Middle West seriously, but not so seriously as to lose his sense of humor. In fact, his refreshing humor renders the serious thought to which many of his pages provoke the reader, palatable as well as digestible.

The scope of the book might well be said to outreach its design: it might be taken with very few reservations, as an interpretation of the whole of America rather than a mere section of it. "It may be," Mr. Nicholson suggests, "that American political and social phenomena are best observed in States whose earliest settlement is so recent as to form a background for contrast;" and we think he is right in his surmise. Certainly he is right in his appeal for a return to religious values, and he need have no fear that he is "only crying vainly for the restoration of something that has gone forever."

THE SOCIAL PLAYS OF ARTHUR WING PINERO. Edited by Clayton Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00 net.
EXILES. By J. Joyce. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.00.

Between the plays in these two volumes, which come simultaneously to the reviewer's hand, is a span of exactly a quarter of a century of English drama. Those of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero were among the greatest of the "renaissance of the nineties," the two republished in this first volume of the Library Edition being *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith.* They are not "pleasant" plays. They both deal with grave infractions of the moral laws of life. But they both imply and rec-

ognize these laws. The first play is a tragic arraignment of the "dual standard;" the second a working out of the futility of "free union" for man and woman.

No such ethical sanity underlies this ultra-modern play by Mr. James Joyce. The press-agent would link it up with greater names, but it is Hauptman without his wandering fires of idealism and Ibsen without his genius for characterization. The author is so afraid of the obvious that he is timid even of the clear: hence he commits a sin unpardonable in all playwriting, leaving his audience hopelessly uncertain upon a vital fact of his plot.

Not that it matters particularly. Before the Great War, a public might have been found to praise the exaggerated subtlety and painstaking indecency of some of Mr. Joyce's lines. Today, all this lawlessness and sensualism seem very outworn. The pity is to see such manifest literary talents wasted on so futile a piece of work. For life is difficult enough to all of us: but it is not so repulsively and insolubly involved as *The Exiles* find it.

FEDERAL POWERS. By Henry Litchfield West. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

Under the paramount necessity of war we have consented through our elected officials to radical modifications in our government. It would be absurd to conclude that these changes do not carry with them tremendous possibilities for good and evil. In fact they present one of the gravest situations that have ever confronted the United States.

Since the Civil War, our nation has seen the gradual evolution of the Federal power, until today, in our desire to achieve immediate and decisive results, we have endowed individuals with powers never dreamed of by the framers of our Constitution.

The author of this volume traces the gradual centralization of government from the time of the first Federalist party, showing the gradual assumption of Federal control and the disregard for the delimiting powers of the Constitution. He points out the changes made necessary by war, and is frank enough to confess their dangers. He sees before us "a possibility, with the integrity to the State as an essential unit disappearing, that we may be brought face to face with a one-man bureau autocracy. There is still further danger of drifting into Socialism, which cannot develop in a republic composed of independent sovereignties, but will thrive under the ægis of a strongly centralized government." His conclusion is that "there is still before us the task of making that government so elastic, so completely under the control of the people and so free from the perils of autocracy that Federal

power, instead of being a menace to our liberties, will be a corner-stone upon which our nation will permanently endure."

No one can over-estimate the importance of this little volume. It is a strong presentation of a great problem, treated with moderation and candor. It lays bare the dangers therein involved and puts forward well-reasoned conclusions for its solution.

THE TITLE. A play. By Arnold Bennet. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.00 net.

Mr. Bennet's comedy makes a pleasant half hour's reading, but we doubt if it would ever succeed on the stage. Certainly it would not in America, where the point of the satire would be lost. The story deals with the offer of a title by Parliament to a British politician who has declared himself opposed to the granting of such honors. But his wife loves the idea of being called "my lady." Therefore a dramatic clash ensues. The conflict is worked out to a logical finish with much delightful comedy and some clever satirical lines. Although it injures the book for the publishers to advertise it, as they do on the cover, as equal to the writing of Oscar Wilde in brilliancy and sharpness, it is miles from Wilde and at times its humor is really forced.

NEW MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN HISTORY. By Samuel Bannister Harding, Ph.D. New York: American Book Co. $1.60.

The condensation necessary for such a work, precludes of course detailed treatment. The book bears evidence of effort to deal more fairly with debatable matters, but unfortunately it does not yet seem possible to view these two historical periods from a point of view entirely divested of prejudice. The book contains much of the usual self-gratulation of our age on its material progress; as though the invention of automobiles, aëroplanes and such were the *summum bonum* of creation. The volume is well provided with maps, tables, bibliographies, and references. Among reference books *The Catholic Encyclopedia* is noted as a source of valuable information! A chapter on the present War is a useful addition.

THE NEW TESTAMENT MANUSCRIPTS IN THE FREER COLLECTION: *Part II., the Washington Manuscript of the Epistles of St. Paul.* By Henry A. Sanders. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

New Testament students will be interested in this edition of the *Washington Manuscripts of the Epistles of St. Paul,* by Henry A. Sanders, to whom we owe the publication of the other three Biblical manuscripts from the library of Mr. Freer, of De-

troit, Michigan. These four manuscripts will be transferred eventually to the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.; hence the name "Washington Manuscripts." The manuscript of the Epistles of St. Paul, like the others, is of Egyptian origin; for paleographic reasons, which appear decisive, its date has been assigned to the sixth century. It is in a very damaged condition. The legible fragments begin at 1 Cor. x. 29. Portions of all the Pauline Epistles are present. Ten of the quire numbers still legible, indicate an original manuscript of about two hundred and eight or two hundred and twelve pages. It contained, besides the fourteen Epistles of St. Paul, the Acts of the Apostles and the Catholic Epistles. The extant portions are much mutilated, but enough remains to show, beyond doubt, that the manuscript furnishes evidence almost solely for the Alexandrian text, and so gives added weight to the younger members of the Alexandrian group.

The text of the fragments is printed according to the line division of the manuscript, and the missing portions of each verse have been filled out from the text of Westcott and Hort. The editor has done his work with the utmost care, and has produced a volume worthy of its predecessors.

OUR DEMOCRACY: ITS ORIGINS AND ITS TASKS. By James H. Tufts. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

There will no doubt be a wide field found for Professor Tufts' book, especially among school teachers whose duty it is to instruct the youth of America in the history of our country. As a supplementary reader in the American history class it should prove of practical value. It will likewise make a strong appeal to instructors in those night schools which devote themselves to the teaching of the emigrant. It is primarily a text-book —a text-book of American citizenship; and its manner is inevitably of the classroom and lessens somewhat its appeal to the general reader. The author covers a deal of ground, although we are inclined to think that he takes just a little too much time laying it out. He is to be praised for the care with which he handles mooted questions of history.

THE INFERNO. By Henri Barbusse. Translated by Edward J. O'Brien. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.50 net.

The Inferno is trash; and trash of the cheapest kind. By a very crudely managed device the author of *The Inferno* sets a scene which enables his hero to spy upon the intimate lives of the various occupants of a certain room in a boarding house in Paris;

and spying thus he philosophizes on life and its problems. But his philosophizing is tawdry and shallow, and the scenes he depicts are often disgusting and seldom true to life. Not in the cheapest of cheap libels on the Catholic Church have we ever come across a more absurd or far-fetched piece of calumny than that in which M. Barbusse describes the confession of the dying man. His priest is a bogey-man of the most impossible kind: imagine a confessor who finally strikes his dying penitent in the face because he will not confess!

The book would deserve no comment were it not being widely advertised and circulated as a literary masterpiece and as a philosophical document.

HOME FIRES IN FRANCE. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.35 net.

Mrs. Canfield's eleven sketches depicting war conditions and war experiences in France, show real literary gift. She tells a story so as to grip and hold the reader's attention: she draws a vivid and arresting picture in terse and pregnant sentences; and more difficult achievement still, she is able to lay bare souls and dissect motives. Thus, Sergeant Nidart standing amidst the ruins of his former home, moved first to frantic fury and then to black despair, who still, for the sake of his children, rouses himself to erect a make-shift shelter for them, and sow once again his dismantled garden. The stretcher-bearer, Paul Arbagnan, who flays everybody alive with his bitter tongue, yet is tender as a mother to his *protegés;* the girl from Kansas, Ellen Boardman, naïve, enthusiastic, comically unsophisticated and yet severely practical and capable; and Robert J. Hall and his wife, the charming philanthropists, who are really too unselfish for this sublunary world. But all who cross her path are not shining Ariels and Gabriels like these; she meets others of less ethereal mould: society dames whom she satirizes unmercifully, and who, brim-full of incompetence, thrust themselves into war work merely for notoriety.

But if Mrs. Canfield's literature is good, her stoical philosophy is thin, and incapable of soothing a pain or drying a tear. Louis Vassard finds consolation (?) for his blindness in the thought that he has only one instrument less than other men; and again, a man "with understanding without a telescope, without a microscope, can see more than a fool with both instruments." Such considerations will never make a man resigned to be forever immured in darkness. Curious and careful readers need only compare the tale from which this episode is taken. *The First Time After,*

with the Abbé Klein's *Mon Prêtre Aveugle* in his book of hospital experiences, *Les Douleurs qui Espèrent,* to realize how much more helpful and hopeful is Catholic philosophy, and that the literature impregnated with it, gains instead of losing from the standpoint of art.

A SOLDIER'S CONFIDENCES WITH GOD. Spiritual Colloquies of Giosuè Borsi. Authorized Translation by Rev. Pasquale Maltese. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.00 net.

English-speaking Catholics owe a heavy debt of gratitude to Father Maltese for this clear, fluent translation of the extraordinary writings of Giosuè Borsi, the young Italian lieutenant who, in the autumn of 1915, died gloriously on the field of battle while leading his men to the attack. His course as a soldier of Christ and his career as a soldier of Italy practically synchronized. Until the spring of that year, in which he was one of the first of the young officers to go to the front, he was a Catholic only by virtue of baptism. His conversion was followed, in May, by confirmation. It would seem that the grace bestowed in the sacrament kindled in his soul a flame of purest penitence and love, whose white radiance ascended with ever-increasing intensity to the throne of God. These *Confidences* are just what the title implies: the inmost thoughts, hopes and aspirations of one always speaking directly to God of his adoring worship. So eloquent are they of utter self-consecration and of spiritual illumination, the words rise irresistibly in the memory: "Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time."

THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES. Book III. Catholic edition. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.

As the title-page indicates, this series is provided with a supplement on Gregorian Plain Chant, published under Catholic auspices. The Plain Chant section has been compiled under the direction of Bishop Schrembs, of Toledo, and Father Huegle, a Benedictine monk of Conception Abbey. The chants include Hymns, Introits, Communions, Offertory Pieces, etc. To facilitate the work of teaching this portion, the Supplement of Gregorian Chant is in modern musical notation—omitting the stems to the notes—this being the nearest approach to the exact representation of Gregorian Notation. The pages contrasting Gregorian and Modern Notations present to the child the unfamiliar by means of the familiar. Again, the English translation of the Latin text makes the chant more interesting to children, who, at this age (seventh grade pupils), have not yet begun the study of Latin.

The keyboard in Book II. is a useful addition, enabling pupils to become familiar with the pianoforte, the usual accompaniment of school singing classes. Catholic schools in which this or a similar method is in use will naturally become leaders in the great movement towards Church music reform, so much desired by Pius X. and Benedict XV.

THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE AND THE RED CROSS. By June Richardson Lucas. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.

Mrs. Lucas, the wife of one of our foremost Red Cross officials now working in France, tells the story of the repatriation of France's war-driven children with much success. Her book throws new light on the vast task that France is carrying out, and inevitably it stirs the American reader to feelings of the profoundest sympathy. Without pretension, in the form of simple letters written to her people at home, the author gives us many moving pages, happily often relieved by a gentle humor. She sees the priests and nuns of France with an understanding eye, and only once, when she queries the baptizing of " war babies " in the Catholic Church, does she fall short of a perfect comprehension of the state of affairs in France.

HEALTH FOR THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR. By Professor Irving Fisher and Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 60 cents.

This little book, adapted in part from the same authors' *How to Live*, is filled with valuable information and correct principles of healthful living. Most of it, however, is suited to the civilian rather than to the soldier, and those parts that pertain chiefly to the conditions of military life are treated in vein and language more proper to the officer than to the average enlisted man.

The spirit of this little book is that of the Life Extension Institute: It is better to keep well than to get well, and it is far better to store up a reservoir of surplus health than merely to avoid disease. The sections that will interest the soldier most are those on camp life, the venereal diseases, alcohol (a justification of the repressive measures taken by the government), tobacco, the feet, flies and vermin.

It is interesting, in view of the generally approved and widespread use of tobacco in the army and navy, to have this weed characterized as detrimental, even in moderation to men on the march and at the firing line.

AN ESTIMATE OF SHAKESPEARE. By John A. McClorey, S.J. New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss. 50 cents.

The author's preface states that this publication is a development of matter taught by him in the Junior English Class of St. Louis University, and expresses the hope that it may be of interest and profit to students of similar classes and even for readers more advanced. It may be recommended to all engaged in the serious duty of Shakespeare. It is of distinctive character, and in small compass contains valuable stores of scholarship, fine appreciations and balanced criticisms.

THE CITY OF THE ANTI-CHRIST: BABYLON IN CHALDEA. By Richard Hayes McCartney. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. 50 cents.

A MODERN PHENIX. By Gerve Baronti. Boston: The Cornhill Co.

It is quite impossible to guess at the meaning of either of these two books. The first is a long poem, introduced by a foreword and a preface of the most unimaginable and unintelligible verbosity. The drift of the poem itself is likewise beyond the ordinary reader. The Catholic learns that "the most deadly doctrine of Rome" is "the worship of Mary;" but he is consoled with the statement that "the Pope is not anti-Christ." One can say no more.

Miss Baronti's play is equally blind—a queer mixture of what young "insurgents" like to call "protest" and what mature people know is sheer buncombe. The author is evidently conscious of having written a telling social drama. But she will in all likelihood remain alone in that belief. Publishers—especially those new in the field, with a reputation to build up—should not bring out such books, even to please enthusiastic amateur writers.

ABRAHAM'S BOSOM. By Basil King. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents net.

The publishers of this popular novelist's little excursion into the field of spiritual writing, assure the reader that "this story will bring comfort and consolation to many who are in trouble of mind about the hereafter." We imagine, however, that a very cold sort of comfort will be extracted from Mr. King's allegory. It tells the story of a minister who, suffering from an incurable disease, passes through the pangs of death—and experiences a sort of Pantheistic revelation, in which he discovers God manifest even in his bedroom furniture! The book no doubt is fruit of the author's sincere desire to answer for himself and his fellows some of the eternal questionings of the soul. But it answers

nothing, and is, on the contrary, confusing and unconvincing, rather than comforting or consoling. To the Christian reader, grounded in the rudiments of faith, it cannot be anything but absurd.

THE SISTER OF A CERTAIN SOLDIER. By Stephen J. Maher. New Haven: Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor. 25 cents net.

The first chapter of this war-time novelette gives promise of a rather stirring tale; but the author almost immediately loses grip of his subject, and falls into the inevitable error of the amateur—an excess of action without sufficient motivation. He gives no reason for the well-nigh cataclysmical change that takes place in his heroine. As a consequence his story falls flat; it is unconvincing. We do not believe that our loyal and brave negro fighting men, whom the story celebrates, will greatly benefit by propaganda of this sort. Nor do they need it.

THE STORY OF OSWALD PAGE: A BOY FROM ARIZONA. By Rev. Edwin A. Flynn, Chaplain, 301st Infantry, U. S. N. A. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents.

For a gentlemanly, unassuming hero, Oswald Page, alias The Terror, alias The Doll, from Bear Bulch, most certainly had an exceeding adventurous career. From Arizona, his native State to Boston these adventures carry him, and in all he bravely bears his part, giving his young critics his credentials of heroism. Boys are exacting in their requirements, and the boys of St. Calixtus' Academy, a military training school, were no exception. Yet The Golden Lark, another of Page's aliases, in spite of his feminine appearance, wins their enthusiastic friendship and support. Throughout he continues chivalrous and knightly, whilst measuring up completely to the standard of a boy's boy.

The story contains some fine baseball scenes.

CATHOLIC ART AND ARCHITECTURE: A LECTURE TO SEMINARIANS. By John Theodore Comes. Pittsburgh, Pa.: Published by the Author. 50 cents.

It is encouraging to know that lectures of this nature are being delivered to our students for the priesthood. The Church in America is, and will be, to a large extent what our seminaries make it; and on those seminaries must be placed a heavy share of the blame for the innumerable sins which in years past have been committed in this country in the name of Church architecture. But, with instruction being given seminarians along the lines of Mr. Comes' lecture, we can see a new future dawning—a future which shall bring forth temples to God present on the altar of

which we need not be ashamed. Indeed, if we judge from the photographic illustrations of this booklet, that future is already well arrived.

Mr. Comes has a refreshing manner in which he drives home truths concerning the building of Catholic churches. He says plainly that he is "convinced that bad modern Catholic art has closed the door of inquiry to many who might otherwise have been attracted to the Church;" he declares further that "millions of dollars of Catholic money are, and have been, wasted on bad art and architecture in this country."

MARTIAL LYRICS. Poems on the War for Democracy. By Alfred Antoine Furman. New York: S. L. Parsons & Co., Inc. 50 cents.

This is a collection of newspaper verses, originally published in a Passaic daily. Arranged according to the order of their first appearance, they comprise a running commentary in verse on the World War and America's participation therein. There are occasional passages of poetic warmth in the verses and not a few felicitous phrases. *Her Soldier Boy* is the best poem in the little book—it has much feeling and a fine simplicity.

THE EXTENSION PRESS presents *Christ's Life in Pictures,* a very charming collection of sepia prints illustrating the "love story . . . of the love of God," as the author, Rev. George A. Keith states in his preface. There is a regrettable lack in the omission of the artists' names. The volume is most artistic and should be in demand as a gift book (price $1.00).

IN the name of all children we welcome a new edition at popular prices of Lewis Carroll's immortal *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,* edited by Clifton Johnson (New York: American Book Co. 60 cents). The book is intended as a reader in the third, fourth or fifth grade, and is certainly calculated to make study a joy. The original and inimitable illustrations of Sir John Tenniel are well reproduced.

IN the *Spiritual Guide for Priests* the Rev. R. Pernin, O.S.F.S., has "adapted to the use of priests" *The Spiritual Directory* of that great saint and eminent director, St. Francis de Sales. Out of it the Saint speaks words of wisdom and sweetness, concerning every duty of the day, which "are calculated to lead priestly souls to perfection on a sure and easy way." A recent edition of this excellent little work makes it possible for every priest to have St. Francis as a pocket companion. It may be procured from the Oblate Fathers, Childs, Md., at 50 cents per copy.

Recent Events.

The Three Armistices.

The First. At the end of September an armistice with Bulgaria was signed, reference to which was made in last month's notes. This was the beginning of the end. It was recognized at the time that Turkey would soon surrender. This was indicated by the fall of Enver Pasha and the Young Turks, by whom Turkey had been dragged into the War. Indeed, on the twelfth of October both Turkey and Austria-Hungary warned Germany that they could no longer continue the struggle. On the last day of the month the armistice between Turkey and the Allied Powers of the Entente was signed. By its terms Turkey was deprived of all power to continue the War and of the ability to help Germany in its continuance. Passage through the Dardanelles was granted to all the Allied nations and unimpeded entry to the Black Sea. Thus the way was opened for the Western Powers and this country to send help and food supplies to Russia. Since this armistice was made the Allied fleets have reached Constantinople, but so far no news has arrived of their entry into the Black Sea. A battle was anticipated there between them and the Russian fleet, which was in the control of the Germans, but the subsequent collapse of Germany precludes all possibility of such a conflict. Other articles of the armistice provided that all Turkish forces, except those necessary for police purposes, should be demobilized; that all ships of the Turkish navy should be surrendered; that the Allies should occupy any strategic point they wished; for the free use of all ports in Turkish occupation and for denial of their use by the enemy. Everything gained by the Brest-Litovsk Treaty was required to be surrendered. This involved the further evacuation of Transcaucasia. The whole of the garrisons in Arabia were to be removed, thereby giving to the new king of the Arabians the complete control of the kingdom of the Hedjaz. The whole of the Turkish dominions was to be cleared of the Germans and Austrians, who for the past years have been endeavoring to exploit their inhabitants. The Ottoman Government accepted the severance of all relations with the Central Powers.

No provision was made in this armistice as to the disposition of Constantinople or of Armenia. In fact, one of the articles seems to deny the Allies any right to enter that province. There is no doubt, however, that the Armenians will never again be subjected to the sway of Turkey. For this and for the future of Constan-

tinople, the Peace Treaty, yet to be made, will, of course, provide. The probabilities are that Constantinople will be put under the control of some small power. Belgium, in fact, has been named as the future custodian of the interests of the world in that city. No doubt exists but that the Turks will be forced to evacuate that small part of Europe they still occupy, and that they will be confined to Anatolia where they form the main population, with some six hundred thousand Greeks who inhabit the seacoast. The settlement of this point will be left, of course, to the Conference, which will be held probably at Versailles to decide all questions involved.

Another, and perhaps even more interesting question to be settled at this Conference will be the disposition of the Holy Land. Already several proposals are being made. One of the most interesting is that which the Zionists have at heart: that the Jews should return to the country, to possess which, they have so long aspired, for the return to which, they have so fervently prayed. So far no failure on the part of the Turks in carrying out the terms of the armistice has been noted; the German Government, however, has raised an outcry about the expulsion from the Ottoman dominions of German subjects. It may be mentioned in this connection, although subsequent events have rendered it somewhat out of date, that the road to India on the other side of the Caspian Sea, which the Germans had hoped to secure, has been closed by the occupation of several towns in that district by British forces.

The Second. In the last week of October, to the surprise of many experts, the Italian forces began an offensive movement against the Austrians. Considering the late period of the year, it was looked upon as little more than a diversion of General Diaz' forces, to prevent Austrian troops from being sent to help the Germans on the western front. Greater was the surprise, when after a few days of resistance to the attack, the Austrians were completely defeated. Within a week, Austrian officers appeared at the Italian Commander-in-chief's headquarters bearing the white flag of surrender and pleading for a cessation of hostilities. After a few days of negotiation, an armistice was signed to become effectual on the fourth of November. This armistice was as stringent in its terms as the one between the Allied Powers and Turkey. It provided for the complete demobilization of the Austro-Hungarian army and immediate withdrawal of all Austro-Hungarian forces operating in France, as well as in Italy; for the giving up of half the military material in the invaded territories; the evacuation of all the territories invaded since the beginning of

the War, thereby freeing Albania, Montenegro and Serbia as well as the Italian province of Venetia. A line was to be drawn behind which the Austrian forces were to fall back.

This gave the Allies the Brenner Pass, thereby precluding the chief danger of invasion and placing under their control the Trentino and a large portion of the Tyrol. The long-coveted Trieste as well as Pola, the chief naval bases of Austria-Hungary, were included in the surrendered territory. Istria and Dalmatia and a large number of specified islands in the Adriatic were excluded from Austrian occupation and given over to the Allies. A very humiliating condition of the armistice, was the power given to the Allied troops and to those of the United States to move freely over all road and rail and waterways in Austro-Hungarian territory and to use all the necessary Austrian and Hungarian means of transportation. Strategic points, at the discretion of the Allies, might be occupied by them. By assenting to this the Austro-Hungarian Government opened to its enemies the borderlands of the German Empire. All German troops in Austro-Hungary were to be sent back to their own country. A number of submarines were to be delivered to the Allies and the United States, and all German submarines in Austro-Hungarian waters. A specified number of battleships, cruisers and other naval vessels were to be delivered to the Allies, the rest to be interned. Freedom of the Danube was to be secured by the demolition of all fortifications.

The conclusion of this armistice is a most brilliant triumph for Italy. Many, if the truth must be told, had no great faith in the military capacity of the new kingdom. The Austrians derided the Italians, as organ-grinders, but from the beginning of the War they have performed marvelous deeds in the campaign carried on upon the summits of the Alps. For a long time they were the only belligerent power that carried warfare into the enemy's territory, with the exception of Russia's spasmodic advances and of the small hold which France had on Alsace. The *débâcle* a year before the recent offensive began, had seemed to confirm the opinion of those who had little trust in Italian help. Subsequent events have fully reëstablished faith and confidence. The way the Italian troops rallied on the Piave after their disaster, and withstood, two or three months ago, the renewed attempt of Austria to devastate Italy proved the Italian army had power to recuperate from reverses. Still, nobody expected that, practically alone, they would master and ruin the large Austrian force withstanding them. Yet this they did. True, of course, French and British as well as United States troops, coöperated in the advance but their numbers were so small, that this coöperation may be considered

as almost negligible—two British divisions, one French and a single regiment of United States troops—on the enemy's side the Austro-Hungarian troops stood alone without the German help which gave them the victory at Caperato in the preceding year. The defeat of the Austrians proved anew that the Austrians alone, without the assistance of Germany, were incapable of winning a single battle.

The military success of Italy, perhaps the most sudden and the most complete of any during the War, is the more remarkable because of her internal political situation and her external and foreign relations. While all the countries engaged in the war, have in their midst a number of pacifists, a small number opposed to war and some traitors, Italy had more than her fair share. Forty per cent, it is said, of the legislative bodies were Socialists, in fact, as Prince Bulow said, it was the mob which prevailed and carried the nation by a national impulse into the conflict with Austria and subsequently with Germany. Signor Giolitti, the most influential politician of the country, only nominally supported the War and made himself a centre around which discontented elements gathered. The sufferings, of Italy, due to shortage of food, were especially burdensome to the working classes. The Government, therefore, had to contend with many adverse circumstances. It is to the glory of this country that by means of Red Cross activities from one end of Italy to the other, and the sending of an American regiment to fight in line with the Italian soldiers, we gave to that hard-pressed Government and people an assurance of support and sympathy which made them eager to prosecute the War.

In its external policy the Italian Government was involved in differences with the Slavs of the Balkan Peninsula and with the Greeks. Other Governments have naturally acted in defence of their own interests; none of them have declared that action sacred. It was left to the Italian Premier to create what he called *sacro egoisimo* and declare it the motto of the foreign policy of Italy. This undoubtedly reacted on the relations between the Allied Powers and Italy. Happily, the differences between Italy and the Serbs have been reconciled by conferences held in London and Rome during the spring of the present year, and to this reconciliation may be attributed the union of the Jugo-Slavs of Austria with the Serbians, which has contributed to the break-up of Austria-Hungary. But there are questions, still, which may prove hard to solve, especially as to Dalmatia and the littoral of the Adriatic. With Greece, also, there remain several questions unsettled: the possession of Avonla, the port guarding the entrance

to the Adriatic, and the occupation of several islands, then belonging to Turkey, taken by Italy during the war for Tripoli. These islands Greece claims, as having once belonged to her. This is one of the many knotty points to be brought up at the forthcoming Peace Conference.

In this connection, it would not be right to pass over without mention, the wonderful achievements of the Serbians in the swift reconquest of their own country. Starting from near Monastir in six or seven weeks they regained, with some help from the French and British, the whole of Serbia and retook not only Nish but also Belgrade. When it is remembered to what straits the Serbians had been reduced by the united forces of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria, its army having been driven out of its own country and forced to take refuge in Corfu with a force numbering less than one hundred thousand men, the reconquest effected by the same army in so short a space of time will be looked upon as one of the most marvelous achievements which history records. The military skill and clear political vision for the future of Prince Alexander, the Regent of Serbia, greatly contributed to this success, as did also the help of the Jugo-Slavs of Austria, who joined the ranks of the Serbian army.

The Third. The third armistice was preceded by a somewhat prolonged period of note writing between President Wilson and the German Government. On the fifth of October, Prince Maximilian of Baden, the new Chancellor of the German Empire, asked the President to lay before his associates in the War the petition of the Government of Germany for an armistice. It now comes to light, from a quite recent speech of Prince Max, that in doing so he acted on the demand of the military authorities against his own better judgment. These authorities, he said, informed him that the army was in such a plight that it could not hold out for twenty-four hours. This, however, proved untrue. It is the opinion of the late Chancellor that, had he been allowed to pursue his mystifying manœuvring for peace, he might have secured better terms. The note writing went on for about four weeks. At the end of that time the President, satisfied that the conditions he had laid down were accepted, passed Germany's petition on to the Allied Powers. That Mr. Wilson should have entered into communication with a Government which he had declared to be without principle or honor, caused considerable anxiety in this country. But as each answer to the German Chancellor grew stronger and the demands made by the President more imperative, confidence was restored. It is worthy of note, in view of this anxiety, that the demands upon which he conditioned his action were more strin-

gent than any the Allies had ever thought of making, involving, as they did, interference in the very constitution of the country, and to such a degree as to make requisite considerable change of that constitution. To a lesser demand with regard to the government of Cuba, Spain, although impotent, refused consent and entered into war with this country. Germany, however, made what appeared to be such changes in her constitution as the President asked for, and also accepted the terms laid down in the President's addresses. Thereupon, the President passed Germany's application on to the Allied Powers. The Premiers of these Powers met in Paris and formulated the terms of the armistice. The German Government was informed that if it would send representatives to Marshal Foch, these terms would be communicated to them. Accordingly, on the eighth of November, German plenipotentiaries presented themselves at the place appointed. It is reported that in addressing Marshal Foch, the German plenipotentiaries said: "Marshal, the German army is at your mercy." Whether this was said or not, such was the fact. The exit from the situation in which they found themselves was so narrow that Marshal Foch's next blow would have annihilated the enemy's army. Seventy-two hours were allowed for consideration of the terms given them, and within a shorter period, they were accepted.

The principal points were as follows: the complete evacuation, within fourteen days of the signing of the armistice, of the occupied countries—Belgium, France, Alsace-Lorraine and Luxemburg; the surrender to the Allies of a large amount of military material, exactly specified in the armistice; the evacuation by Germany of all the territory on the left bank of the Rhine of which she was possessed, making the Rhine the border line between German territory and that now to be occupied by the Allies (moreover, several bridgeheads on the right bank of the Rhine, notably Mayence, Coblentz and Cologne, are to be occupied and garrisoned by the Allies; so they may cross the river into Germany, should they judge it necessary); a line is to be drawn east of the Rhine from the boundary of Holland to that of Switzerland—part of the way at a distance of twenty-five miles and the other part about eighteen and a half miles—to indicate a neutral zone; ammunition and railway materials in the evacuated districts are to be delivered to the Allies and care is taken to provide against the poisoning of wells and other attempts that the enemy might make to cause injury to the occupying troops. To the army of occupation the right of requisition is given; and the expense of its maintenance in the Rhineland is to be paid for by the German Government.

Passing from the western to the eastern front the armistice provides for the withdrawal of the German troops from all territories which before the war belonged to Russia, Rumania or Turkey. Germany is prohibited from making any requisition of food in any of the districts hitherto occupied by her troops, and free access is given to the Allies either through Danzig or up the Vistula for the purpose of conveying supplies to the populations of those districts or for any other purposes. The iniquitous treaties forced upon Russia and upon Rumania at Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest are to be abandoned. Capitulation of the German forces operating in East Africa, the last of the colonies upon which Germany has maintained her hold, is stipulated. Since the signing of this armistice, word has come that this capitulation has taken place. No provision is made as to the disposal of the rest of the German colonies but this, of course, is a matter which will come under the cognizance of the Peace Conference. The armistice goes on to provide that the gold taken from Belgium, Russia and Rumania is to be immediately restored.

Turning to the naval conditions of the armistice, the surrender to the Allies of all submarines is required; the disarmament and internment, in ports selected by the Allies, of the six battle cruisers, ten battleships, eight light cruisers, including two mine layers and fifty destroyers of the most modern type, is another of the conditions imposed. The Russian war vessels seized by Germany in the Black Sea are also to be handed over to the Allies and the United States. Free access is to be given to the Baltic Sea and all German ports necessary for securing that free access, are to be placed in the hands of the Allies. The existing blockade conditions set up by the allied and associated Powers are to remain unchanged, and all German merchant ships found at sea are to remain liable to capture. No transfers of German merchant shipping, of any description, to any neutral flag, may take place after signature of the armistice.

The terms of the armistice stipulate that it may be denounced by either one of the contracting parties by giving forty-eight hours' notice to that effect. There is, however, so little likelihood of any such notice being given that confidence may be felt that peace has been finally concluded. The terms, as will be seen are, indeed, very severe. The Foreign Secretary of Germany declares them to be fearful. They only carry out, however, President Wilson's conditions for laying before the Allies the petition for an armistice. This condition was that such armistice should place Germany in a position to render it impossible to resume the War, even if she wished to do so. After signing the

armistice, it would have been more fitting had Germany proceeded to act according to its conditions without pleading for mitigation of the terms she had accepted. But this does not seem to be the German way. Signs, indeed, are manifesting themselves so clearly of an attempt to make an appeal *ad misericordiam* to the people of this country that the Department of Justice has issued a warning against the new German propaganda. No instance has been reported of any violation. The Allied armies, American, French and British, have begun their march into the districts hitherto occupied by the German troops. The French have entered Alsace and have been received with every manifestation of delight; the Americans have occupied the districts of Briey and Longwy noted for their iron mines, from which during the War the Germans obtained so large a supply of iron. The British are advancing through Belgium and have got as far east as Charleroi. The Belgians have reëntered their capital, Brussels, and their seaport, Antwerp, which the Germans had vowed never to give up. German battleships, the best and newest that Germany had, have steamed out to surrender themselves to the Allied fleets of Great Britain, France and the United States, thereby putting an end to the struggle for world dominion for which Germany so long made preparation. The vessels thus surrendered are said to be worth three hundred and fifty millions, but this is nothing compared with what Germany will have to pay Belgium and France, to say nothing of Poland and the East.

Germany.

A short time ago it would have been impossible to believe that changes so many and of such immense importance as those which have taken place in Germany could have been made. The attempt to render the Government more democratic and to place it upon a popular basis, made by Prince Maximilian of Baden, was doomed to failure because as it rested upon the Kaiser's will, so it could be revoked by the same will. It soon became evident that the change must be made by the people as a whole. This was recognized by the Social Democrats, the Liberal Parties of Germany and also by the new Chancellor, Prince Maximilian of Baden. They, therefore, combined to call upon the Kaiser to abdicate for himself and his family, which, after considerable hesitation, he consented to do. He named Prince Maximilian Regent, until steps could be taken to ascertain the mind of the nation as to its future form of government. The Prince, following the recognized parliamentary methods of countries con-

stitutionally governed, called upon a member of the most numerous party in the Reichstag to become Chancellor and form a government.

The member was Herr Ebert, one of the Majority Party of the Social Democrats. Herr Ebert proceeded to do so, but so various have been the accounts received of the personnel of this government that it is hard to speak definitely of its real character. It was first announced that it was to be composed exclusively of Social Democrats, both of the Independent Party and of the Majority Party. A further announcement added to the Social Democrats three members representing the Middle Classes. Still another announcement, the latest so far received, is that the Cabinet is to consist of two Conservatives, two National Liberals, two Social Democrats and three whose party affiliations are not known. The Government thus newly formed has, by its own authority, changed the franchise: giving to all men and women alike who are twenty years of age the right to vote. This change seems very arbitrary and should have been left to the Constituent Assembly which has been called for the beginning of February next. The elections are to take place in January. Those chosen will have the power to decide the future of Germany: whether it is to be a republic or a monarchy, and to draw up a new constitution. Meanwhile, throughout various parts of Germany Soldiers and Workmen's Councils have been formed—by what authority and with what power it is hard to say. It is to be hoped that they do not presage a period of Bolshevik rule in Germany. Apparently this is feared by the present German Foreign Secretary, as in one of the appeals he has sent to this country, he pleads for a mitigation of the terms of the armistice in order to save Germany from "starvation and anarchy."

With the Kaiser, or soon after him, the King of Saxony was deposed, followed by the disappearance of the King of Bavaria. The King of Wurtemburg also abdicated, professing his sincere desire to conform to the wishes of his people. The Grand Duke of Baden adopted the same course, but, it is stated, has resumed his crown. Grand dukes and princes too numerous to mention, have either abdicated or been deposed. Thus has the German Empire fallen.

Austria-Hungary.

Austria-Hungary is now no longer anything more than a geographical expression. The plan proposed by the Emperor for a federation of the various nationalities came too late. Nothing less than independence was declared to be sufficient to satisfy the

national aspirations of several of the various races. By a curious coincidence, the declaration of independence of eighteen Slav States, comprising Czecho-Slovaks, Poles, Jugo-Slavs, Ukrainians, Uhro-Russians, Lithuanians, Rumanians, Italian Irredentists, Unredeemed Greeks, Albanians and Zionists, was made in Independence Hall at Philadelphia, called the cradle of liberty. These States are not all, indeed, in Austria-Hungary, as the list just given shows, but they comprise almost the whole of the non-German and the non-Magyar subjects of the former empire, and number some sixty-five millions. Soon after, the Czecho-Slovaks held a national council at Prague and declared Bohemia, Moravia, and Slovakia a republic; of this republic Professor Masaryk will be the president. A short time previous, the party in Hungary of which Count Karolya is the head, attained the object of its prolonged struggle: complete separation from Austria. What form of government will be adopted, has not yet been decided, but Count Karolya has been named Governor. Although the Allies had recognized the Czecho-Slovaks and the Poles before they had attained their independence, the Holy Father was the first to enter into friendly relations with these States. The Jugo-Slavs, comprising Croats, Serbs, and Slovines, will be some time struggling for that independence to which the other Slav races aspire, but they seem not to be so well organized as are the rest, nor perhaps so united in purpose. The Croats, it is said, are unwilling to be completely separated from Austria, and have even voted in their legislature for a continuance of the union. There is, however, a strong opposition to this, a large party wishing to throw in their lot with the Serbs and Slovines. The Poles in Galicia have manifested their desire to be united to their fellow Poles in what was once Russian Poland, while the Ruthenians in the same province, seek union with the Ukrainians. This leaves only the Germans dwelling in Austria unaccounted for. These Germans occupy the provinces of Lower Austria, Upper Austria, Salzburg, the Tyrol and Vorarlberg, Styria, Carintha and Carniola, and number between eight and nine million. They, too, have taken their destiny into their own hands and have formed a republic. The Emperor Charles has been forced to abdicate. Thus one week has seen the end of the houses of Hapsburg and Hohenzollern.

Whether the German-Austrians will elect to form an independent nation or throw in their lot with Germany is a question. The latter seems probable. Rumania, now freed from the Germano-Austrian yoke, has taken up arms (not having been included in the armistice) to free the Transylvanians over whom

the Magyars have long dominated. Such is the chaotic state of what was formerly Austria-Hungary.

Russia.

In that part of what was once the Russian Empire, over which the Bolsheviki still hold sway, chaos, anarchy, and bloodshed continue. The tenth of November was publicly fixed, by Lenine and Trotzky, for a massacre of all the *bourgeoisie*, but whether this was done or attempted, is not known outside Russia. Over what part of Russia the Bolsheviki rule still extends, it is impossible to define with accuracy, so many self-determinations are being continually made. At Omsk, in Siberia, there appears to be in course of formation a government which is drawing to its support the best men to be found in Russia, and which has for its object the overturn of the Bolshevik rule and the coördination of all the diverse elements into which republican Russia has been dissolving. With this government of Omsk, the Ufa government, referred to in last month's notes, has amalgamated, and it is proposed to hold, at an early period, a Constituent Assembly for the purpose of making the Constitution for Russia which was promised at the beginning of the Revolution. Military operations of the Allies in Eastern Siberia and in the northern government of Russia have not been heard of. This is doubtless due to the fact that winter has set in and rendered them impossible. By the terms of the armistice, Germany is required to evacuate all the territory which was Russian at the beginning of the War. This included Lithuania, Courland, Livonia, Esthonia, Poland and part of Ukraine. Courland, Esthonia, Livonia, and the Oesel Island, have, by their councils, decided to form one state. About Lithuania nothing has been heard, but from Poland the Germans have not only been expelled but the Poles have advanced into German territory by taking possession of Posen, the capital of that part of Poland which Germany took at the time of the partition. No other change appears to have been made in Poland, the Council of Regency still being in existence. This Council, however, seems to have taken steps to liberalize the constitution which was imposed upon the country by its conquerors.

November 19, 1918.

With Our Readers.

THE great World War is ended. The victory that we fought and prayed for has come. Peace reigns and it is a peace worth the fighting—that will bear untold fruit for the welfare of mankind. With its coming our hearts are joyous and thankful. Joyous that victory has crowned our arms; that the long struggle is over; that our soldiers may return to their own; that the opportunity is given to the nations of the world to live in amity. Thankful that our country entered this War which really was fought for the democracy of the world; thankful to our sons who gave their lives on the field of battle; thankful to the fathers and mothers who sent them forth; thankful that our armies and the armies of our Allies have made safe the democratic institutions of our own country and secured their safety for other nations.

* * * *

ALL our gratitude finds its way to God through His Beloved Son, Jesus Christ, Who is both the King of Nations and the Prince of Peace. We of this country can find a special consolation in the noble—if it is proper to use the term in speaking of ourselves—manner in which we entered the War and carried it on.

We made the declaration that we would accept no indemnity; we would ask no pecuniary or territorial reward. We officially stated that we sought the destruction of that government which had made such a War possible. We were determined to make it impossible for that same government or for any government ever again to deluge the world with fire and crime and death. We officially declared that we did not seek the destruction or the undoing of the German people. We waged a war in the interest not of ourselves alone but in the interests of humanity; and we were determined that the German government and the German people should forever abandon that autocracy which made both it and themselves a menace to the world. These are the great aims and the high purposes that we have sought.

* * * *

PEACE has come. With the blessings come larger duties and greater responsibilities. No one will deny that the problems at home will rapidly grow great and numerous enough to call for all the intelligent and sympathetic leadership that we possess. The nation gave itself up to the military and all that the military asked. Every civil agency was commandeered; life in almost

every one of its departments was disjointed. Emergency needs and emergency measures were supplied and carried, without debate or argument. Millions of our sons left work at home. Wages grew to fabulous sums. Women and girls filled positions that had always been occupied by men, and received an income which they had not even dreamed of a year before. Many have been trained in industries that must cease or be greatly curtailed with the ending of the War. Others will be unwilling to abandon positions in favor of the returning soldiers. The price of food has soared immensely, as well as that of clothing and other necessities of life. We face a unique situation and one immeasurably grave. Wages will go down; but food prices will probably go up.

Millions of our men must be transferred from the military to the civil life. To do this in normal times without serious disturbance to the social and industrial body would be difficult; to do it now will be a significant test of the enduring and stabilizing power of our democracy. One need not view it with alarm but one must consider it thoughtfully and seriously.

* * * *

WE believe that the vast majority of our soldiers returning from abroad will come back with a deeper seriousness, a worthier concept of life and its duties, of our country and her mission. War, like adversity, blesses its servants. They have faced death for a treasure, they will never see it questioned without opposition; they will never see it endangered without resistance. They will undoubtedly broaden and deepen our own sense of democratic government and that will be well; for democracy, if static, is dead. There are many evils of privilege, of industrial slavery, here in our own land which must be lifted. Both vigilance and vision are the requisites for a true democracy. The protests of the returning soldiers will be the stronger and the more widespread against the wrongs and injustices that afflict the body politic. These wrongs have been augmented during their absence by the profiteer at home both in high and low place. Not contentedly will they view the fact that others have made money while they have sacrificed much. It is not fitting that they who fought should now be compelled to beg. We must not witness any such evidence of the ingratitude of republics.

* * * *

THE social evils and the political injustices at home will be more evident than before to the returning troops. The good fortune in material welfare that has come to many at home, will not contribute to their contentment. Those who have been materially bettered will find it hard to make the sacrifice that peace entails;

and refusal to make it will create a situation pregnant with jealousy and unrest.

To these we may add the feeling and even conviction by which many are tempted to guide themselves—that each individual may be a law unto himself. Of course they would not see this explicitly, but they employ it as an implicit basis of argument. It will eventuate not in a better and truer democracy, but in anarchy and chaos. All of us must be ruled and guided by those principles of justice which are not subjective but objective, which bespeak the common welfare, which execute justice and which are the immutable foundations of social well-being, of order and of progress.

To see a particular law which is unjust and inadvisable wiped out may well be a cause of rejoicing; to see a government destroyed that has been the parent of injustice and cruelty may rightly give satisfaction; to witness the onward progress of democracy may well be cause of congratulation. But to view with content, and even with rejoicing, the overthrow of all law and government is as fatal to democracy as it is to absolutism. Those who wish to see Germany dismembered and made a second Russia are very shortsighted in their support of democracy. They are to be numbered as its enemies, rather than its friends. The evil that affects Russia may spell the ruin of all civilization. The Bolsheviki began with overthrowing all law; they did away first with property, then with all social distinctions; they have denied religion its rights and morality its claims. They have abolished marriage; legalized promiscuous sexual intercourse and made children the wards of the State. They have wiped out home and the individual dignity of both the man and the woman, and have blazed the wide trail that leads to national dishonor and national chaos. They began by betraying their country and they have continued in their self-appointed course. We made the mistake of encouraging them at first, because we thought they were an organized orderly movement against the autocracy of Russia. We have realized our mistake and will do all in our power to win Russia back to the ways of order and of peace.

* * * *

BUT while kings fall daily and we rejoice at the spread of democracy, let wisdom temper our enthusiasm and guide our speech. We are too apt to ascribe to other nations the same training in, and understanding of, democracy that we have ourselves. It is generous but it is not always warranted. Self government is the hardest of lessons to master. We have been at school for over a century. It is sufficient for the average Ameri-

can to read President Wilson's address to Congress after the reading of the Armistice terms to see that democracy cannot be learned by a people over night; that a people suddenly possessed of unlimited political power will not know what to do with it; that we must wait and work in patience and in sympathy ere other people, unaccustomed to democracy, learn the lesson and the light that we have given to the world.

* * * *

THE old order changeth, giving place to new. The constitutions of nations have radically changed and will change. Fortunate will the world be if they accept as their model our own Constitution which insures both liberty and justice, and which has begotten in the hearts of our people respect for duly constituted authority and an undiminished love for freedom.

* * * *

EVEN here in our own land democracy will find new and further expression, interpretation and definition in law and statute. Now, more than ever, it is necessary for us as a people to rehearse the principles upon which our Republic is founded and by thoughtful foresight, by constant sympathetic study to reach into the future, anticipate the critical problems and help solve them by the guidance of those immutable revealed truths, which from the beginning have been the sole safeguard of civilization and of humanity's welfare.

OUR gratitude should be extended to our President for the deep religious note which characterizes his Thanksgiving Day proclamation. He does not forget to ask the people to return thanks to Almighty God. His message in a singular way bespeaks the Catholic teaching concerning sacrifice and our humble relation as creatures to God. We should ask forgiveness and do penance for our sins: we should petition God for His favors: we should worship Him and thank Him for all His gifts. American democracy, through its present recognized leader, gives in a few paragraphs a most significant lesson to the world of today.

The Proclamation in full is as follows:

It has been our custom to turn in the autumn of the year in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for His many blessings and mercies to us as a nation. This year we have special and moving cause to be grateful and to rejoice. God has in His good pleasure given us peace. It has not come as a mere cessation of arms, a mere relief from the strain and tragedy of War. It has come as a great triumph of right.

Complete victory has brought us, not peace alone, but *the confident promise of a new day as well, in which justice shall replace force and jealous intrigue among the nations.* Our gallant armies have

participated in a triumph which is not marred or stained by any purpose of selfish aggression. In a righteous cause they won immortal glory and have nobly served their nation in serving mankind. God has, indeed, been gracious. We have cause for such rejoicing as revivifies and strengthens in us all the best traditions of our national history. *A new day shines about us, in which our hearts take new courage and look forward with new hope to new and greater duties.*

While we render thanks for these things, let us not forget to seek the divine guidance in the performance of those duties, and divine mercy and forgiveness for all errors of act or purpose and pray that in all that we do, we shall strengthen the ties of friendship and mutual respect upon which we must assist to build the new structure of peace and good will among the nations.

Wherefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, do hereby designate Thursday, the twenty-eighth day of November next, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and invite the people throughout the land to cease upon that day from their ordinary occupations and in their several homes and places of worship to render thanks to God, the Ruler of nations.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done in the District of Columbia this sixteenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eighteen, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and forty-third.

THE simple declaration of these fundamental religious truths brings at once to the world the thought of that power—the Papacy—which has preserved them for the world through all the centuries of change, of doubt and of denial. The world is beginning to see that the philosophy which guided Germany was utterly wrong. A significantly prophetic article in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of August, 1909, by J. Prendergast, S.J., foretold what has happened. The War was one of might and State absolutism, against conscience and individual freedom. The world was forced to assert the conscience of humanity, to champion the inalienable spiritual rights of man against the materialistic and autocratic claims of Germany.

* * * *

WHATEVER is to be, if the world is to prosper politically, must be built upon the spiritual, that is upon a sense of the individual worth of man as a rational being and the dependence of the individual and of nations upon God. Searched deeply enough, the foundation must be religious. The union of victors may be strong enough to endure for a while: but the self-interest that begot it will inevitably be weakened and destroyed by the course

of human events, unless there is a motive above self-interest, a motive supreme and spiritual to which the conscience of the peoples of these united nations will respond. It must be strong enough to outweigh self-interest: it must be powerful enough to make us look beyond material welfare: it must be independent of the nations that go to form the international league.

* * * *

WE cannot, in this day of the world's history, name a power of this character which all would willingly accept as a final arbiter, when the nations themselves disagree. But the sole power that even approaches it is the Papacy. Time and again in history the Pope has successfully filled the rôle. He is by his very position independent of nations. Throughout this War, as our record of Current Events has shown, he was the first to protest against unjust invasion, the first to recognize legitimate aspiration for national independence.

The spiritual power and the spiritual influence which he can contribute, is necessary for the success of permanent peace and of an enduring league of nations. We have fought for the spiritual rights of man. The historic protagonist of those rights should sit at a peace table where the future of the world is to be determined.

THE War has emphasized the need for trained workers in welfare activities demanded by the mobilization of our great armies in the camps and in the factories. The need for trained workers is increased, rather than lessened, by the cessation of hostilities. For incident to demobilization and reconstruction, far more difficult problems have come to the fore. To do its part toward meeting this need, the National Catholic War Council has recently founded at Washington a Training School for the women who will be sent out under its auspices into domestic and foreign fields. Some of the graduates will render service in the Visitors' Houses, others in congested industrial centres, and the remainder will go overseas to work among the refugees of France and Poland.

* * * *

THE curriculum of the school includes the following courses: The religious, social, and patriotic inspiration of war and reconstruction activities, with a survey of the field and of the agencies at work; domestic science; child and family welfare; first aid, home nursing, and care of convalescents; girls' clubs and recreation; bookkeeping and records; military organization, law, customs, and courtesies. The plan of studies consists of lectures

given by the resident staff and of field work in Washington and vicinity.

The first group of students reported for registration November 25th. They live at the school throughout the whole course of intensive training which, for this first session, lasts six weeks. The title of the school is "The National Catholic Service School." It is situated at Massachusetts Avenue and Twenty-third Street, Washington, D. C. The main office is that of the National Catholic War Council, 930 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. The school is launched under the auspices of Trinity College.

* * * *

IF woman's part in the winning of the War was great, her part in winning the victories of peace will be far greater. Without surrendering her title to the queenship of the home, she is destined to exert an ever deeper influence upon public life and the common weal. If Catholic womanhood is to contribute its share to the great task of social betterment that lies before American womanhood, it must train for its work, enter the field and take its part in leadership—not a selfish leadership that seeks personal ends and private advantage, but a leadership fired with zeal to contribute the best in Catholic social principles and action to the common welfare. But leadership comes not by haphazard, however well-meaning intentions may be. It comes through willingness to do hard work cheerfully. It comes by training.

AN intimate, personal picture of Joyce Kilmer is presented in the forthcoming *Memoir* by Robert C. Holliday, published by George H. Doran Company. It gives in fresh, living colors a portrait of the man. Concerning the deep influence which his Catholic faith exercised upon Kilmer, the author has the following estimates: "Then his fluid spirituality, his yearning sense of religion, was stabilized. What is the 'secret,' as we say, of all that has been told of his ability? His courage, his mental and physical energy, were, manifestly, unusual. But his character, in the Faith that he embraced, found its tempered spring. His talent was a winged seed which in the rich soil which had mothered so much art found fructification. . . . And, once a Catholic, there never was any possibility of mistaking Kilmer's point of view; in all matters of religion, art, economics and politics, as well as in all matters of faith and morals, his point of view was obviously and unhesitatingly Catholic. Considerable as were his gifts and skill as a politician in the business of his career, the veriest zealot could not say that he did not do the most unpolitic things in the service of his Faith."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

GEORGE H. DORAN CO., New York:
The New Revelation. By Sir A. C. Doyle. $1.00 net. *Man is a Spirit.* By J. A. Hill. $1.50 net. *The Sad Years.* By D. Sigerson. $1.25 net. *Beatrice Ashleigh.* By F. E. M. Young. $1.50 net. *From Bapaume to Passchendaele.* By P. Gibbs. $2.50 net. *The World's Debate.* By William Barry. $1.50 net.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:
Camps and Trails in China. By Y. B. Andrews. $3.00 net. *Fighting for Fairview.* By William Heyliger. $1.35 net. *Unchained Russia.* By C. E. Russell. $1.50 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The Prisoner of Love. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. *Your Soul's Salvation; Your interests Eternal.* By Rev. E. F. Garesché, S.J. 75 cents net, each.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA PRESS, New York:
To the Heart of the Child. By Josephine V. D. Brownson. $1.00.

THE SENTINEL PRESS, 185 East Seventy-sixth Street, New York:
The Nuptial Mass. Pamphlet.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
Creative Impulse in Industry. By Helen Marot. $1.50 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Our Navy in the War. By L. Perry. $1.50 net.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
Can Grande's Castle. By A. Lowell. $1.50. *Joan and Peter.* By H. G. Wells. $1.75.

THE CENTURY CO., New York:
Maggie of Virginsburg. By Helen R. Martin. $1.40.

JOHN LANE CO., New York:
Casting Out Fear. By F. B. Quest. *Out to Win.* By Lieutenant C. Dawson. $1.25 net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
The Layfolk's Ritual. $1.10 net. *The Ordo and Canon of the Mass.* 30 cents net.

ALFRED A. KNOPF, New York:
The World Peace and After. By Carl H. Grabo. $1.00 net.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
The Processes of History. By F. J. Teggart, Ph.D. $1.25 net.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., New York:
Your Fallen Boy Still Lives. By E. L. Pell. 50 cents net. *The Joy Maker.* By A. E. Bartlett. $1.00 net.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:
Ambassador Morgenthau's Story. By Henry Morgenthau. $2.00 net.

BRENTANO'S, New York:
The Halo of Grief. By Bolton Hall. $1.25 net.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO., New York:
Safe and Unsafe Democracy. By Henry W. Jones. $2.00.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
That Which Hath Wings. By Richard Dehan. $1.60.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
From Berlin to Bagdad. By G. A. Schreiner. $2.00 net.

THE CORNHILL CO., Boston:
Gargoyles and Other Poems. By H. M. Jones. *The Pawns of Fate.* By P. E. Bowers. *Chamber Music.* By J. Joyce. *The Dream Maker.* By H. F. Sanders. *The Modern Comedy.* By O. R. H. Thomson. $1.25. *The Band of Gideon and Other Lyrics.* By J. S. Cotter, Jr. $1.00. *The Lover's Rosary.* By B. More. $1.25.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:
Nerves and the War. By Annie P. Call. $1.25 net.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO., Boston:
One of Them. By E. Hasanovitz. $2.00 net. *In the Soldier's Service. War Experiences of Mary Dexter.* $1.50.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven, Conn.:
Georges Guynemer, Knight of the Air. Translated from the French by Louise M. Sill. $1.60.

PETER REILLY, Philadelphia:
Manual of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Edited by Rev. J. J. Duffy.

RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR, Chicago:
Life of Adrienne d'Ayen Marquise de Lafayette. By M. Gilhon.

A. C. MCCLURG & Co., Chicago:
Your Better Self. By Humphrey J. Desmond. 50 cents.

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY PRESS, Chicago:
The Protestant. By Burris A. Jenkins. $1.35 net.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS, Berkeley:
The Dramatic Art of Lope de Vega. By Rudolph Schevill. $3.50.

BLOUD AND GAY, Paris:
Un Grand Français—Albert de Mun. Par V. Giraud. *Pas d'illusions sur l'Allemagne.* Par M. Muret. 5 *fr.*

THE

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"ROMAN AND UTOPIAN MORE."

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

He who bore
King's wrath, and watched the sacred poor,
O Roman and Utopian More![1]

MORE is not only one of the problems of literature but also of life. As M. Henri Brémond says of him: "At first sight he is entirely profane." Here is a pagan who kept his soul as an anchorite keeps his cell; a graceless satirist, to whom nothing was sacred, living a secret life of prayer and mortification possible only to a soul full of grace; a lawyer-politician with a hair shirt under his robes and chain of office; a Voltaire ready to go serenely to the lions! Doubtlessly there are some good men in parliament, God-fearing and honorable citizens; but can we imagine even the humblest secretary of state scourging his bleeding body in a silent room of Downing Street? Even if so wildly improbable a saint existed in public life, would he carry his heart with More's spirit of daring laughter? I fear that if such a man fasted, his press agency would see to it that the fact should be known. The trumpets would blow in the market-place—for the headlines declare the glory of the great,

[1] Charles Williams, *The Wars.*

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the journalists show forth their handiwork! Even opening a church bazaar is useful (and used) for the gaining of publicity. Such piety is always portentously pompous.

More, however, hid faith under the cloak of good-fellowship, and his boon companions were not allowed to remark his austerity. The company who held their sides at his jests, could hardly suspect that the jester's heart was abiding quietly with God. The cap and bells covered the crown of thorns. Gayety goes so commonly with sanctity that it would be difficult to discover a saint without it. But the mockery of More is another matter and raises a stranger problem. Laughter, except among holy people, puts holiness at a discount, but the English wit covered up his piety, not only with hilarity (a disguise usually effective enough) but with railery, nay, almost with ribaldry.

It would be a psychological mistake so to analyze a man's character, as to separate his intellect from his emotions. If I point out the same paradox in More's intellectual as in his social life, I do so to show his unity. For the convenience of criticism, however, it might be as well to note that More seemed to be a man of divided intellectual allegiance. In his mind irreconcilables agreed. Of all the humanists, he was most human and most typical of his time. In him the Middle Ages and the Renaissance met and kissed each other. Great Latinist as he was, he wrote Greek better than Latin and thought in it better. The pagan poets and the Fathers of the Church shared the hospitality of his soul. He could turn from the reading of Lucretius to lecture in St. Lawrence Jewry on St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*. But his irony was so Greek in its spirit that he might have written Plato's sentence on a foolish disputant: "I saw then, but never before, Thrasymachus blush, after he had acknowledged that justice was virtue and wisdom, and injustice was ignorance and vice."

Ruthless critic of ecclesiastical abuse as More was, his satire was never so severe that he was not ready to recall it should scandal arise. When changing circumstances had made the reading of the humanists' writings dangerous, he could say: "In these days, in which men by their own default misconstrue and take harm out of the very Scripture of God, until men better amend, if any man would now translate *Moria* into English, or some other works either that I have myself written

on this, albeit there be none harm therein, folk yet being (as they be) given to take harm from that that is good, I would not only my darling's (Erasmus') books, but mine own also, help to burn them both with mine own hands, rather than folk should (though through their own fault) take any harm of them, seeing that I see them likely in these days so to do."

To the making of More many things—all admirable—contributed. From the strict, honorable, though somewhat parsimonious house of his father, Sir John More, the judge, he passed at the age of fourteen to the palace of Cardinal Morton, the Chancellor; and of this kindly, shrewd and humorous old man he has given us an affectionate picture in the *Utopia*. Morton was wise enough to see genius in the engaging boy, who at his entertainments knew how to make more impromptu merriment than the professional players, and delighting in his wit, was in the habit of prophesying to his guests that, "This child here waiting at the table, whoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvelous rare man." With such encouragement and patronage More went to Oxford, which he left two years later at the age of eighteen, a finished scholar and the friend of the greatest scholar of the day.

But not even early fame, or the notice of such a man as Erasmus, or the new heady wine of the Renaissance sufficed to take away from the brilliant youth a longing for the cloister. What the Carthusians failed to win, the Franciscans nearly succeeded in snatching, and it was not until More was twenty-four that he married, acting upon the advice of Colet, his confessor. The young lawyer, returned at about this time to Parliament, soon made his mark, and though he had incurred the displeasure of Henry VII., the succession to the throne of his son opened out the path of success for the feet of the saint. His public life is not the subject of this essay, so I will do no more than mention the fact that his ability as a lawyer and diplomat gained for him before he was fifty the summit of his worldly career, the office of Lord Chancellor. I am more concerned here with the man than with the politician; with the patient, pious, humorous saint and martyr; with the wit and the philosopher than with the diplomat whom Henry chose to pick his chestnuts out of the fire.

Throughout all these years of incessant and multifarious public concerns, More had been leading the humble and mor-

tified life of an ascetic. Though he was the father of a family and the ruler of a large household, he managed, by stealing time from the bed and table, to write his books. When we remember his engrossment in public affairs, the demands of the King upon his leisure, and his habits of prayer, it is miraculous that so much should have been written. It could only have been accomplished by a man of the most regular life and sweetest temper.

A wit is always in demand, and social intercourse with a king cannot be avoided—even in those rare cases where the wit desires to avoid it. More, who found that being excessively popular in the court had its drawback in the fact that he could never get home to his wife, moderated his gayety, in order to lessen the King's desire for his conversation. How this was done we do not know. It must have been a difficult and delicate piece of diplomacy that succeeded in gaining his release from the court without giving offence. Even a king less intelligent or less ardent for amusement or less imperious than Henry would have to be managed with very careful tact under similar circumstances. But More gained his end and spent quiet days in Chelsea. There the affable Henry would come, inviting himself to dinner. After walking in the garden with the King's arm round his neck—a mark of intimate royal friendship accorded only to himself—More was shrew enough to whisper in Roper's ear his estimate of the favor of princes: "I find his Grace my very good lord, indeed . . . howbeit, I may tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof, for, if my head would win him a castle in France (for then there was war between us), it should not fail to go."

Not yet had the Grand Turk shown himself and the future Chancellor was still basking in the sun of Henry's geniality. But he held his honors with a loose hand, for riches and public distinction were never sought by him. Dearer was his quiet scholarly life amidst his family, enlivened by an occasional visit from Erasmus with its riotous evenings of jocular Latin conversation. Lady More must have felt rather uncomfortable in having to listen to the laughter which greeted jest and counter-jest in a language she did not understand; but Margaret Roper and More's other children, having been brought up on the classics, must have enjoyed the conversation of the hilarious scholars. Poor Lady More! The worthy, worldly,

middle-aged, unimaginative woman was not quite the ideal wife for her husband. Yet of her, Erasmus, with whom she could hardly have had much in common, was able to say some words of rich praise, adding for the glory of More's considerate courtesy: "He loveth his old wife" (she was his second) "as well as if she were a young maid."

In this atmosphere, full of unpretending piety, and of decent domesticities, the *Utopia* was written. Of the difficulties in the way of its composition, the author speaks in the introductory letter to Peter Gilles, when he begs pardon for the delayed manuscript. This intriguing work has been largely misunderstood, because it is difficult to make sure how much of it may be taken as representing More's own opinions. Other Utopians, Plato or Swift, or Bellamy or Samuel Butler—with perhaps the exception of the last—made their point of propaganda quite clear and their meaning unmistakable. But More, in the typical chapter on Utopian religion, does not always leave the reader certain as to whether he is speaking of the *ante* or *pre* Christian Faith of the happy kingdom. Twice he warns the unwary against too hasty a conclusion: "For we have taken upon us," he says, "to show and declare their laws and ordinances, and not to defend them;" and again in conclusion: "As I cannot agree and consent to all things that he (Hathloday) said . . . so must I needs confess and grant that many things be in the Utopian weal-public, which in our cities I may rather wish for, than hope after." The *Utopia* is so often misunderstood, I imagine, because not one out of ten of its readers knows the *Dialogue of Comfort*. In that book the speculative and apparently skeptical turn of More's mind is balanced by his explicit faith and confidence in God. There, is the *Utopia* explained.

To me the amazing thing is the way in which the piercing modernism of More's political and economical criticism is controlled by the sobriety of his revolutionism. In the phrase about "sheep-eating men" with which he summed up the disaster of the change which had come over farming, when pasturage was substituted for tillage, and again in his condemnation of the rapacity of the rich and in his foreshadowing of collectivism, he was handling highly explosive stuff. But he would have men exercise moderation. "If you cannot even as you would remedy vices, which use and custom hath con-

firmed, yet for this cause you must not leave and forsake the commonwealth; you must not forsake the ship in a tempest, because you cannot rule and keep down the winds. . . . But you must with a crafty wile and a subtle brain study and endeavor yourself, as much as in you lieth, to handle the matter wittily and handsomely for the purpose, and that which you cannot turn to good, so to order that it may not be very bad."

To the *Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation* we must turn for the essential More. This, his last book, was written in the Tower during his imprisonment, and gains a tragic interest from that fact and because, during the latter part of the composition, a piece of charcoal had to serve for pen. The high courage and constancy of the man are evident upon every page of the book; and its humorous sagacity and the knowledge we have that, in it, the actual process of consolation may be seen at work in the author's own soul, make it one of the most priceless of all writings. This is almost the only treatise on consolation that really does console, for there is nothing academic about More's spirituality. A monk, who is one of the most famous preachers of the day, once assured me that if he had to be shipwrecked on a desert island with only one book, it should be the *Dialogue of Comfort.* And yet the volume is so neglected that a modern biographical dictionary of literature does not so much as mention it!

More was not a mystic, except in the secondary sense in which every Christian is a mystic. There are no raptures or visions in his experience; for though he belonged to the Middle Ages in his faith, his temperament had the classic rationalism of Greece. His devotion never soars very far from the earth, and had no extravagance or ecstasy. Acute, with the subtlety of the Renaissance, and sensible with the humorous common-sense of the English, his intellect bore the stamp of the law and feared imaginative flights. To this strong soul, consolation had to be reasonable, not emotional. He knew his danger to a hair's breadth and fought the legal battle for his head with all the forensic skill of the law-courts. He was under no illusion. The purpose of the King and the means of escape were as clear as daylight to his clear mind. True to himself he went to the scaffold with many jests, but the transports of other martyrs were foreign to his nature. He balanced the gaining of the world against his soul—and gave a lawyer's

verdict. The world, the flesh and the devil strove with their lonely antagonist and failed.

Three things stand out in the *Dialogue*. The first is the close Presence of God, and upon that More builds: "If you be part of His flock, and believe His promise, how can you be comfortless in any tribulation, when Christ and His Holy Spirit and with them their inseparable Father (if you put full trust and confidence in Them) be never neither one finger breadth of space, nor one minute of time from you?" Warring against this Presence are the treacheries of sin. It would not be easy to find a saint who has written more usefully upon the varied resources of the devil. His analysis of the sins of sloth and pusilanimity and scrupulosity and pride, show a man who has met and recognized them in his own experience. Of riches—and More had been a moderately rich man—he has a special fear: "Then were there, I ween, no place in no time since Christ's dayes hitherto, nor as I think in as long before that neither, nor never shall there hereafter, in which there could any man abide rich without the danger of eternal damnation, even for his riches alone, though he demeened it never so well."

Above all, there shone from More during these last days the certainty of his apostolic Faith. The last word of a controversialist with the Lutherans was that, when differences of religious opinion arose, he would rather be on the side of the saints. Speaking of purgatory he says: "Though they (the Protestants) think there be none, yet since they deny not that all the corps of Christendom by so many hundred years have believed the contrary; and among them all, the old interpreters of Scripture from the Apostles' days down to our own time, of whom they deny not many for holy saints, that I dare not now believe these men against all those. These men must of their courtesy hold my poor fear excused, and I beseech our Lord heartily for them, that when they depart out of this wretched world, they find no purgatory at all, so God keep them from hell."

Adamant as was his own conviction on the subject of the oath of supremacy, Sir Thomas More never made the slightest attempt to persuade any other man to his own way of thinking. The title assumed by the King of "Supreme Head of the Anglican Church" had been qualified by the amending clause,

"So far as the law of Christ allows;" and many Catholics took what was then the defensible course of acknowledging it, when accompanied by the qualification. More would never say that they were wrong to do so, but his reason and conscience forbade him the compromise. He weighed the evidence, like the lawyer he was, and then went to his death for what seemed the trivial and pedantic point of a flaw in a title deed! Even when his judges sneered at him for having no wish to live, urging him to condemn the law outright, the prisoner would only add with proud humility: "I have not been a man of such holy living as I might be bold to offer myself to death, but God, for my presumption, might suffer me to fall." Martyrdom was not of his own seeking, and the legal skill More displayed in the battle he made for his life, would have gained him acquittal from any but such a foresworn tribunal. Not until his sentence was passed, did he break his reserve or explicitly declare his opinions.

With that relief to his soul, the saint's old gayety came back to him. To his judges, his wife, his children, even to his executioner he showed a manner oddly mixed of serenity and whimsicality. He went placidly to the scaffold, jesting all the way, and, having kissed the headsman, said the *Miserere* psalm and received the martyr's crown from the hands of his Redeemer. Twenty years previously he had described the death-bed traditions of the Utopians: "They think he shall not be welcome to God, which, when he is called, runneth not to Him gladly, but is drawn by force and sore against his will. They therefore that see this kind of death do abhor it, and them that so die they bury with sorrow and silence."

There is a strange consistency about this man. His complexity lay only in the subtlety of his intellect; his motive was always single. Without the impetus of romanticism or enthusiasm, his integrity remained steadfastly unshaken. Out of Holbein's canvas he looks at us, wearing his habitual ironic smile; at once the greatest and the most homely Englishman of his age; the satirist who is the plain man's saint.

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE OF THE RIGHT OF SELF GOVERNMENT.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.

IN the last issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD we discussed the case of those communities which are in political transition, and about to obtain or establish a new government. Such are primitive peoples just emerging from the nomadic state, the American Colonies at the close of the Revolution, the Philippines at the end of Spanish rule, and present-day Russia. By confining our attention to such cases we have been able to consider the right of self government in itself, without reference to the claims of a ruler who has been for some time in actual possession. Let us take up now the more common case of a people that already has a government, but that wishes to set up a new constitution through the expulsion of the present ruler, or, at least, through a considerable curtailment of his powers. Does the right of the monarch cease, as soon as the people have definitely decided that they want a change? Obviously the question has no reference to those countries whose constitutions permit and authorize the people to make such changes in a regular and legal manner. What is involved is a transformation of the constitution itself by other than constitutional procedure.

For centuries the great majority of Catholic moralists have thought that when a *régime* degenerates into tyranny; when it is inflicting serious and long continued injury on the community; when, to quote St. Thomas Aquinas, it seeks the welfare of the tyrant rather than the welfare of the people, the latter have a right to defend themselves against this unlawful aggression, and, if necessary, to depose the tyrant. This right of resistance, of self-defence, includes the right to use physical force, to make an armed revolution, in certain conditions, namely, when legal and pacific means have proved ineffective; when there is a reasonable probability that the outcome will be satisfactory; and when the judgment concerning the tyranny of the government and the probability of suc-

cessful resistance is shared by the larger and better portion of the community.[1]

However difficult these conditions may be of accurate application to a particular case, they are all obviously necessary to render reasonable an armed revolution. They are demanded by human welfare, by the welfare of the people themselves.

Suppose, however, that the people have no grievance that amounts to tyrannical oppression, and that they do not intend to oppose the existing government by force of arms. Suppose that they desire a republic because they know that this form of government is capable of giving them greater opportunities of self development and social progress. So far as the mere technique of government is concerned, and the maintenance of peace, order and security, the republic will, we assume, be only slightly more efficient than the monarchy; but it will promote the welfare of the masses to a greater degree, and will make the people more contented with their political institutions. In a word, the question is between a tolerably good government with which the people have become dissatisfied, and a better one with which they will be satisfied. And we assume, further, that the desire for a republic is shared by a substantial majority of the people, and has survived so many obstacles and disturbing circumstances, that it represents not a temporary whim but a profound determination. In these circumstances have the people a right to bid the monarch to depart, and to use the device of passive resistance to compel his acquiescence? To put it in other terms, has his moral right to rule come to an end?

Apparently Catholic moralists would answer these questions in the negative. Even when the grievances of the people are considerably greater than we are assuming, most Catholic writers seem to think that a sufficient remedy can be found in the device of passive resistance which is designed to correct but not to expel the reigning monarch. Even Suarez did not concede to the people the right to recall authority from the monarch arbitrarily. King James I. had raised, against the doctrine of Bellarmine, the objection that if the people in truth confer political authority upon the ruler, they may, at any time, withdraw it, if necessary, by armed rebellion.

[1] *Cf.* Cronin, *The Science of Ethics*, II., 542.

Suarez rejected this inference, asserting that when the people have once transferred the ruling power, they cannot licitly revoke it at will. If they have set up a hereditary monarchy, they are obliged to leave the ruling authority with the monarch and his heirs; and the succeeding generations are likewise bound by this original transfer and compact. In the opinion of Suarez, a political community is a moral person, continuing through an indefinite number of generations; consequently the acts of one generation bind all those that come afterward. Hence, a later generation can revoke the original grant of power only when the monarch violates some of the conditions expressly stated in the original compact, or when he has gravely abused his power to the serious injury of the people.[2]

This hypothesis, that all the generations of a people constitute one moral person, bound once for all by the action of the first generation in setting up a hereditary monarchy, is obviously a pure fiction. It has no basis in the nature of things. It can be defended on only two possible grounds: the welfare of the royal family, or the welfare of the people. Inasmuch as the members of the reigning house can find other ways of getting their living, their welfare is not necessarily bound up with the exercise of kingly power. Nor is political authority like private property, which the possessor has a natural right to transmit to his heirs. On the other hand, the existing generation is a better judge of the kind of government that will promote its welfare, than was the generation that originally made the grant of political power to the royal family. Therefore, the latter was incompetent to make the grant irrevocable.

Turning to later Catholic writers, we find their opinions on the right of the people to change the form of government or the ruling authorities partially stated in their discussion of a usurping ruler. They maintain that a person who has got possession of a government by force, does not forthwith become endowed with the moral authority to govern. This is obviously correct. Any other theory would make might the determinant of right. When, however, the rightful ruler cannot be restored, the public welfare will sooner or later demand that the rule of the usurper should be regarded as legitimate. It is not reasonable nor beneficial that a people should

[2] *Defensio Fidei Catholicæ*, III., III., 3, 4; also *De Legibus*, III., III. 7; IX., 4.

live indefinitely under a government that is without genuine authority. Now the general teaching of recent Catholic writers seems to be that the rule of the usurper cannot become morally legitimate before the end of two or three generations. After a period of that length, the new government will possess authority by the title of prescription; for time and circumstances have made it clear that the unjustly deposed monarch will never be able to recover his political power.

Cannot the usurping government be legitimized at any time by the consent of the people? The answer of these writers is a decided negative. According to Dr. Cronin, whose view may be taken as typical, "in the case of a monarchy or an aristocracy, the people are not the authority from whom consent is to be sought; and as long as the monarch or ruling aristocracy is in existence, it is on their authority and by their consent only that legitimation can be affected. During that period, too, the people are bound to refrain from giving their consent to the new *régime,* or doing anything that would *directly* help to consolidate the usurper's position." When, however, the fallen dynasty has shown itself utterly unable to recover its power, "we may regard the people, in default of anybody else, as a kind of residuary legatee of the dethroned monarch, with a right to choose the ruler."[3]

The people have no right to legitimize the government of the usurper, since ruling authority is not in their hands. It rests with the deposed monarch. Whence did he derive it? From his royal parents immediately; from the first person in the royal line ultimately. Whence did it come to the original king? It might have come from the people by election, from his position as patriarch, or from some other combination of facts and circumstances which rendered his exercise of political power reasonable. Whatever the particular title, source or justification of the authority exercised by the first person in a hereditary monarchy, the right to rule remains with the royal descendant until he has lost it through the long process of prescription. Until that process is completed, the authority does not lie with the people, and cannot be conferred by them upon by the usurper. Such is Dr. Cronin's argument.

It is not conclusive. Nor does the position against which it is directed depend, as he says, upon the assumption that the

[3] *Op. cit.*, II., 533, 534.

only title of political authority is the consent of the people. We can concede that, in the case of a certain hereditary monarchy, the original king obtained his first authority without the consent of the people, because he was the only person in the community morally and intellectually fit to administer a government; and still we can, without any violation of logic, contend that the present generation has the moral right, in some circumstances, to turn against the deposed monarch and to make legitimate the government of the usurper. Why and when have the people this right? Because the supreme end of government and the fundamental justification of every title of authority is the public welfare; as soon as this comes to depend to a substantial degree upon popular acceptance of the usurper, his rule becomes morally legitimate.

Dr. Cronin himself says:[4] "In the long run it is the welfare of the people that must be allowed to determine all such issues, and must decide all questions of right between the opposing governments." Now it is precisely this general principle that justifies the people in supporting, and authorizes them to legitimize, a usurping government *any time* after the preceding one has been deposed. History informs us that the attempt of a fallen monarch to regain power has not infrequently been regarded with studied and sullen enmity by the people, while the rule of the usurper has promptly obtained their deliberate adhesion and active coöperation. If the new government is at least as competent as the old, the attitude of the people becomes of itself the determining factor of their welfare. In these circumstances, the welfare of the people is bound up with their acceptance and consent; if given to the rule of the usurper, it makes that rule morally legitimate. Dr. Cronin's contention to the contrary is based on two assumptions, one of principle, the other of fact.

The first of these assumptions is that the political right of a hereditary royal house is closely akin to the right of private property. In common with the more recent Catholic writers, Dr. Cronin enlarges upon the ruling right of the deposed monarch in such terms as to convey the impression that his moral claim to the sceptre is about as strong as his claim to his house or his hat. The wrong done the ruler when he is deprived of his throne, is represented in such a way as to sug-

[4] *Op. cit.*, II., 526.

gest that it is only slightly, if at all, different from that which he suffers when he is robbed of his household furniture.

To whatever extent this assumption may be latent in the minds or arguments of the Catholic writers we are considering, the simple truth is that the governing authority of the monarch is in no sense proprietary. It is entirely fiduciary, conferred upon him not at all for his own benefit, but solely for the good of the community. When it ceases to promote the latter end, it may properly be transferred to someone else by any process that is reasonable, as the deliberate adhesion of the people to a usurping ruler who can provide at least as good a government as the one that has been overthrown.

The assumption of fact underlying Dr. Cronin's contention is that to concede the people the right of legitimizing the new government before the dethroned royal house has lost all hope of regaining power, would not really promote the public welfare. It is assumed that the people are constitutionally prone to sanction political changes without sufficient reason; that they are easily liable to be mistaken in their evaluation of the usurping government; and, therefore, that their consent to it would, in most cases, be given unwisely. In a word, the assumption is that this theory of the right of popular determination and choice, as between the new and the old governments, gives too much encouragement to the social forces that stir up and make unjustifiable revolutions.

The existence of this danger must be admitted by all students of political history. Whether it be so great and so pervading as to render unreasonable every immediately popular acceptance of a usurper's rule, is a question that men will answer differently. Those who look with an unfriendly eye upon the general theory of democracy, and who distrust the political capacity of the people, think that the history of revolutions furnishes sufficient reasons for denying to the people any such right or moral authority; those who believe in democracy, and who hold that moderately enlightened communities can be trusted with more political power than they have historically been permitted to exercise, see a smaller amount of social and political evil in those same revolutions, than in the governmental incompetence and injustice the people would suffer if they never exercised the claim to legitimize at will a competent but usurping *régime*. The Catholic

writers who take the former attitude, are greatly affected by the evil results that have followed popular insurrections from the time of the French Revolution. Those of us who cling to the opposite opinion, believe that we weigh these disturbances in a more accurate balance, and with a more just regard to the good that they have involved and sometimes concealed. We think that, in the long run, the people are likely to be quite as good judges of their welfare as any fallen king.

At any rate, we are supposing a case in which the public welfare actually will be furthered through an immediate popular recognition of the rule of the usurper. The assumption that, even in such a case, the people have no such legitimizing authority because they would sometimes abuse it, is, to say the least, not demonstrated. It is supported by no adequate basis of fact in the realm of either psychology or history. It has no more value than the assumption that no man has a right to function as king, because many monarchs have grossly abused their great power.

In passing, it is worthy of note that the theory which we are opposing was implicitly rejected by Pope Pius VII., in 1804, when he crowned Napoleon Bonaparte as Emperor of the French, during the lifetime of the brother and heir of Louis XVI. Evidently the Pontiff did not think it necessary to await the disappearance of the third generation of the legitimate house. Incidentally, Napoleon had previously obtained the formal adhesion of the French people.

To resume the argument of the last few pages: if the reasoning and assumptions of recent Catholic writers are insufficient to prove the moral incompetence of the people to legitimize the rule of a usurper, as soon as it is evidently more conducive to public welfare than that of the deposed monarch, we are undoubtedly free to hold that the people have such a right. Therefore, they have also the right to command an inefficient king to depart, and the right to replace his government by a republic or a constitutional monarchy.

Obviously the comparative inefficiency of the existing government and the probability of getting a better one, should be greater in the latter case than in the former. Stronger reasons are required to justify the expulsion of a monarch now in possession, than the rejection of one who has been already expelled, and who could regain his throne only by bloodshed.

But such reasons have existed and still exist. Suppose that the German army and people had refused to obey the mobilization order in 1914, and had made a practically unanimous demand upon the Kaiser to abdicate, in order that they might set up a republic or a truly representative constitutional monarchy. That action would have prevented this frightful war, and saved the whole world from the menace of Prussian militarism and autocracy. Suppose that every other people suffering from royal incompetency and lust of conquest, had acted in the same way. Is it not at least probable that the evils resulting from such popular enterprises, and the abuses of the principle underlying them, would have been less disastrous than those which have followed the failure to adopt this course?

The views of recent Catholic writers on the question before us are further deducible from their discussion of the right of the people to change the political constitution. They are probably well represented by the statements of Father Meyer. In his opinion, it is morally wrong to abrogate a constitution or to make a change in its essentials, unless the process have the consent of the ruler and of all the civil classes of the community. In support of this proposition, he advances the practical argument that the opposite principle would give free license to revolution, and the theoretical argument that every legitimately established constitution is based upon at least an implicit contract, formed by all the civil classes, and therefore terminable only by the consent of all.[5]

A sufficient reply to this contention will be found in a brief examination of its implications. If a constitution can be licitly changed in its essentials only when all civil classes of the community consent, an essential modification of a monarchical constitution in the direction of democracy has rarely, if ever, been morally right in the past and can rarely, if ever, be justified in the future. Such a change means a lessening of the authority of the king or of the aristocratic element. Now, it is one of the commonplaces of history and of human nature that no privileged governing class ever willingly surrenders any of its power. If Father Meyer is right, the British people did wrong a few years ago when, despite the protest of the House of Lords, they deprived that body of some of its most important constitutional authority.

[5] *Institutiones Juris Naturalis*, II., 434-436.

If Father Meyer is right, the majority in the German Reichstag would perpetrate an immoral act should they some day acquire sufficient courage to compel a modification in the German Constitution whereby the Chancellor would become responsible to the Reichstag, and the Bundersrath be shorn of its dominant power in the governmental system. These changes would bring the world much nearer to a just peace, and they would be one of the greatest guarantees of continued peace; but they would affect "essential" articles of the German Constitution, and they would not be willingly accepted by the Kaiser or the nobility or the dominant Prussian element. Therefore, they would be contrary to justice, according to Meyer's principle.

His practical argument in favor of the principle is, that unless a constitution be thus safeguarded against the popular will, "all stability of public institutions will be rendered impossible, and there will be a sort of permanent and legal right of revolution." This dire consequence does not logically follow. It is one thing to say that the people have a right sometimes to diminish to an essential degree the constitutional prerogatives of the monarch or the nobles, and another thing to assert that they may properly do so in a moment of popular passion, or without a grave reason. Obviously a change of this magnitude becomes reasonable only when it is required to promote the public welfare, or the rights of a particular class, and when the desire for it is deeply rooted in a substantial majority of the people. The curtailment of the power of the British House of Lords by popular vote in 1911, is an excellent illustration.

If the rejoinder be made that all nations do not display the restraint of the British, the obvious reply is that every political principle is liable to abuse. The problem is one of comparison of opposite dangers. If the people be conceded the right to change the constitution against the wishes of the royal and aristocratic elements, they may exercise the right too freely, with bad results to social peace and order; if they are denied the right, they will frequently be compelled to endure indefinitely a considerable measure of political hardship. Father Meyer sees vividly the evil consequences of the former situation. We take the liberty of suggesting that they are not as great as those that would follow from a rigid application of

his own principle. And we believe that this suggestion is supported by the verdict of history. The injuries wrought by governing classes secure from popular control, have been considerably greater than those resulting from inconsiderate popular curtailment of the authority of kings or nobles.

Meyer's theoretical argument in support of his position is, that every long-established constitution rests upon either an implicit or an explicit contract among the different classes of the country. Like the irrevocable grant of authority assumed by Suarez, the hypothesis of an implicit contract binding various political classes to make no essential change in the constitution except by general agreement, is a pure fiction. Neither from history nor from ethics can the assumption be verified. An explicit contract of this sort is very rare, as Meyer himself admits; and even it could reasonably be abrogated by the people of a succeeding generation in the interest of the public welfare. Why should a contract made by a generation now in the grave, be morally binding in a purely political situation?

When we contend that the people have a right to abolish or curtail the political powers of the nobility or the monarch, we assume that a determining majority of them have, for a long time, firmly believed that such a change would promote considerably the public welfare. Their attitude represents no mere ephemeral fancy or caprice. It is based upon a matured and settled conviction. As already noted, this attitude constitutes in itself a powerful obstacle to the effectiveness of the present government, and a considerable help to the success of a new government. And we have in mind a civilized people that possesses a moderate amount of political consciousness and political capacity.

It should also be kept in mind that we do not claim or concede the right to make a bloody revolution, in order to effect the desired change. The case that we are considering is not sufficiently critical to justify active and forcible resistance. The issue is not that of a good versus a tyrannical government, but of a better versus a poorer one. Therefore, we maintain that the people have merely the right to bid the relatively inefficient monarch to depart, and to enforce that demand by peaceful measures of passive resistance. To be sure, the possession of such a right by the people, implies an obligation on the part of the monarch to acquiesce and abdicate.

When we speak of the people, we mean an entire political community. They might constitute an independent sovereign State, such as Spain or Denmark; or a subject but historically distinct nation, such as Ireland or Poland. To either of these political situations, our theory is fairly applicable. But it does not fit a segment of a substantially unified nation or State. Such a division might be constituted on racial or religious lines, as the Orangemen of Northeast Ireland; or on geographical lines, as the States that seceded from our own political union more than half a century ago. Without traditions of national and political independence, these sections have not that need of a separate government which is deeply felt and tenaciously cherished by a historically complete nation. Moreover, they are not justified in considering the matter merely from the viewpoint of their own welfare. They are obliged to take into account the good of the country or nation of which they are an incomplete element. Secession and independence for them might cause irreparable injury to the dominant and determinant element of the nation. On the other hand, all their peculiar interests, whether of race, religion, or locality, could be amply protected and secured by an adequate measure of local autonomy. To this they have a moral right.

With these qualifications understood, we repeat now the proposition that we advanced a few pages back: the people have a right by peaceful methods to change the form and personnel of their government, specifically to curtail or abolish the powers of the monarch or the nobles, whenever they become cognizant of the fact that such action would considerably promote the public welfare.

Let us now apply briefly this proposition to some of the peoples and countries that are today asserting the right of "self-determination." The Belgians have a right to complete independence because they are capable of self government, because they would never be satisfied with German rule, and because there is not a shadow of reason for denying them the right. To contend that the safety or economic welfare of Germany required some degree of control over a part of Belgium, for example, Antwerp, is to make an assertion that is utterly groundless. All the reasonable agreements or facilities needed by Germany can be obtained from Belgium without any element of political control. One nation does not need to

dominate another politically in order to trade with it. Indeed, if Germany and some other nations of Europe had not pursued a policy of erecting trade barriers between themselves and their neighbors, the present war would, probably, never have been provoked.

Ireland is in substantially the same position as Belgium. The welfare of her people requires that she shall have at least a liberal measure of home rule; therefore, they have a moral right to at least this degree of self government. Have they a right to complete independence? Yes; if the determining and competent majority earnestly desire it, and believe that it is necessary for their welfare. There is no serious ground for the assertion that an independent Ireland would be a menace to the safety or welfare of England. Nor has the English domination of Ireland been rendered morally legitimate by the device of prescription. According to the principles defended throughout this article, the mere lapse of time does not legitimize a government against the deliberate will of a politically competent people; for such a rule is incapable of attaining the supreme and single end of government, namely, the public welfare. Therefore, the Irish people have a moral right to whichever form of autonomy they prefer, either Home Rule or absolute independence.

What is true of Belgium and Ireland is likewise true of Poland and Bohemia. Both these nations were for a long period of time self-governing, and both possess definite and tenacious traditions of political autonomy. Whatever measure of self government they want now, they have a moral right to obtain, since this is necessary for their welfare. Nor would the reasonable interests of their former political masters, Austria, Germany and Russia, be endangered by their complete independence.

May the same be said of the other racial groups within the kingdom of Austria-Hungary? The most important of these, and the one that is now the subject of most discussion, is the Jugo, or Southern, Slavs. It is clear that they have a right to that measure of local autonomy which is necessary for the protection of their social, economic, racial and linguistic interests. But they are now demanding complete political independence. Is this a reasonable demand?

Fifteen or twenty years ago, the majority of fair-minded

students of politics would probably have answered this question with a conditional negative. If Austria and Hungary concede to the Jugo-Slavs full local autonomy and full protection of all their racial, linguistic, and other peculiar interests, that is all that they can reasonably claim. On the one hand, all their genuine needs as a people will be satisfied; on the other hand, both their own welfare and the welfare of the Empire will be better promoted and safeguarded through such an arrangement than through complete political secession and independence. And it must not be forgotten that the interests of the Empire deserve some consideration. Such, we may confidently assume, would have been the answer of even democratically minded authorities.

Today, however, all is changed. The Jugo-Slavs will apparently not now be satisfied with the most generous measure of home rule under the crown of Austria-Hungary; the governments of Austria and Hungary cannot be trusted to deal either justly or generously with their subject peoples; and the Empire has forfeited its claim to be permitted to remain the great world-state that it was before it gave its practical adhesion to the Prussian doctrine of force in 1914. Neither mankind nor the constituent peoples of the Dual Kingdom would be benefited by the conservation on the old lines of either Austria or Hungary. Should the former be so reduced as to comprise only its Germanic element, and the latter so as to contain only Magyars, the outcome need not be regarded with apprehension. It would be saddening for those who worship the glory of a political name, but it would probably be a good thing for the Germano-Austrian and the Magyar *peoples*. After all, they, like the other racial elements in the Empire, are the main consideration. Therefore, we conclude that the Jugo-Slavs have a right to complete independence.

If the people of Alsace-Lorraine desire to be reinstated in the governmental system of France, they have a moral right to this arrangement. It would promote their welfare, and it would be very gratifying to the people of France. Suppose, however, that they desire to become independent of both France and Germany. Have they a right to the fulfillment of this desire? If this question were asked at the close of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, it would demand a negative answer, since independence at that time would have been unjusti-

fiable secession by an incomplete political element. The lapse of fifty years might, however, have so diminished the interests and claims of France, and so increased the political and social consciousness of the two provinces, as to render reasonable a demand for complete independence. The proposition seems to be at least debatable.

As a summary of this and the preceding article, we submit the following propositions: The official teaching of the Church is, that political government is a natural necessity for society; that the authority of the legitimate ruler comes from God, and that each of the three forms of government, the monarchic, the aristocratic, and the democratic, or any of the usual combinations of the three forms, is in itself morally lawful. According to the doctrine of Bellarmine and Suarez, which has in its favor more Catholic writers of authority than any other theory, political authority is derived directly from God by the people, and is by them transmitted, either explicitly or implicitly, to the ruler. But we have given reasons to show that the political rights of the people can be fully safeguarded by the theory that, instead of conferring authority upon the ruler, they merely designate him, and that the person so designated receives his authority directly from God. This right to choose their own form of government and ruler, is inherent in every people that has the capacity to provide for or maintain a fairly competent government.

As regards the right of a people to change the existing form of government, recent Catholic writers exaggerate the right of the actual or the recently deposed monarch. The reasonable conclusion seems to be that a politically competent people have the right to modify essentially their constitution and even, by passive resistance, to force a monarch to abdicate, when they are unwaveringly convinced that they can provide a better government, and when this conviction corresponds with the facts. The justification of this proposition is to be found in public welfare. Finally, the principles developed in our study indicate that substantially all the small nations of Europe are justified in their claims to "self-determination."

[THE END.]

THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

Letters from France of a Knight of Columbus Chaplain.

EDITED BY I. T. MARTIN.

IN the year seventeen hundred and eighty, when the struggling young American colonies were battling with the tyrannical George III., an expedition sailed from the shores of France. It came to America, by order of the King of France, to coöperate with the forces of General Washington. The expedition was headed by Lieutenant-General Vimeure Jean Baptiste Donatieu, Comte de Rochambeau, and its result is the United States of America. To the gallant sons of France who came to the rescue in that hour of peril, America owes her liberty.

On the fifth day of July, in the year nineteen hundred and eighteen, a convoy with thousands of American soldiers on board, crossed the seas, headed by a steamship named *Rochambeau*. Like its intrepid namesake, the ship put out to sea, the Stars and Stripes and the Tri-Color of France thrown to the winds. Thus blazing the way, the *Rochambeau* led the standard bearers of America to a safe port in French waters.

On board were men of many nations. Alpine heroes, returning from a triumphant tour of America, Polish soldiers, enlisted to wrest tyranny from its throne, Chinese interpreters, homesick but determined young Americans, and clergymen of almost every denomination. Among them was a Catholic priest, young in years but old in wisdom, who had volunteered to go over as a Knight of Columbus chaplain. As pastor of a church in a western college town, he had seen his boys called to the colors, one by one, until the stars on the service flag of the little Catholic church grew to be a great cluster. Then he decided to add one more star to that flag, and to lend one more effort to the cause—but we must let him tell his own story.

The Voyage.

My cabin was on the promenade deck; my cabin mate, a Hebrew from Manila, on his way to France, in the interest of the Red Cross. Sauntering about the ship, I noticed a man with Irish blue eyes, wearing the uniform of France, calmly smoking his pipe as he looked out on the placid sea. I saluted him in his native tongue, and we soon came to a mutual understanding. The man was a Breton, which accounts for the Irish eyes, and to my intense surprise and delight, I learned that he was also a priest. But if I was happy in my discovery, I think that Father De Mar—fighting in the ranks of the far famed "Blue Devils"—was even more so. He told me of the long weary grind of three years in the trenches, of his life, his mission to America, his furlough, and now—back again for duty. He told his wonderful story with the cheerful optimism and matter of fact heroism so characteristic of the French soldier.

One day out from the Statue of Liberty, I erected my little altar, and invoked the Sacred Heart in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, to take the voyagers under His special protection. I did not forget the benign and calming influence of that great friend of the wanderer—Mary, Star of the Sea—and, as though by magic touch of heaven, the things that seemed so hard and irksome, became easy, and the clouds in the skies disappeared —broken by the sunshine into columns of blue and silver. Thus the *Rochambeau* sailed the wide sea without fear, for the Lord of sea and sky and land was with her.

The steamer was in mid-ocean on Sunday, July 14th, the day that commemorates the Fall of the Bastile. At seven that morning, Father De Mar—the "Blue Devil"—offered Mass on an upper deck, about sixty people receiving Holy Communion. Between the decks, later in the morning, with the blue sky as a canopy and the calm green sea as a background, I celebrated Mass, more than five hundred gathering to attend the service, and a hundred or more of the boys in khaki kneeling to receive the Bread of Life.

Time and space vanished under the magic spell and I was carried back to the land of roses. It was as though the little children of St. Mary's were on board, singing their Sunday morning song. Never before have I experienced so impressive a scene, and there were tears glistening in the eyes of everyone

in the congregation, kneeling that bright morning to adore their God and to bespeak His mercy and compassion.

A calm sea and clear weather prevailed throughout the voyage. Gloom did not rule. Alarms of submarine attacks failed to dampen the ardent spirits whose mission filled them with a fervor for France and Liberty, aptly symbolized by a journey begun on the day after our Independence Day, and ended soon after the anniversary of the Fall of the Bastile.

First Days in France.

The steamer *Rochambeau* landed in Bordeaux, historic old city of France, Tuesday evening at night-fall. The quiet old city is full of new life—modernized owing to the influx of our countrymen. Entering the harbor, the imprint of American enterprise and efficiency is everywhere in evidence. The French are the most courteous of people and seem to vie with one another in lavishing kindness upon the Americans.

On our way to Paris—between the two cities—we saw some of the most fertile country of France. The hand of war has not touched it, nor marred its beauty. It is the old château country of the long ago, and it still retains the beauty of architecture that has survived since feudal days.

We passed through Poitiers, ancient see of France, which witnessed the beautiful life and sad death of St. Martin; through Orleans, once triumphantly delivered by Joan, Maid of Domrémy, the saviour of France. And then Paris! Who shall describe it? Mightier pens than mine have failed to do justice to the beauty of this great heart that throbs in the breast of France. The night of my arrival, aëroplanes made a raid on the city. The bells sounded the alarm, but the raid was of short duration. I looked upon it in the nature of a reception, and was not in the least alarmed. There are places of shelter on the streets of Paris—subways and cellars—which serve as places of safety on such occasions, but since that first night I have not found it necessary to use them.

The evening after I reached Paris found me working in a near-by hospital. After giving spiritual consolation to the wounded, I went into the bathroom and remained there until seven-thirty the next morning—bathing the boys and helping as best I could to alleviate their sufferings.

The heroism, courage and grit of our American boys is

wonderful. There are no soldiers in the whole world so brave, so fearless, so manly. I have bathed their wounds, lit their cigarettes and arranged their pillows, and in return it was always a smile of thanks or a merry quip from the youthful soldier. An army with men of such morale and courage, such genuine fortitude, can never taste defeat. God will surely reward their sacrifices with victory. We are driving ahead and soon the world will ring with the praises of the American soldiers. To-day I talked with a Frenchman whom I met on a street-car, and he could discuss nothing else but the brave Americans.

"The soldiers of the United States are wonderful," said he, and such is the general opinion of our gallant boys, from the gates of Paris to the sunny south-lands. They know no fear, and suffering and death have no terrors for them. I have met boys from every State in the Union, except dear old Oregon, but in a short time I expect to run into the lads from the Golden West.

The work of the Knights of Columbus is only just beginning, but it is appreciated to the full, for theirs is a work of charity and love, without a price tag. The Knights seek only the comfort of the boys and the reward which God has promised to those who help freely. No personal aggrandizement looms up in the limelight, no material profit is looked for, and, thank God, everyone in France knows it. France loves the Knights of Columbus, America is proud of them, and the boys—well, to note the smile of joy when they behold the old familiar emblem, is to know that gratitude will be indelibly stamped upon their hearts long years after the memories of the World War and its tragedies shall have faded away. To see the Knights at work—professional men and men from every walk of life—helping wherever they are most needed, and then to realize that they are animated only with the love of God and their fellow-man, is a sight never to be forgotten.

Last night I had a long talk with a New Yorker who had been a fellow passenger on the *Rochambeau*. He had been up the line where the big guns are booming, and life has taken on a new coloring. He has decided to join the Knights of Columbus unit, and is happy to be able to lend his services to his country as a Knight of Columbus worker. His valet, a native-born Frenchman, emulating his master, also volunteers as an interpreter for the organization.

Paris is filled to overflowing with victims of the enemy guns. In the hotel where I am staying, there is a Frenchman, a charming young fellow, temporarily abiding there while his family is out of town. The youth lost a leg last Good Friday, when the church in which he was making the Stations of the Cross was shelled. This is one of the tragedies met with almost constantly here.

It is Sunday morning in Paris and there is an air of quiet and peace in this beautiful city, in strange contrast with the surroundings. The church bells are ringing, calling the faithful to Mass, and the crowds, clad in the sombre garments that bespeak the silent sorrow of the heart, are hastening to the altar. I have just returned from the Madeleine, where I offered Mass, and I shall never be able to express the thoughts that came surging through my heart, as I entered the vestibule and beheld the beauty and grace of this majestic monument to our Divine King. There are other churches more beautiful, but this is the first one I have been privileged to enter in the city of Paris.

Paris, peaceful in the bright sunshine of the semi-tropics! How difficult it is to realize that out on the front, the boys from home are smashing and whacking their way, driving the Germans towards Berlin. Brave, historic Paris, that in days gone by has borne the burden and the heat of the conflict without a quiver, and that now, despite the booming of distant guns, stands undismayed and wears its wonted aspect of calm reserve and masked power!

Little Boy Blue.

This Sunday morning, I went to the Church of the Sacred Heart, builded on a hilltop, overlooking the city of Paris. It was a beautiful morning, the sun shining and the air pure and clear. The landmarks of Paris, old and new, unfolded themselves like the pictures on the screen of a moving-picture. The hill on which the church is built is called Montmartre—Mountain of Martyrs—because St. Denis, who brought the gift of faith to the Gauls, was beheaded there. The crypt underneath marks his place of execution. A stained-glass window represents St. Denis holding his own head in his heads, while on his shoulders rests the head of our Blessed Saviour.

Before the light of Christianity struck the hilltop and

made it golden in the light of faith, it was called Mont de Mars —Mountain of Mars—because Mars and Mercury, the pagan gods, had their temples there. It was here, too, that St. Ignatius of Loyola and his companions presented themselves at the doors of the sanctuary, while one of their number—Father Le Fèvre—offered Mass in the little crypt. Then the little band received Holy Communion from his hands, pronounced their first vows and so laid the foundation of that great religious organization—the Society of Jesus.

Today, for me, is like all other days, a round of duty and love which I am glad to be able to perform for those I love. I never knew of the innate bravery, self-sacrifice and strength of our boys, until I learned to know them here in the danger zone. This morning I met a boy from Portland, the first Oregon boy I have met since I came to France. He was in the hospital, poor fellow, and how his face lighted up when he discovered that I came from his State. He asked me how I left the dear old town by the Columbia River; if the orchards were as white as ever in the springtime, and the fields as green along the Williamette. I thought of the old song: "Gee, but it's good to meet a pal from your old home town," and if my work meant no more than the little bit of sunshine that I brought to this boy's heart, I would feel amply repaid.

Yesterday I spent in a hospital, where I heard confessions all the afternoon, and wrote letters for the boys. Among others, I heard the first confession of a little boy, a slender lad of sixteen, with blond, curly locks and a wistful smile that went straight to the heart. I shall always think of him as "Little Boy Blue"—torn away from his toys and the trappings of childhood. The little fellow had been baptized when a baby, but had never been a practical Catholic. I heard his confession and gave him Holy Communion. The lad has been shot through the back and stomach, shrapneled in his right arm and leg, and he hasn't much of a chance. But he is so brave, poor "Little Boy Blue," that with the calm quizzical smile of a seasoned warrior, he tells you that he is "only slightly wounded," and will soon be able to return to the ranks! Such wonderful optimism and good cheer, under adverse circumstances, I have never before witnessed. They are all like "Little Boy Blue," suffering with a smile! The Germans are paying dearly and now recognize the metal of our boys. We are

driving them back, and, no doubt, ere this reaches you, you shall have heard of our great successes at Chateau-Thierry and Soissons.

Besides ministering to the spiritual needs of the boys, I am a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, and have even, on occasion, donned the barber's apron and gone at the work in true barber fashion, not omitting the steady flow of conversation! The boys declare that I am a number one barber, and have promised to set me up in business, after the War is over, in a one-chair shop of my own!

Tomorrow I go to a town far away from the scene of battle, where there are a number of camps and a hospital, but where there has never been a chaplain.

The First Crusaders.

Eight hundred years ago, two hundred and thirty-nine bishops, several thousand leaders of men, and men at arms, assembled at Clermont, France, and were joined by a vast concourse of people from all over Christendom, in answer to the call of Urban II., a son of France, at that time the reigning Pope. In the sixteenth session of this council, Urban having heard from the lips of a pious hermit the recital of the misfortunes that had come to Jerusalem at the hands of the Mussulmans, addressed the immense assembly that surrounded his throne. He recalled the exploits of Charles Martel and Charlemagne and exhorted the people not to be content with defending their country, but to go forth to the Orient, kill the wild beast in his lair and avenge the glory and honor of Christ, outraged in the profanation of His holy places.

"It is Jesus Christ Who calls you to His defence," said Urban II. "Let not ties of home keep you at your fireside. Remember the words of your Saviour: 'He who loves father or mother, brother or sister, or earthly goods or possessions more than Me, is not worthy of Me.'"

Never was human response given like to that which leaped forth from the crowd at Clermont that day. "God wills it," they cried, and all Europe heard the echo of that cry. The continent was lighted up by the holy fire of that enthusiasm, and the great movement of the Crusades was born.

Today something similar has taken place. The Mussulman from the North, descendants of the vandal, are making

war on the ideals of modern civilization and are desecrating the hearths and homes of civilized people, wrecking at once the altars of their homes and the altars of their God. The cry of Joan of Arc rings out to the four winds of heaven, even to the shores of far-away America, and has awakened a ready response in the hearts of the people. They have come from afar —brave lads from the United States—severing home ties and hearth ties, like the Crusaders of old, ready to defend their high ideals with their blood.

It is rather a strange coincidence that I should be the first Knight of Columbus to come to this city in an official capacity, to the place where the knights of old, worthy Crusaders of other days, had their beginning.

This is a land of wonderful churches. Everywhere they dot the towns and villages and even the little hamlets. Today I was present at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which dates back to the fourteenth century. Mass was offered up for the success of the Allied arms, and a priest, one of the faculty of an old college near by, sang *O Salutaris Hostia.* His beautiful voice filled the hymn of adoration and love with so much pathos, that all eyes were wet with tears at its conclusion.

Everything speaks of God up here in the hills, the spires of the churches reaching up to the ethereal blue until they appear to touch the skies. It is all like a dream to me, and yet there are moments of stern reality, when the roseate hues of dreamland vanish completely and one sees only the other side of the silver lined cloud. But one cannot see the beautiful fields smiling in the summer sun, the luxuriant harvest fields, the vines and the orchards, without thinking thoughts that are full of joy, and thanking again and again the good God.

Yesterday as I came through on the train, I passed a number of our boys, seated on a platform, singing the songs of their native land. With France as their sentry and her beautiful southern sky as their audience, the boys sang "Annie Laurie," and "Auld Lang Syne," while away back from the rear of the platform, came the old plantation melodies—"Old Folks at Home," and "Old Black Joe."

Keep the home fires burning, while your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away, they dream of home.
There's a silver lining, through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out, till the boys come home.

Soldiers—longing for home! I well understood the pathos that lay behind the words, and the waves of tenderness that surged within their hearts as they sang in a make-believe, care-free manner. It is not the shells or the fire of the enemy that cause the keenest agony, but the severing of home ties and the absence of the old familiar faces.

The Old College.

Tonight at ten o'clock, I am sitting by the light of a sputtering candle in an old college in one of the quaint sections of Clermont-Ferrand.

This old dip has strange ideas and persists in making eerie shadows on walls and ceilings, and painting ghostly shadows on tables and chairs, and the old building itself dates back, God knows how long. The city is steeped in ancient history, and buildings that we call old would be very modern here. This old college has five hundred pupils during the school year, but now they are on vacation, and at the kind invitation of the superior I moved in here, finding it preferable to the average French hotel.

I know you would never close an eye were you domiciled here for a night, for it is a veritable haunted house. There are long corriders winding in and out, and doors that lead to the land of nowhere. Stone stairways galore and circular stairways that keep on circling to seemingly endless heights, are everywhere in evidence. I have not yet come to the end of half of them.

Yet withal, the place has its advantages. Down below, one flight, is our Changeless Friend and He has only a tiny red light to dispel the gloom, while I have a large candle.

I am beginning to manage the French a little better, and I have lots of fun with the French children. They take kindly to the Americans and come to them demanding chewing gum and other trifles, in perfect English. I have no difficulty in making the children understand, and I believe it is because we both look at things in the same light, while with the grown-ups I have all sorts of linguistic difficulties.

I have been busy every minute of the day, but I can look back upon a good day's work. Starting things has always been hard for me, but today I systematized a lot of work and, with God's help, with great results. I told you I was the first Knight

of Columbus to start the work in this part of the world, and when the boys see me their eyes light up with joy. Most of them have never seen a Knight of Columbus, much less a chaplain, since they have been over here. The insignia of the Order means everything to the boys, for they know that it stands for square dealing, charity and generosity without a string.

I visited a beautiful place today, a hospital in the heart of the hills. It used to be a pleasure resort in the good old days when the world enjoyed the blessings of peace, but now all the pretty hotels bear the sign of the Red Cross and have become institutions of mercy and love. I also visited a large aviation camp and saw the bird-men soar into the clouds. Could I have heard the sweet song of the Irish skylark, the allusion would be perfect. In this and the neighboring town I visited today, there are churches standing, in good repair and in active use, though they date back to the eleventh century! There are two such churches to be precise—one here and the other in the neighboring city.

The front of the hotel in which I had been staying in Paris, was blown out by "Big Bertha," the German long-distance gun, two weeks before my arrival in the city. The same blast partially destroyed a statue on the outside wall of the Church of the Madeleine. The beautiful windows have been removed from Notre Dame, to a place of safety, but I think the activities of "Big Bertha" are at an end as far as Paris is concerned, for she had to go with her bosses when they beat a long retreat at Soissons-Thierry.

I often long for butter, of which I am very fond and which I have not eaten since mid-day on the fifth of July. I would like a cup of coffee, too, United States manufacture, and I would like to see what milk or white bread looks like. These are some of the little inconveniences that come to me, but what are these to the sacrifices that the boys are making who bear the American standard through No Man's Land, towards the gates of Berlin. Surely and certainly, with the certainty of death, we will pursue them. The Kaiser and his satellites no longer laugh at our "puny army of untrained men." When they remember Chateau-Thierry and Soissons, the smile becomes a look of frozen horror and fear. So well it may, for the boys have determined that when they again look upon the

Statue of Liberty, the House of Hohenzollern shall be no more.

Next week I expect to be going far afield, and very soon will be donning the gas mask and other like accoutrements. But it is all in the work of the day, and whatever is, is best. It is a long grind, but right must eventually overcome might.

THE WOODS OF THE MARINES.

Tonight there was a boxing tournament at the arena. There were American, French and English soldiers, all making merry for a little while. During the interval, we saluted the Stars and Stripes and the Tri-Color of the French Republic. There were several good bouts, and one Knight of Columbus secretary acted as referee, while another presided at the piano. Four French and one American General were present, and tiers upon tiers, up to the very roof, were lined with the boys from New York, Chicago, Portland and San Francisco. How the boys did whistle and sing the airs of the dear land they love so well! Cares were cast aside and they were just boys—fresh from school, with the prospect of a long vacation ahead. Grim, fighting men were they, courageous to the very core, but with the hearts of children and the eager faces of youth.

It is a privilege to write in ink once more, and I am indebted for this fountain pen to a patient here in the hospital. I met him only a few days ago, but he is probably the most interesting man in the hospital. As a journalist of note, he has pitched his tent at various times in the far places of the world, and the story of his life would make interesting reading. He comes of a good family and has had the advantages of education, environment and everything that makes life a joy, and tonight he is a private in the ranks of America's great army.

I think this is the most wonderful thing I have experienced, the democracy of our army. Every man is on the same level, and Tom Jones, the banker, is perfectly willing to take orders from Lieutenant Smith, who probably drove the milk wagon in his home town. It takes nerve and grit and self-discipline and, above all, self-sacrifice, to make such a condition possible, of course.

Sunday afternoon I visited the old Cathedral at Clermont-Ferrand. It is of mediæval architecture, bordering on Gothic, and strange faces and gargoyles peer out from the heart of the

stone. Dim, shadowy aisles lead to the main altar, and high above is the arched ceiling, inlaid with carvings and decorated with many paintings. So high is the ceiling that one feels like a tiny speck on the landscape, in comparison.

Back of the altar is a magnificent stained-glass window, and as I knelt in this sacred place, where even the low murmurings of the street were hushed, a shaft of sunlight poured in through the petals of stained-glass, coloring church and statues and pillars, making them glow like living things.

At this particular moment the priest was opening the door of the Tabernacle in preparation for Benediction, and as he raised the ostensorium into position the wandering shaft caught him up in its rosy tide of color. His vestments threw back the colored sunlight in a spray of red and gold and crimson, which, in turn, were reflected from the golden home, set in pearls, where Jesus is watching. It was a moment I shall not easily forget, but soon the sun brought another petal, and the cool shadows of twilight again enveloped the throne of the Most High. In a far-away place there seemed to be a sound of distant music that throbbed and trembled, now with a note of triumph and again as if the sorrow of crushed hearts were concentrated in the breathing of a mighty organ. Sad, pale-faced women, garbed in black, occupied most of the chairs in the church, while here and there, throughout the edifice, were the khaki uniformed boys from home, kneeling in prayer.

Before the altar of the Sacred Heart are banks upon banks of photos, pictures of sons, fathers, brothers and sweethearts who are out somewhere in No Man's Land. It has all a religious meaning, a consecration, as it were, of the lives they cherish, to the great Heart of love that consoles and pities. For four years the photos have been piling up, until now they number many thousands. Kneeling before the altar and scanning the silent faces on the photos, I wondered how many were silent forever.

My mind continued traveling along these lines until I saw the vision of Soissons, Chateau-Thierry and Belleau Woods, with its thick line of graves that mark the resting place of the men that knew not fear: Belleau Woods, which the boys pass with bared heads, as a loving tribute to the Marines who lie at rest in its leafy shadows, with the requiem of the winds playing over their lonely graves.

Oh, Belleau Woods, mothers' eyes are strained towards you during the still watches of the night, and mothers' tears are falling in silent accompaniment to the music of your rustling leaves. They are no longer called Belleau Woods, but are spoken of reverently as the "Woods of the Marines." The names of its heroes will be emblazoned forever on the honor roll of America as the greatest army of true soldiers that ever carried the colors of the United States of America!

Last night I spent with some of the boys that came here from the Sixty-ninth of the Rainbow Division. I would not care to wear a German uniform across the lines from that grand old Irish brigade. They are wonderful, and if I could tell you the story of their pluck and their loyalty to comrades, I would have you telling the wide world how proud you are that you came from that fine old fighting race. It is always a smile, and never a tear, with the Sixty-ninth, even when their lips are drawn with pain.

Modern Warfare.

This is the fifteenth of August, the Feast of the Assumption. The French have a great veneration for this day and here in Clermont and Royat, the order of the day is songs, speeches, flowers and band concerts. The day is hot—the hottest since I came to France—though it is usually cool here in the mountains.

This morning I offered Mass for the boys in the little Church of the Sacred Heart, and there were six other Masses there, so you see how well are they provided for here in the army. I saw more French receive Holy Communion today than I have seen at the altar since I came to this country.

The boys tell me that they have prayed more on the western front than they ever prayed before in all their lives, and that this is also true even of the boys that never professed religion at home. Several instances are on record of Protestant boys seeking absolution in their hour of dire need, and seeking also to make confession of their whole lives to the Catholic chaplain.

Of course, you have been following the list of casualties and know that we have lost many men. Walking through the wards of the hospital, one breathes in the horrible deviltry of war. But if we had losses, be sure that the Germans had

theirs. The fifteenth of July, I think, was the great turning point of the War, for what looked that morning like a great German drive to the gates of Paris, turned out to be an overwhelming defeat. By nightfall the Germans were fifty miles away from their objective point, going north to the tune of the guns of our American troops.

I was in Paris that night, and I saw more of the War in one hospital than I could see had I been on the actual battle lines. You have no doubt read of the effects of mustard gas and the other inventions brought out by this Great War. But reading and seeing are entirely different matters. There never before has been warfare like this, and wounds of such nature and magnitude have never been inflicted in the previous wars of all history.

Take mustard gas as an example. A man—usually a mere boy—is charging across No Man's Land. He is hot with the heat of exertion and excitement, and the perspiration is standing out in beads over his entire body. Suddenly, there is a noise similar to the pop of the cork in a champagne bottle, and all around him deadly columns of insidious mustard gas begin to gather. He feels nothing just then, because his gas mask is properly adjusted and none of the gas reaches his lungs. But when the heat of the conflict has passed, that boy is one mass of burn from head to foot, and where the body is moist, the burn is deepest.

I have seen many cases of shell shock, very strange manifestations of disordered nerves, machine gun and shrapnel wounds, and everywhere examples of heroism beyond my power to describe. The other day I attended a lad of nineteen, without legs or arms, thanking God that he was not killed, thankful that it was not worse! Patient, uncomplaining, optimistic American boys, longing for a glimpse of home. Ten months in the trenches—what a world of sacrifice!

The heroism of the Catholic chaplains, too, is wonderful. Father Brady, Father De Valles, Father Boucher—all over the top with the boys—over and over again—the admired and beloved of the entire American army!

The Bird-Man.

Last night I heard confessions at the aviation camp, and the day's work was at an end about eight o'clock. The light of

day was beginning to wane, and the twilight shadows were creeping silently over the crest of Puy-de-Dôme when I secured the privilege—a concession granted to very few—of going up into the blue sky of Clermont-Ferrand. The twilight shadows were deepening when I stepped into the observation cage of the army aëroplane—a great big bird with wings that looked like molten gold in the light of the departing sun.

I always longed to be a bird-man. I used to read with keen pleasure the story of their exploits in the clouds, and now I was being wafted afar from the haunts of man, up to the heavens, where the handiwork of God is unprofaned and there are neither tears nor murky shadows. How shall I describe my sensations as I stood within my bird of passage and patted her smooth shining body? She looked like a great silver eagle, with her steady wings poised, though never a song did she sing. Suddenly there is a stir in the silver plumage and the big throat of my bird began to sing in deep, metallic chords, emphasized by the deep purring of a mighty organ. Raising her pinions, her shining tail uplifted, she runs along the ground as though frightened by the report of a hunter's rifle. Faster and faster she glides, as though eager to reach her nest, when lo! tired of the slow movement of earth she unfolds her wings and sails into the empyreal blue. For a moment I lost my identity. I was a man of vibration and became an integral part of my bird. A quick awakening and I saw myself, a helpless biped, without wings, seated in the heart of a bird, seeing with the eyes of a man, traveling with the wings of a bird, observing with the powers of human observation, and enjoying it all with the heart and soul of an intellectual being.

What did I behold? Below, laid out in perfect lines and colors were the homes and gardens of Mont Ferrand. Everything seemed to be planned with perfect symmetry, and the world above seemed to be even more beautiful. I was looking down on a part of the world which is a beautiful garden, where flowers and trees were blended together as only the great Artist can blend them. The sounds of earth were silenced, and there was only the purring music of my bird. The caress of the wind was tinged with ice, but there was a thrill in its breath as it blew across the purple mountain range of which old Puy-de-Dôme is king.

When nine hundred metres above the earth we turned in

our course and floated over what seemed to be a phantom city. It was old Clermont-Ferrand, birthplace of the Crusaders, the great link in the chain that binds the France of today to the distant past, going to sleep in the twilight shadows. There were few lights to be seen, the outstanding points being the Cathedral and the Church of Notre Dame that dates back to the tenth century. How different everything looks from above, even to the eye of man. The lamps of God were brightly shining and a semi-darkness was enveloping the earth. The pale moon rode majestically in her carriage, with its lining of silk of the deepest blue. The bird sang on, caring naught for sunlight or moonlight, desiring only the thrill of flight, the rush of the air, and the freedom of the great unmapped spaces that lie close to the clouds.

But even birds grow tired, and soon the wings began to droop ever so little, and the great body of the silver eagle glided slowly back to earth. The bird no longer whistled with the same fervor, as slowly but surely she glided back to her nest. You have seen the skylark descend to her meadow home, where her little ones await her coming. She comes down gradually, lands gently and runs her head under cover until she is safe at home. Thus did my bird descend, and touching the ground lightly, she raced across the field to her home. I bade her good-night and returned to the lights and shadows of earth, with a feeling of loneliness akin to pain.

We had been in the clouds only twenty-five minutes, but had seen so many wonderful things, that, in retrospect, it looked like a long, long time. We had traveled over fifty miles together, and now the tie broken by the touch of earth, the great silver bird and I parted, probably forever!

Good-bye strong bird, eagle of liberty, your flight will soon be over. You will not need long to keep eternal vigil to protect the nest of your little ones, but your flights will be in the cooling shadows of evening, undisturbed by the fear of the unrelenting hunter, unbroken by the raucous barrage of the black monsters of the north lands.

I went my solitary way, back to Royat, with the vision of my trip to the fleecy clouds lulling me to sleep. The hour is growing late. The strains of music from the park, where the band is playing, are growing fainter and fainter, and taps are sounding within the walls of our little city, so I will say good-

night and God bless and keep you and mother and all our friends.

THE LETTERS FROM HOME.

Last night I was made happy by the receipt of your most welcome letters. It seems a long stretch between letters from home, but once they begin to come they usually continue to be delivered at regular intervals. The mail reaches this place about four o'clock in the afternoon, and everyone is on the alert, eager for news from home. When the glad messages are received how happy are the wounded exiles! Hope is kindled anew in their breasts, the weary days of suffering are brightened, and the waning vitality renewed in heavy hearts, by the knowledge that somebody, far away in the dear old homeland, remembers and cares, and prays that they may soon come home.

The people of the United States have no idea of the sacrifices and suffering entailed in the progress of the War. What we have accomplished in the shipment of troops, and in providing for them, in building our own railroads, three thousand miles away from home, in feeding not only our own great army, but in the assistance given the other armies, in the way of supplies and food, is a story too big for a pen like mine. The whole of Europe looks on in amazement at the speed and thoroughness, while it marvels at the immense resources of our country.

It is hard and depressing here today. The atmosphere is cloudy and the sun is a glaring bright light that burns and withers, but there have not been many days like this. It is unusually cool in the shade, but today there is no shade. But if the weather so affects those who are well, how hard must it be for the poor lads, wounded and gassed, yet traveling twenty-four and twenty-eight hours before reaching the haven of refuge. Five hundred boys are coming to the hospital tonight—today they are braving the blistering heat of the sun, on their way to this part of the world.

One thing that strikes me very forcibly is the youth of our army, as compared with the army of France. Ours is an army of boys, while theirs is one of men old enough to be the fathers of our boys. Every nine out of ten Americans in the hospital is a mere boy, while the tenth is usually under thirty. It is a mat-

ter of wonder to the French that such boys can be such wonderful fighters.

From a military standpoint things are certainly bright in this land of disorder and depression. We are keeping right on, and there seems to be no let up in the hammering we are giving the Germans. We are harassing them on all fronts, and our policy seems to be: keep them traveling. Many are the tales of bravery and valor under fire told by the boys as they lie in bed after the battle is over, for some of them, alas, forever! They have been keyed up to such a high pitch of nervous tension under the shock of shell and fire, that the inevitable reaction sets in, when the roar of the battle passes. Lads who at the front cared not for the noise of bursting shell and shrapnel, start in their beds when they hear the passing honk-honk of a Ford.

I often speculate as to how long it will last, and the way things are going now it looks as though the Germans are going to have a job on their hands to keep up with the procession. What great fighting the American troops have done within the last few months, and they are still pegging victoriously away!

War is a hard, pitiless old game, and we are all under a heavy strain, but, please God, it cannot last long now. It is only a question of time—how long it will take to insure the defeat of the enemy. It is difficult to hazard a time limit for the cessation of hostilities, but men who should know seem to think that another year will end the struggle and see victory entwined on the standard of the United States of America.

It is only a matter of time, too, when Germany will awaken to the fact that she is doomed. The hour of her awakening seems near at hand, and I would not be surprised to pick up a paper almost any evening and read that the House of Hohenzollern had tottered and fallen to pieces, torn apart by an enraged populace, who, after years of darkness, had finally seen the light of the noon-day sun. A people, no matter how driven and oppressed, must sooner or later be forced to open their eyes to the light of truth.

Fighting Father Frank.

This morning, Father Frank O'Reilly, formerly a professor at the Catholic University, Washington, D.C., came into the

hospital, suffering from a breakdown, caused by the inhalation of dangerous gases. He is the chaplain of the Seventy-sixth Field Artillery, and will be here for quite a while. Though gassed several times and suffering hemorrhages for weeks, he did not retire from the lines until after his regiment was relieved from the front. He is on the high road to recovery, however, and his only anxiety is to get back to the regiment he loves so well.

The boys call him "Fighting Father Frank"—a title he earned at the Battle of the Marne, where he offered Mass to the roar of the cannon, anointed the dying amid a rain of shrapnel, buried the dead under the fire of enemy guns, and when night fell made his bed with an old horse blanket—his only protection against the elements.

His most thrilling experience was on the night of July 14th-15th, the beginning of the great German offensive. The launching of the enemy's attack found "Fighting Father Frank" in an outpost position, in front of the first line trenches of the infantry. For twenty-four hours he was cut off from his regiment by a sea of fire, the officer in command wounded and carried to the rear. Finding himself in command of his regiment's most forward position he stuck to his post, although importuned by a major of the nearest infantry regiment to seek shelter. He remained at his post until formally relieved by an order from regimental headquarters. For hours, together with several scouts of an infantry regiment, Father Frank sat in an open shell hole while the enemy poured over them the most intense barrage of the War. He afterwards reconnoitered the ridge overlooking the Marne, and was one of the first to report that the Germans were marching in column squads down its southern bank. Working his way for several miles, through a hail of shells, Father Frank finally reported to his commanding officers, wet and exhausted, the crosses on his shoulders turned black by enemy gas, but personally unscratched! When asked what he would do when strong enough to leave the hospital, Father Frank replied:

"The command is forward!"

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

It is a beautiful day. The sun is shining and the hilltops are golden in the morning light, especially Puy-de-Dôme, a

dear friend of mine, who has a place in my heart very close to that of "Old Baldy" in Eugene. I often look to his summit to get the sunshine and shadow effects as they play tag on his head from a sky of deepest blue. I will look aloft many times today, for it is the Feast of the Transfiguration. In the course of the day's travels, I will see many transfigured faces—faces that have had their Gethsemane and are now bright with the light of Thabor. Poor sad faces that at some time in the past were transfigured with joy, and are now dark with the shadows of Olivet.

This morning I offered Mass in the little church among the hills—in the village where the camp is situated. The hour was early and the only lights were those of the two candles on the altar. I talked with many of the boys, and many were the tales they had to tell of their experience on the battle lines. One lad of nineteen or thereabouts told me how he prayed in front of a church, when shot and shell were tearing it to pieces, the only piece of statuary untouched being the statue of Our Lady.

"Father," he said, "I could not take my eyes off her face, though the shells were bursting around me, and there were the cries of the wounded and the dying. The last thing I remember was the face of the Blessed Virgin, and then all was dark."

My round of duty is ever the same, but occasionally there are great gleams of beautiful sunshine. A young lieutenant here in the hospital is one of my particular friends, and he is going to be here for a long time.

He receives Holy Communion every morning, and as I climb the four flights of stone steps, carrying my Changeless Friend, he is waiting and watching through the open door, with the eagerness of an Aloysius or John Berchmans. He is a great, big, six-foot Irish lad from Boston, with a smile always, no matter how hard the night has been. He will be in a plaster cast for six months. The young fellow has seen two years hard service, thirteen months of it in the thick of battle, living in the smoke of machine gun fire, shrapnel and death-dealing, burning gases, and was untouched until the fourteenth day of July.

Did I tell you of the flier who went home to his God, instead of to his mother, as he had planned? A young lieutenant in the Flying Corps, after months of hard service in the field, secured a furlough and prepared to go home. He had already cabled his mother that he was leaving for home. The aëro-

plane had a strange fascination for him, however, and with his observer he decided to take a farewell trip through the clouds, before bidding good-bye to France. It was his last flight.

Grave and Gay.

I am writing this in the house of the village curé—a strange old house like unto a dungeon, with tiny peep-hole windows, dim recesses in the interior, great latticed shutters and a retaining wall surrounding the building, giving it the color of a prison.

The French must have a horror of fresh air, to judge by their sleeping rooms. And the beds of France—they baffle description! They have great canopies overhead, and when the bed is made the middle of it is like the hump on the back of a camel. A great board at the end completes the mystery, and, as if to make sure that no stray breath of pure air reaches you while you sleep, there are the immense hanging curtains, heavy and cumbersome. In the morning, when the sleeper unfolds himself from the depths of his sleeping quarters, he feels as though he had fought the Battle of the Marne anew, the ammunition being the feathers.

Today, I saw an old lady driving a goat through the streets, and I noticed her direct the animal up to one of the little stores and talk with the proprietor. After a moment he came out with a pitcher, and the old lady filled two cups by milking the goat, poured the contents of the cups into the pitcher, collected her money, and was on her way. No need of milk bottles in this locality, and the milkman is the goat!

While I heard confessions yesterday afternoon, the varied lights of the sun through the stained-glass windows danced and played in the confessional, lighting up the picture you have looked upon so often, the apparition of the Sacred Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary.

Did I tell you of St. Peter's Church—the oldest in Paris? It was consecrated by Pope Urban III. in 1136. A little cemetery serves as part of the church grounds. The moldering stones marking the graves give mute testimony of the long sleep of those who lie beneath the branches of the trees.

Around the churches and in the courtyard are scenes from the Passion—done in stone—old and crumbling, but

beautiful. A group of little dark-eyed children, brown as coffee berries, were playing at the foot of the cross as I caught their attention.

"*Vive l'Amérique*" they piped up as they came gayly to greet me. France at the foot of the cross—torn, bleeding and sorely wounded, but still light-hearted and with eyes looking only to the dawn of a brighter tomorrow. May the good God grant that the dawn is near at hand!

I witnessed a ball game yesterday afternoon. The same eagerness, the same good-natured rivalry and the same enthusiasm marked the contest as used to mark the contests in the old school yard—the same spirit, but with a different setting.

There is a boy in the aviation camp who receives Holy Communion every time I come there. I always think of him as the little Aloysius of the camp, so out of place does he seem. He is a "bird-man," and last night I watched him get out his machine and enter it. In an instant he was up where the great, white, fleecy clouds play hide and seek. Then, like a tiny speck, he whirled and banked and looped the loop, and in his youthful enthusiasm he became an air sprite. Pure and untarnished as the great air spaces in which he revels, I wonder what awaits him in the future? With my wondering, comes that pain of uncertainty. Once I hinted at the danger of riding the winds and the fleecy clouds, and the boy smilingly replied: "It is a short life, but a gay one, and with God's help I will always be ready." He served my Mass this morning, and there was an "I believe" and "I love" in every action and syllable.

He told me the other day that he was not lonesome, but would give the world for the privilege of watching his mother bake a pie and listen to her croon the old Irish melody "Asthore."

Sometimes I feel a bit lonely myself. I wonder will I ever again see the sunset in my dear old homeland. Will I be able to hear the music of the voices of the children during the noon hour? Well, God is good, though I miss the interchange of thoughts that can be made only in the language one thoroughly understands.

THE EARLIEST THEORISTS OF RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

BY F. AURELIO PALMIERI, O.S.A., D.D.

"WHY is Russia a revolutionary land?" asked Alexander Ivanovich Herzen, one of the chief revolutionary theorists of Russia. The question was answered by him in the following terms: "We Russians, properly speaking, have never lived. For ten centuries we have been bound to the soil, and for two centuries we have been going to school, engaged in imitating the other peoples. We are just coming out from our bonds; and we have good reason not to complain of it. We did not inherit all the riches of the West, nor its legacies. Our historic recollections are stripped of everything Roman, antique, Catholic, feudal, chivalrous, *bourgeois*. Hence it follows that no regret, no respect, no relic may clog our onward sweep. The monuments revered by us are pure fictions: they were forged by the politicians who believe that no respectable empire can exist without their artistic glamour. We take no interest in prolonging the life of our dying members, or in the burial service of our dead. Those questions do not mean anything to us. We are eager only to know where the living hide themselves and how many they are. We are the offspring of colonists. Our forefathers had not a nation of peasants lightly varnished. The laborers of the fields are our national foundation and our vital sap." [1]

So, the genesis of Russian revolution is lack of an historical past. Too late Russia undertook to occupy a place in the festivities of the civilized peoples. Her eyes are turned towards the future. She desires to create for herself a history worthy of the great spiritual power of the Slavic races. She is not riveted to the worship of any ancestral fetish.

Russia blends in her soul both the qualities and the defects of youth. She wishes to open a new path in her dull world, already weary of its old, artificial, well-regulated civilization.

[1] Herzen (*Kolokol: izbrannya stati—The Bell: Selected Articles*). Geneva, 1887, p. 711. *The Bell* is the title of the revolutionary paper published by Herzen in London, 1857-1869.

The only way to her goal, is to declare war against the inheritances of the past. What has been received from the past, Russia feels, should be reduced to ashes. The generation of today, she claims, must destroy in order to rebuild.

The Russian revolution is a strange phenomenon. It starts with violence, continues, through a century-long struggle, in the domain of ideals, and closes with a violent *régime*.

If in other nations, the revolutionary movement is based at times upon humanitarian idealism, in Russia its foundation is economic. It was, and is, a revolution of the peasantry. Strange to say, the largest empire of the world was not able to grant to its agricultural classes as much land as they needed to avert danger of death by starvation. So we find that the earlier Russian revolutions were started by peasants, were the desperate outbursts of the serfs. In 1670, the Cossack, Stenka Razin, hoisted the flag of insurrection in the vast country extending between Astrakhan and Simbirsk, and slaughtered the Russian boyars and landowners. Another Cossack, Pugachev, in 1775, roused the Russian peasantry to take up arms against their masters, and ravaged with fire and sword a considerable part of Muscovite Russia. These revolts were not only due to economic difficulties, but were also a violent protest of the peasant slaves against the cruelty of the Russian nobility, who, at times, vied with the corrupt patricians of imperial Rome in torturing their serfs.[2]

The historians of Russian revolution point out that revolts of peasants were, to a certain extent, a daily episode in Russian social life. Such revolts took place at Kazan in 1796, 1798, 1800; at Moscow in 1797, 1806; at Tambov in 1814, and so on, till the abolition of serfdom.[3] They failed, however, to attain their aims, for they lacked intelligent leadership. They represented an armed protest of brutality against brutality, and, without exception, they were drowned in blood.

To the influence of the Russian encyclopedists upon the Russian nobility and cultivated classes, is due the rise of a revolutionary idealism. Its germs were planted in Russian soil

[2] On the conditions of Russian serfs before their emancipation by Tsar Alexander II. in 1861, see B. I. Semenovsky. *Krestianskii vopros v Rossii v XVIII. i pervoi polovinie XIX. vieka* (The Agrarian Question in Russia in the Eighteenth and in the First Half of the Nineteenth Century). Petrograd, 1888.

[3] *Krasnoe znamiia v Rosii: ocherk istorii russkago rabochago dvizheniia* (The Red Flag in Russia: An Historical Sketch of the Workingmen's Movement in Russia). Geneva, 1900, pp. 5, 6.

in the reigns of Catherine II. (1762-1796) and Alexander I. (1801-1825). Their earliest sower was Alexander Nikolaevich Radisshev (1749-1802). He had studied at the University of Leipzig, and had impregnated his mind with the new-born social theories of Voltaire, Helvetius and Rousseau. In 1790 he published his famous *Trip from Petrograd to Moscow* (*Putechestvie is Peterburga v Moskvu*). The book was confiscated. A few copies survived the rigor of Catherine II., who pronounced the capital sentence against its author. It was reprinted in London in 1858,[4] and in Leipzig in 1876.

Radisshev sets forth his philosophical opinions and describes the dark sides of Russian social life, especially the wretched condition of the peasantry, the miscarriage of justice, the abuses of the nobility, the evils of serfdom. While it is true that the abuses denounced by the author had already been denounced in Russia, no writer before him had dared to bring them into the full light of day. "I looked around me," he wrote in the preface of his volume: "My soul felt the pangs of human sufferings. I turned my gaze upon my own self, and ascertained that the evils of man come from man, and very often because he does not look rightly upon the objects about him." [5]

Radisshev pled for a literary, scientific and artistic renaissance of Russia, by the emancipation of Russia from her moral and material bondage. He defended freedom of thought, the right of every Russian citizen to the possession of a portion of the soil, freedom of religious worship, a just equalization of civil power, free public education, and measures suitable for the maintenance of social order.[6]

A forward step in the systematizing of theoretical Socialism was achieved by the so-called Decembrists, a political organization responsible for a conspiracy which tragically failed in December, 1825. The Decembrists gathered around their flag the noblest elements of the Russian aristocracy and higher classes. They inaugurated the era of scientific revolutionary movements. By their trials they showed that the suf-

[4] *Kniaz Ssherbatov i A. Radisshev* (Prince Mikhail Mikhailovich Ssherbatov, 1733-1790, and A. Radisshev). London, 1858, pp. 99-396.

[5] A. N. Pypin. *Istoriia russkoi literatury* (History of Russian Literature). Petrograd, 1907, ed. 3., vol. iv., pp. 177-181.

[6] V. I. Semevsky. *Politicheskiia i obsshestvennyia idei dekabristov* (The Political and Social Ideas of the Decembrists). Petrograd, 1909, p. 24.

ferings of the outcasts and down-trodden lower classes of Russia, had found an echo in the hearts of the Russian nobility. In the darkness which spread over Russia on the accession of Nicholas II. to the throne, the attempt of the Decembrists to create a new Russian social order constituted them the earliest leaders of the Russian revolution, and its worthy idealists.

The Decembrists nourished no illusions as to the fate awaiting them. The most pathetic figure among them, Kondraty Theodorovich Rylieev (1795-1826), a poet whose verses excited the enthusiasm of Pushkin, wrote of himself and his fellow conspirators thus:

> A dream pursues me like a shadow, day and night. It is a dream that gives me no rest. It hovers over me either in the mysterious silence of the fatherland's steppes, or in the whirlwind of the battle, or in the holy churches when my soul raises its prayer. "The hour has struck." A secret voice whispers to my ear. I know what it says to me. The gibbet will be the reward of the first insurgents against the oppressors of the people. My fate is already sealed. But, tell me, did you ever know that freedom was achieved without blood and victims? I shall die for my cherished country. I feel it, I know it. And cheerfully, I am willing to bless my own death.

The Decembrists set to work in 1815. They founded a secret society. Two brothers, Alexander Mikhailovich Muravev and Nikita Mikhailovich Muravev, spread the revolutionary movement among the officers. The secret society was called the "League of Salvation (*Soiuz Spaseniia*)." Its members were recruited from the Russian nobility and army officers of high rank.[7] In 1818, the League changed its name to "League of Prosperity (*Soiuz Blagodenstviia*)." It lacked a common programme. In its ranks were to be found *moderates* who yearned only for a constitution safeguarding the rights of individuals against the despotism of Russian bureaucracy; political reformers who took up the cudgels for a republican *régime; radicals* who advocated pulling down autocracy

[7] Their complete list is to be found in a small pamphlet published in Germany: *Tainoe obsshestvo i 14 dekabriia 1825 v Rossii* (The Secret Society and the 14th of December, 1825, in Russia). Leipzig (s. d.) See also A. L. Dmitriev-Mamontov. *Dekabristy v Zapadnoi Sibiri: istoricheskii ocherk* (The Decembrists in Western Siberia: An Historical Essay). Petrograd, 1905.

immediately and basing the social and administrative organization of Russia upon a distinctly new foundation.[8]

The conflict between the conservative and the radical wings dragged along for several years. The society was all but rent apart. Its lease on life was prolonged when the Polish *carbonari* decided to join the Russian revolution.[9] Colonel Pestel, who heroically faced death after the discovery of the Decembrists' plot, favored extreme measures. He was a stanch defender of a republican form of government, and the very soul of the League. In his opinion, the Tsar would not willingly surrender his privileges. His republicanism was strongly tinctured with socialistic aims. At a meeting of the League's adherents, when asked how to deal with the relatives of the Tsar, he answered: "We must annihilate them!" The League approved his violent measures for the emancipation of Russia.

Pestel was of the opinion that Russian revolution ought to take up as the first of its duties the solution of the agrarian problem. Individual property ought to be abolished. The soil, according to him, belongs to its laborers. It is a common possession of all Russian citizens who are bound to cultivate it, and to divide the fruits of their common toil. Communism in land was, to Pestel, the condition *sine qua non* for the triumph of the revolution.[10]

The moderate wing in the conspiracy of the Decembrists, was headed by Nikita M. Muravev, and leaned towards the rebuilding of Russia on a political constitution similar to that of England. Because of the ignorance and inexperience of the Russian masses, he was prepared to retain the aristocratic element in the political life of the future free Russia.[11] Pestel, on the contrary, was a fervent admirer of revolutionary France. His memorandum, or outline of reforms to be introduced in Russia, entitled *Russkaia pravda* (The Russian Question), was written in 1822, and circulated in manuscript form. It was published only in 1906 by P. E. Schegolev. Its examina-

[8] G. Steklov. *Istoricheskoe podgotovlenie russkoi sotzial-demokratii* (An Historical Introduction to Russian Social Democracy). Petrograd, 1906, p. 9.

[9] T. O. *Ocherki po istorii sotzialiceskago dvizheniia v Russkoi Polsche* (Essays on the History of the Socialistic Movement in Russian Poland). Lemberg, 1904, p. 77.

[10] V. Burtzev. *Za sto liet. Sbornik po istorii politiceskikh i obsshestvennykh dvizhenii v Rossii.* (A Century of Political Life: Selected Materials Concerning Political and Social Movements in Russia). London, 1897, pp. 4, 5.

[11] G. Alexinsky. *La Russie d'Europe.* Paris, 1917, p. 139.

tion shows clearly that the writer's mind was imbued with the theories of the encyclopedists and free-thinkers of the eighteenth century—Rousseau, Helvetius, Condillac, Holbach, Voltaire, Diderot, Beccaria. The strong influence of the *Esprit des Lois* of Montesquieu can be traced on every page. Some of its theories seem to have been literally drawn from the famous commentary on Montesquieu's work by Count Destutt de Tracy,[12] a passionate lover of the nascent and already vigorous American democracy.

Pestel believed that a federal form of government was the best means of solving the problem of nationalities in Russia, and of safeguarding their rights in a distinct ethnical life. Like the Russian revolutionists, he was, at bottom, a Slav. His Slavic or Pan-Slavic tendencies, are revealed whenever he deals with the question of the official language of Russian federation. He declares that the Russian tongue deserves to be the strongest political bond of union among the states enclosed within the boundaries of Russia.

To his Slavophilism is to be traced his feeling of distrust for the Russian Jews. Like Bakunin, he instinctively felt that Russian Israel disliked the Slavic races. The Jews, in his view, were a thoroughly Germanized people, a German-speaking tribe, by traditions, education and spirit fastened to the triumphal car of Teutonism. The Jews, he wrote, form a state within the state. Russia would be able get on well, if she could free herself from the Jewish danger. He pleaded for a transplanting of Russian Jews into Asia Minor, where they would be free to realize their own political and religious ideals.[13]

A temperate communism underlies the system of social reforms outlined by Pestel. He proposes to divide into two parts the tillable soil of Russia. One part would be the common property of the *mir* (commune); the other should be left to its owner. The property of the *mir* should be inviolable. The *mir* might not rent or sell its land to private individuals. The land was to be allotted evenly among all families of five to be found in the given community. By this method, the dearth of arable land would cease in Russia, and all Russian citizens would become proprietors of Russian soil.[14]

The Decembrists blended their social aims with their

[12] *Commentaire sur l'Esprit des Lois de Montesquieu.* Paris, 1819, p. 381.
[13] Semevsky. *Op. cit.*, pp. 530-532.
[14] Burtzev. *Op. cit.*, pp. 14, 15.

political ones. They concluded that the social revolution in Russia should begin by the overthrow of Tsarism. From that time on, the political programme of Socialism became a dogma to all socialistic organizations.

L. Martov wrote: "The workingmen's party in Russia is a socialistic one, for they acknowledge that the ultimate end of the proletarian movement will be the extinction of the capitalistic system of today, a system grounded on the exploitation of labor. By dint of a new socialistic *régime*, the laboring classes, when accurately trained, will give to society the fruits of their common labor. The proletariat will no longer deliver the lion's share to those who do not toil, viz., to capitalists and the bureaucracy. The socialist party believes that in order to attain full emancipation, the working classes are bound to demolish the autocratic system and the police *régime*. Socialism proclaims the necessity of a popular form of government, of a ruling power consisting of the representatives of the masses, of men chosen by ballot, and accountable for their actions." [15] "The proletariat," wrote a Russian socialist in 1902, "is the dynamite cartridge which will dash to pieces Russian autocracy." [16]

The reign of Nicholas I. marks a period of veritable strangulation of Russian social and political activity. It is a relentless struggle against all attempts at reconstruction of Russian life, on a basis of freedom. Yet the revolutionary tide was growing. Secret societies strove, under cover, to shatter the foundation of Russian autocracy. In 1847, at Kiev, the members of the secret Guild of SS. Cyril and Methodius were arrested. The most illustrious of them were the great historian Kostomarov, and the national poet of Ukraina, Taras Ssevchenko. The former was imprisoned in the fortress of Petropavlovsk, the latter was enrolled in military service. As at the burial of his patriotic hopes and literary life, Ssevchenko sang the beauty of his native country in touching verses:

Dig my grave and raise my barrow
By the Dnieper-side
In Ukraina, my own land,
A fair land and wide.

[15] *Sotzialisty-revoliutzionery i proletariat* (Revolutionary Socialists and Proletariat). Petrograd, 1907, pp. 46, 47.

[16] *Russkii rabochii v revolutzionnom dvizhenii* (Russian Workers in the Revolutionary Movement). (Printing house of the *Iskra*.) 1902, p. 62.

I will lie and watch the cornfields,
Listen through the years
To the river voices roaring,
Roaring in my ears.

Bury me, be done with me,
Rise and break your chain,
Water your new liberty
With blood for rain.

With sad resignation he alludes to the sacrifice of his life for the rebirth of his beloved Ukraina:

A slave from my first bitter years,
Most surely I shall die a slave
Ungraced of any kinsmen's tears;
And carry with me to my grave
Everything; and leave no trace,
No little mark to keep my place
In the dear lost Ukraina
Which is not ours, though our land.
And none shall ever understand;
No father to his son shall say:
Kneel down, and fold your hands.
He died for Ukraina! [17]

The programme of the Ukrainians does not lay much stress upon the economic claims of Socialism. In its political aspirations, however, it subscribes to the theory of Russian federalism. The programme is imbued with Pan-Slavic tendencies. "The guild," it writes, "aims at Slavic solidarity and the future federation of the Slavic peoples on the basis of full freedom and national autonomy. It advocates the widest religious liberty. All the religious denominations are to enjoy the same rights. Every kind of propaganda is forbidden, as being useless to the cause of freedom. Catholic Slavs, however, will be urged to adopt the Slavic idiom in their liturgy. The guild does not fix the common language of all Slavs. It seems, however, that the Great Russian language, the most diffused among the Slavic races, should have the preference over the others. The guild advocates the compulsory education of the people, the abolition of serfdom and of all privileges, the suppression of the death penalty and of all physical punishment."

[17] L. E. Voynich. *Six lyrics from the Ruthenian of Taras Sshevchenko.* London, 1911, pp. 31-32, 33-34; S. Rudyckyi. *Ukraina und die Ukrainer.* Berlin, 1915, p. 33.

According to Ukrainians, Russia must break her political unity and split into several states independent of each other. The Russian federation would embrace the following autonomous States: North Russia, Northeast Russia, Southeast Russia, Russia of the Upper and Lower Volga, Central and South Malorussia, Eastern and Western Siberia, Caucasus, Bielorussia, Poland, Bohemia and Moravia, Serbia, Bulgaria, Polish and Malorussian Galicia. Such a dissection of Russia would not be an ultimate one. Economic interests likely would require a rehandling of the programme.

"The city of Kiev," writes the compiler of the Ukrainian revolutionary plans, "ought not to belong to any State. It will be the seat of the central diet. This shall consist of two chambers, the one of ministers and senators; the other of deputies. The general diet will be summoned every four years, and even oftener, when expedient. Each State shall have its local diet, a president and senate. The diet is summoned every year. The supreme authority shall belong to a president, elected by suffrage every four years, and to the ministers of foreign and domestic affairs. For the defence of the federation, a small army is to be organized. The single States need their own local militia. All must learn military discipline in case of a general call to the colors."[18] It is needless to emphasize the resemblance of the Ukrainian programme to that now being carried out by the Russian Jewish *Soviet* of New Russia.

The disastrous issue of the Crimean War, and the emancipation of the serfs by Alexander II., accentuated the socialistic claims of the Russian revolutionists. Russian social thought during the second half of the nineteenth century, wavered between anarchical and communistic Socialism. An essentially socialistic programme was that outlined in 1861 by a distinguished writer, Mikhail Illarionovich Mikhailov, and addressed to the young Russian generation: "It is not the people that exists for the ruling power, but the ruling power for the people. Hence it follows that a government which ignores the needs of the people, and claims for itself the exclusive possession of the soil, caring only for its selfish aims, a government, in a word,

[18] S. S. Kak. *Programmy politicheskikh partii.* The Programmes of the Political Parties). Odessa, 1917, p. 41; M. Hruschevsky. *The Historical Evolution of the Ukrainian Problem.* London, 1915, pp. 39, 40; N. Grincenko. *Ideia federalizmu u dekabristiv.* (The Idea of Federalism Among Decembrists). Kiev. 1907, pp. 12-21. (In Ruthenian.)

filled with contempt for its subjects,—that government is unworthy of its people. The Romanovs very likely have forgotten that they did not descend to us from heaven. They were elected by the people, who considered them the ablest to rule Russia. We need no Tsar, no emperor, no lord's anointed, no ermine cloak for the inherited stupidity of our rulers. We yearn for a political head, who will be a simple mortal, a man born here below, a man who knows human life and the aspirations of his people. We do not feel the necessity of an emperor anointed in the Cathedral of the Assumption. The ruler whom we seek ought to be one chosen of the people, and their salaried representative. We require the posssession of the soil by the whole community. Every citizen is entitled to his lot of land. Individuals have no right to the private property of the soil. The land is not a matter of bargain, like potatoes and cabbages. It is desirable that all citizens give their names to the rural communes. We claim the collective property of the soil. If our collectivistic theory is a sheer Utopia, it will die a natural death, it will fade away by reason of its own inherent helplessness. The economic influence of the West has nothing to do with our fate. We demand the abolition of the *bourgeoisie*, of that estate which sprang forth in the time of Catherine II." [19]

The programme of Mikhailov marks only a transitional stage in the literary history of Russian theoretical Socialism. Russian thought could not stop half-way. The communistic system, although shadowed forth in the Russian commune of old (the *mir*), was found to be in opposition to the notion of an organized State. Now, it is a special feature of Russian logic to dislike half-conclusions. According to Herzen: "Thought, knowledge, conviction, dogma do not vegetate among Russians in a state of theory or crude abstraction. They do not shrink within the limits of an academic body, or hide themselves along library shelves, or within the walls of a prison. Without waiting for their maturity, they burst out into the fullest light, and impetuously hurl themselves into the arena of practical life. One would say that, tied hand and foot, they rush out through the gateway of a circus. We Russians can live a long time in a state of moral torpor, and mental slumber. But, sooner or later, our mind awakens. And then,

[19] V. Burtzev. *Za sto liet*, pp. 25-33.

—if it is not crushed at the very start in most depressing atmosphere; if it withstands the onslaughts and dangers of neglect or destruction, then, I say, it will push on to the very last consequences. Our logic is free from the repression of chains, and from the marks of a scarred but unforgotten past. The wavering dualism of the Germans, who know that life (in theory) does not coincide with the practical spheres of action,—that dualism contrasts entirely with the Russian genius." [20]

Herzen is right in his psychological view of Russian national character. Russian *doctrinaires* borrowed their socialistic tenets from Germans and French, they developed them, in theory, to extreme consequences; while, in practice, they inaugurated the era of revolutionary terrorism. The greatest and most sincere representative of that school of social reforms, proclaiming religious and social *nihilism* as the nostrum for diseased and starving mankind, is Mikhail Aleksandrovich Bakunin, to whose doctrines we shall refer in another article.

THE SPIRES OF ST. PATRICK'S.

(*Fifth Avenue, New York.*)

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

In mute-tongued reverence and splendor lone,
They lift beseeching hands to God on high,
Blending their peace with the majestic sky—
A veritable pray'r of steel and stone.
Above the Avenue's proud monotone
Of Wealth that overawes the passer-by,
These shafts are wings on which hosannahs fly,
And penitential psalms are starward blown.

Like sentinels, unmoved, calm-eyed and strong,
Who guard the hidden gates of Life and Death,
They stand and drink the South-Wind's winey breath,
Surcharged with hints of Love and Sacred Song.
Of temples such as this the Master saith:
"Keep sweet My dwelling-place, here Angels throng."

[20] *Op. cit.*, p. 719.

THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

BY BLANCHE M. KELLY.

"I SHALL have had my legend," said Renan, sweeping a complacent glance backward over his career and forward to future imaginations. He had a fine sense of gesture, and he realized that his had always been sweeping and impressive, that he presented an appealing appearance in garments woven half of mockery, half of sadness; he knew that he had written himself large across the horizon of men's minds. But the great skeptic did not confine his predictions to his personal history. He foretold a future when, faith in the supernatural being deposed, science should sit upon the throne and wield the sceptre of the universe. This was to be, moreover, a future of universal peace, since men, having hope for this life only, would cherish in their hearts no higher thing for the sake of which they would cast this life lightly away.

Time has shown Renan to have been undeniably at least half a prophet. He has, indeed, had his legend and he and his school left nothing undone to usher in the season of unbelief and scientific supremacy which became the background of that legend. But no two half prophecies ever made a whole one, and Renan's most sibylline moment could not reveal to him his legend's ultimate phase, could not show him a time when one who should be flesh of his flesh and blood of his blood would do his utmost to bring his prophecies to naught. Long before Renan died, when he was at the zenith of his powers and his renown, he declared that he wished to renounce in advance any deviation from his position into which he might be led at the hour of death by weakening mentality or the consciousness of approaching dissolution, but he could not by any means anticipate or provide against the action of his grandson, Ernest Psichari, who first by entering the army and then by entering the Catholic Church exalted what his grandfather held in chiefest abomination, the sword and the spirit, thereby becoming one of the first fruits of the Catholic reawakening which began in France before the outbreak of

the Great War, and which has given the lie to all false prophecies.

The legend of Renan has invested Ernest Psichari with so much of its glamour, and he himself was a figure of such romantic appeal, that even in a time when heroism and glory are almost commonplaces, his name and his story have busied many pens. This story up to the time of his conversion he has told in three books, two of them very thinly disguised as fiction, and since his heroic death those who knew him have been eager to take it up where he left off. He was born September 27, 1883, and was the son of M. Jean Psichari, a professor at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, by his wife, Noémi Renan. M. Psichari being a member of the Orthodox Greek Church, Ernest was baptized according to the Greek Rite, but thenceforth religion formed no part of his life. Having entered the *lycée* his faculties were developed in the atmosphere of irreligion and humanitarianism that we should naturally look for in intellectual circles of which Renan was the oracle. He studied at the *lycées* Henri IV. and Condorcet, displaying brilliant mental gifts and a poetical temperament. At eighteen he was writing verses in the manner of Verlaine and Mallarmé. Later, when he was studying for his philosopher's degree we find him commentating Bergson.

In 1902 Psichari received his licentiate in philosophy, and at this juncture left Paris to spend a year of military service in a provincial garrison. The outcome, to say the least, was curious, for this son of pacifists, this grandson of the man who, in his opposition to war, had declared that if conscripted he would desert, found in the life of a soldier something very like what Catholics call a vocation. Seven years later he wrote a book called *L'Appel des Armes,* in the foreword of which he says that his first experience of military service seemed to him like " the beginning of a new life." He felt that he was " leaving the ugliness of the world and setting out on the first stage of a journey leading to unsullied grandeurs." How far he was from dreaming what the last stage of that journey would be!

At the end of the year he returned to Paris to prepare his thesis for the doctorate in philosophy, his subject being, perhaps with a half remembrance of Brunetière's still echoing thunders, " The Bankruptcy of Idealism." But in 1904 he suddenly abandoned his studies and the literary career opening

before him, and enlisted at Beauvais in the Fifty-first Regiment of the line. He had attained the rank of sergeant, when in his eagerness for action he relinquished it and enlisted as a gunner in the colonial artillery, for in those remote days Equatorial and West Africa were for Frenchmen the only theatre of war. In 1906 he accompanied Commandant Lenfant on his mission to what Psichari, in the title of his first book, calls *Terres de Soleil et de Sommeil* (Lands of Sun and Slumber). This book has much of the literary grace of his later writings, the charm of a cultured mind expressing the effect of its contact with a primitive and alien people, but it lacks the mature reflection and introspection developed by long sojourn in these solitudes. The young soldier's eyes are all for Africa the desired; he has not yet begun to look back at the land or the civilization he has left, nor into his own soul.

This expedition took him and his companions into regions hitherto unpenetrated, and through his eyes we see the African landscape with its "irresolute outlines like those in a bad picture," with him we feel "the unique silence of Africa," undisturbed by the whirring of insects or the flutter of wings. The character of the tribesmen intrigues him as he studies it in their manners and customs. Behind the simplicity of their life he discerns a complexity of sentiments which he believes to be connected with a remote and obscure past; he recalls the hypothesis of de Maistre, according to which the Africans are not an infant people, but degenerate survivals of a vanished civilization, and he wonders, musing on the sonorous names of their villages, whether this people has not fallen from a glorious destiny. But all his reflections bring him up short against his inheritance of unbelief, in nothing made more manifest than in his attitude towards death. There are his observations on the "metaphysics" of the Massas who have only one article of belief, the immortality of the soul; on the resignation of the people of Laï, "based on such a complete skepticism as we have difficulty in growing accustomed to, no matter how liberated we may be from ancestral beliefs." There is his own attack of fever and the almost pleasurable sensation of the approach of this "little death," consisting in "the annihilation of thought and will," and there is the very striking and pathetic episode of Sama, the negro boy who attached himself to the young soldier like a faithful dog and who died

suddenly and silently, leaving his master gazing after him into the "nothingness" into which he believed him to have departed.

In the course of Psichari's progress through "fabulous Africa," the infrequent post one day brought him, from a friend whom he describes as "a fervent Christian and a mystic," a card which bore the message: "I hope that from these solitudes you will come back to us believing in God." On this Psichari's comment is: "Alas! no, Africa is not God's country. It is the complete triumph of the individual. Churches, doubts, beliefs, distant phantoms of the city, how is it possible to love you when one has known this light, when one has entered light's very gateways?"

At the end of this campaign Psichari was decorated for his prowess in having dispersed a large force of the enemy with a handful of sharpshooters, and in 1907 he returned to France. In 1909 he was promoted sub-lieutenant, and at once set out for Mauretania, French West Africa, where he remained until 1912. In his second and far more important book, *L'Appel des Armes,* two things are evident, first, that together with so many young men of his generation he was undergoing a spiritual transformation, and second, that he was more than half aware of the process. The dedication page bears this inscription, significant to those who were watching the signs of the times: "To him whose spirit accompanied me into the solitudes of Africa, to that other solitary in whom is living today the soul of France and whose work has bowed down our youth in love, to our master Charles Péguy, this book of our grandeur and our wretchedness." Strange language this, of "spirit" and "soul" and "grandeur," from one who not so many years before had been writing of the failure of idealism, but it was no more strange than that which had been addressed to him in 1910, when Péguy made him the object of a "votive epistle," which is both a programme of the party which looked to Péguy as to its leader, and an appeal from the converted Péguy to the still unconverted disciple. Péguy's French defies translation, but this letter to Psichari is one of the most important documents in the history of the French Catholic renaissance.

The Call of Arms (the French has the double sense of "summons" and "appeal"), is an apology for the military

life, not quite war for war's sake only, but as a system of discipline, a tradition, a reaction from the pacifism and degeneracy of a creedless age. It is the story of a young officer, Timothée Nangès, who by sheer force of personality wins a youth away from rationalism and humanitarianism to the career of arms and all that, according to the thesis of this book, it stands for, persuades him in short, "to take the side of his fathers against his father," which was, of course, precisely what Psichari himself was in process of doing. His thesis is that the military career is a kind of destiny, a divine vocation that calls insistently to the soul of a man, inducing him to relinquish kindred and home and love and ease, and follow it in hardship and discipline of spirit to the world's end. "It is no great honor," says Nangès to Maurice Vincent, his disciple, "to die at night in a desert, but it is an honor to have an idea, or, if you will, although the word is condemned, a faith."

A curious feature of the work is that Psichari expresses his own sentiments, defines his own position, now through the mouth of Nangès, now through that of Vincent. "Many of us," says the officer, to a kind of *revenant* whom he encounters in Africa, "many of us have experienced the weariness of living in a world too old. 'Where shall we find,' said they, 'an object in life? Where find a rule, a law? Where find a temple still standing amid the ruins of the city?' They were searching gropingly for a great thought and if they had more faith would assuredly have entered the cloister, but in our days cloisters are used for museums. I too," he adds wistfully, "have known such hours." It was perhaps inevitable that this reflection of the tranquillity of order, which he found in the military life, should lead him to a comparison with the great prototype of discipline and tradition which is the Catholic Church. "He felt that he represented a great force of the past, with the Church the only one that remained still virgin, still unsullied, still unstained by modern impurities." He beheld a parallel between the unchangeable sacraments and the unaltered observances of military life. "The army and the Church never compromise. . . . We are both pure metal."

But it did not at all follow that in recognizing the Church as a great tradition and disciplinary force, he saw in her the manifestation of God to man, the holy city coming down out of heaven from God. The Nangès depicted by the still groping

Psichari is described as " a good Christian whom the weight of his sins did not overwhelm," and this good Christian always went to high Mass on Sunday, partly through a spirit of contradiction, partly for pleasure because he loved the ceremonies, and partly by way of protest against attempts to violate freedom of worship. This is his impression of the recurrent miracle he witnessed: " After two thousand years it was the same minds and well-nigh the same gestures that were repeated, the same prayers, the same words it was that issued from unchanged lips. All the effort of human thought had failed before the sensible representation of this Crucified One. All the philosophers and scholars were helpless before the strange and formidable mystery of transubstantiation: this bread (here, visible, made by human hands), this bread becomes the Flesh of Jesus Christ. Well-nigh two thousand years have accomplished nothing, they have passed as a single day, as the merging of yesterday into today or rather they have not been at all—duration has been suspended as by special grace for this particular article of faith."

The entire chapter in which this passage occurs is so redolent of Péguy's influence that it even takes on his curiosities of style, which are not those of Psichari's own, but over all the pages is spread the pathos of the half-light, of that which is not darkness only because it holds some intuition of the day. Very beautiful with this pathos is the final chapter, which shows Maurice invalided home to France, wearing the aureole, rarer in those days than ours, of one who has been wounded in war. He is keenly sensitive to all the loveliness of "*la doulce France,*" yet so pierced amid his enjoyment of it with the insatiable desire for barbarous Africa, that he must finally turn his back upon his love and the fair countryside and go out to the land that has "apprenticed him to silence." As you close the book, which is subscribed *Mauretania 1910-1912,* you are aware that this nostalgia for Africa is but the reflection of another nostalgia, of which saints have died—nostalgia, for the kingdom of heaven.

And very close upon *L'Appel des Armes* came Psichari's master work, *Le Voyage du Centurion,* magnificently translated by E. M. Walker and M. Harriet M. Capes as *A Soldier's Pilgrimage.* It is in the fullest sense of the word an autobiography, save for the trifling circumstance that the author

refers to himself in the third person as "Maxence." Its theme, its entire scheme of action, is this heavenly homesickness, the agonized quest of one more prodigal for his father's house, and the joyful homecoming at the last. It is remarkable both as biography and as a history of spiritual experience. It is essentially dramatic, on the lines of a Greek tragedy rather than of a mediæval mystery: God and his soul are the protagonists, the stage is the vast solitude of Africa, and for chorus there is the tremendous and almost embodied silence.

Maxence, he tells us, is the son of a colonel, a cultured gentleman, a follower of Voltaire, a translator of Horace, who had cultivated his son's mind but not his soul. At twenty, therefore, Maxence found himself defenceless against the sophistries and deceits of the world, having wandered at will in the poisoned gardens of vice, troubled by a vague remorse and overwhelmed by the mockery of a life entangled in a disorder of thoughts and feelings. He speaks of his "dereliction," a curiously Christian use of the word, even for one who had been taught to "think Latin." Curious also is the fact that the ostensible anonymity which might naturally lead him, as it did Huysman's *Durtal,* to discard the reticence with which the first person singular is invested, never lures him beyond the bounds of delicacy.

When the curtain rises Maxence has come to the realization that his father was mistaken, that after all he, Maxence, has a soul, that he was born to believe, to hope, to love, that this soul of his is made to the image of God and capable of discerning true from false. He is aware that this soul is sick unto death, but having grown up afar from the Church, he knows not where to look for a remedy. Filled with a great disgust for the France he knows, "a world too old," the France Renan helped to make, he sets out with as much joy as he is capable of feeling for the spacious solitudes of the Sahara and the grateful restraints of military discipline. "Then began for Maxence a real life of solitude and silence. . . . For the Rule of Africa is silence. As the monk in his cloister is silent so the white-cowled Desert is silent." And following this example Maxence "listened to the hours fall into eternity." For three years he was to know "the frugality of the nomadic life:" the rising before dawn in order to progress several

leagues in the morning coolness, at ten the pitching of the tents, followed by the sparse meal and the hours of administering the affairs of the Arabs. "He did not know of what use this austerity was to him, but he was so constituted that he preferred it to the horns of plenty proffered to him by his own country."

He had put France far behind him, but one day there came to him a card from the friend whom he calls Pierre-Marie, the same whose message of hope in his conversion is recorded in *Terres de Soleil et de Sommeil,* and who is now known to have been M. Jacques Maritain, a convert and a writer on subjects of Christian philosophy. He seems to have sought his friend's soul with a persistence which recalls St. Ignatius' reiterated: "Francis, what doth it profit?" On this occasion he wrote from La Salette, assuring Maxence that he had prayed for him on the holy hill whose Châtelaine seemed to him to weep over his friend. But the young centurion had before him many days and nights of communion with eternal things, riding with naked soul where the space that is earth merges with that in which swim the uncharted stars. It was not given to him, he said, to see the earth convulsed before the Face of the Lord, the order of nature reversed, the rivers returning upon their source and the mountains skipping like rams, but he beheld the perpetual miracle of the order of nature sustained, he saw God leaving everything in its place in the world which He had created. He watched with great content the rise of the scorpion to its place in the heavens, knowing earth also to be in its appointed place in the highways of the firmament. And then there was the silence, a silence which he loved as might St. Bernard himself: "Unhappy they who have not known what silence is. It is a bit of heaven come down to men. It comes from incalculable distances, from the vast interstellar spaces, from the unstirred latitudes of the cold moon." And he knew the workings of silence "which first closes the lips and then penetrates to the inmost soul, to the inaccessible regions where God dwells within us."

In his early expeditions in Africa we found Psichari curiously studying the customs and beliefs of the natives. Now he is brought into closer contact with them and they become determining factors in the history of his soul. In his distaste for all that is modern and European he is attracted by them, by

their religion, their philosophy, their mysticism; he strives to read the secrets of their faces, carved by austerity and alight with something like ecstatic prayer. Presently he discovers two things: that he as a "Frank," a French soldier, stands in their eyes for Christianity, and that the theory of this world and the next which is Christian, and therefore typically French, is infinitely preferable to the Moslem quietism. Recoiling from their dictum that the ink of scholars is better than the blood of martyrs, he knows himself to be separated from them by twenty centuries of Christianity. "He had behind him twenty thousand crusaders—a whole people who died with their swords drawn and prayer riveted on their lips." The soldier's blood in him is stirred and with it his love for the "Christian air" of France, and he realizes that he has reached a point where he must decide: he must either reject authority and the foundation of authority, which is the army, or he must accept all authority, human and divine. He is essentially a soldier of fidelity. Why then, he asks himself, does he reject Rome, which is the touchstone of fidelity, and if he so loves the immutable sword why turn away his eyes from the immutable Cross?

Perhaps only at this juncture begins the real journey of the centurion, a journey made in anguish of spirit and lowliness and contrition and love, with arms outstretched not to the impersonal Deity of the Moslems, who likewise pray in these places, but to the Ever-Blessed Trinity, to the Father and the Dove of the Spirit, and the living breathing Friend and Brother of his soul, the Lord Jesus Christ. The dialogue between the soul of Maxence and his God is replete with the things that are not taught by flesh and blood.

"'It is my desire,' says God, 'that your house should be in order and that you should take the first step. I do not give Myself to him who is impure, but to him who does penance for his sins I give Myself wholly as My Son gave Himself wholly.'

"'This is a hard thing that you ask, Lord. Can You not first touch my eyes?'

"'Can you not trust Me for a single day?'

"'You can do all things, Lord.'

"'You can do all things, O Maxence. See how in your mortal hands you hold the scales with the true weight and the stamp of infallibility. I have freed you from the yoke and the

goad. I have made you greater than the worlds since I have given you command over Paradise which is greater than the worlds. Now you give Me thanks for the light of the sun which I have given you, but you do not thank Me for this gift, which is more precious than the sun and the whole panorama of nature. You are not grateful to Me for that high dignity in which I have placed you. And yet there is nothing that I like better than to see you free and bearing yourself proudly before heaven. O Maxence, there are no bounds to your freedom except My love.' "

There comes an hour when Maxence falls upon his knees and utters a strong cry for mercy and light. It is followed by many days devoted to the reading of the Gospels, in the light of which he perceives every detail of the scheme of salvation fit into its place as he had seen the atoms of the universe fit into their places, and the final pages of the book seem to have been written in a rapture of love for Him Whose holy Name he, like St. Paul, never wearies of repeating, " Jesus the gate of heaven and the desire of the everlasting hills." Then come the tears, " tears which are the third beatitude " and the first prayer, and then, after a little, the astonished question: " Is it then so easy to love You, Lord? "

This is the last word so far as Psichari's published writings go, but others have taken up the unfinished story. When he left Mauretania in 1912 he confided to a friend that he was " that absurdity, a Catholic without grace." For some reason, explicable only by some lack on his part, he could not bring himself to the performance of the external acts requisite for reconciliation. On his return to France he was stationed at Cherbourg, where he proceeded to read feverishly every book on the subject of religion that he could lay hands on, only to become convinced that " prayer was best." M. Maritain induced him to accompany him to Mass, and while he declared that he felt at home in church, confession still seemed something of a stumbling block. It was " Pierre-Marie " who in the end came to the rescue and arranged an interview for his friend with the Dominican, Père Clérissac. Within two hours all was decided, and on February 4, 1913, in M. Maritain's private chapel the grandson of Renan, in the fullness of his manhood and the maturity of his faculties, read in a clear but tremulous voice the professions of faith of Pius IV. and Pius X., after

which he went to confession and received absolution, the baptism he had received according to the Greek Rite having been valid. He was radiant with happiness.

On the eighth he was confirmed by Monseigneur Gibier, Bishop of Versailles, taking the name of Paul in reparation for Renan's treatment of the great Apostle. "I seem to have another soul," he said after the ceremony. After his first Communion, which took place on the ninth, he made a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to Our Lady of Chartres—"the paschal joy of Chartres" as he had already called the great cathedral. He at once entered upon a full and active spiritual life, eagerly seizing hold of all the means of grace so long and ardently desired. "Ah, happy and thrice happy they," he had cried out during his exile, "who by the grace of the sacraments have entered into the gardens of supernatural understanding, happy and thrice happy they who repose in the Heart of their God and warm themselves at Its living flame, happy and forever happy they for whom the whole of heaven lies in the little Host which holds Jesus Christ." Every day, therefore, he made his meditation and spiritual reading and said his rosary, and whenever it was possible received Holy Communion. His very genuflection, it was said, was expressive of profound faith in the Blessed Sacrament.

It has been objected that Psichari has not given a satisfactory account of the steps by which his intellect was persuaded of the truth of the Catholic religion. That his intellect was persuaded, there can be no doubt—he was not one to sin against the light—but there is a sense in which his was not an intellectual conversion at all, but a stupendous miracle of grace. His soul was the quarry of the Hound of Heaven, and could resist capture but not pursuit. Once taken and abandoning himself so completely to grace, it was inevitable that he should feel himself impelled to further coöperation with the Divine Will, that there should be born of his love and gratitude a desire to make reparation for the defection of his grandfather. Step for step he would have walked in the path from which the spoiled priest had turned aside; with this object he would have entered the Sulpician seminary at Issy, whence Renan, still cassock-clad, came forth on a memorable day, and once ordained, go down to a country parish in Brittany, and, as one of his biographers has put it, there serve an abandoned

altar and say the Masses so long left unsaid. But already he began to understand the *Amplius* of the saints as well as to feel that he must atone, not only for the good undone, but for the evil done. His eyes were turned towards the Dominican cloisters, and he only awaited the clear intimation of God's will before deciding to enter there. "I feel that I shall do whatever God asks of me," he had said on his return from Chartres, and in March, 1914, after what he called his "year of prayer," he wrote to Bishop Gibier that he was awaiting this intimation in "peace and silence of soul." Finally it was decided that he should go to Rome and make his theological studies in the Collegio Angelico, and eventually embrace the Dominican "rule of joy."

He was still at Cherbourg in August, 1914, and there saw the dawning of that day that has changed the history of the world. On the second day of mobilization he set out for the battle-front. "I am going as on a Crusade," he wrote to a priest, "because I feel that it is a question of defending the two causes to which I have devoted my life." And in this defence he laid it down. Those first days of surprise and defeat were terrible, and on one of them, after twelve hours of terrific fighting at St. Vincent-Rossignol in Belgium, during which Lieutenant Psichari had been an inspiration to his men, he fell, shot in the temple. It was about six o'clock in the evening of August 22d. When his men recovered his body they saw his rosary wound about his wrist and on his lips the smile of a great peace.

The forces of science, heralded by Renan, have had their hour, and they have been for the most part forces of destruction. They have been used for pillage and treachery and violation. They have robbed Death of his mercies and taught him undreamed-of cruelties. But they have fallen back powerless before the spiritual forces that have gone forth to meet them. At one and the same time the Frenchman remembered that he had a sword and a soul. At the first menace of the invader the cerecloths of materialism and pacifism and irreligion fell away, and the soul of France rose up in its splendor. It has been given to the world to see a glorious spectacle since then, to see the French people with one impulse taking the side of their forefathers against their fathers, to see the churches crowded and the confessionals thronged on the eve of battle,

to witness Masses heard amid tears in the mud and blood of the trenches, to see soldiers charging the enemy with their rosaries on their wrists, to see dying men raise themselves to give the military salute to their Lord in the priest's hands. Above all it has been given to the world to see the deaths, Christian and heroic, that Frenchmen, since France was France, have known how to die.

Now it is no small thing to have been to a great extent the herald and forerunner of all this, to have come alone to the realization of France's Catholic heritage, to have struggled in silence and solitude to the perception of Catholic truth, to have laid hold on it and lived in its light when to do so meant not only to walk somewhat apart and aloof from one's fellows, but to deny those of one's own household. Neither is it a small thing to have been foremost on a roll of glory which contains such names as Castelnau and de Robien and Péguy and Lotte. For a man's attitude towards death is the witness he bears to his soul, and the manner of his dying is the seal he sets upon his life. There had been a time when to die seemed to Psichari annihilation and departure into nothingness, but there came a night in the desert, which was the eve of battle, when he faced the possibility of death with an altered demeanor: "Here in front of me lies the Field of Death and it is beautiful as the Promised Land. Here is the angel holding the Book and under his wing the night is luminous and we stand in the reflected light of Eternity. . . . For all the evil I have done I am sincerely contrite and as to the little good I make no boast of it, but simply ask that it may not die but may bear the fruits of Eternity." These words were uttered when the centurion was so near the term of his spiritual journey that they may be taken as a nearly adequate expression of his outlook when he came, at last, to the end of his bodily one. And that end we have seen to have befitted one who has so purely enrolled himself in the immortal company of "the young, the adventurous, the admired."

WAR RISK INSURANCE AND THE "CARRY-ON."

BY MARGARET B. DOWNING.

ONE of the supreme achievements of the United States in meeting the actual shock of war, is represented in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance and the admirable trilogy so intimately affiliated: the reconstruction work under the Surgeons-General of the Army and Navy, the employment agencies of the Department of Labor and the Vocational Service. The Act of Congress which appropriated $176,500,000 to create the Bureau of War Risk Insurance was passed on October 6, 1917, little more than a year ago, and now the clerical force is writing certificates in the four million series. The tiny band of workers, less than forty, whom Secretary McAdoo could hardly spare from his over-taxed aids in the Treasury Department proper, has grown into a vigorous army of nearly nine thousand.

This corps of workers is typical of the courage and resourcefulness of the nation. From the nondescript material which flows in after a public appeal to patriotism, the Commissioner of Insurance has built up one of the most efficient and trustworthy divisions of the venerable institution founded by Alexander Hamilton. Of the several hundred thousands of men and women who serve the medical wing, almost ten thousand are actively engaged in various capacities, reconstructing the war's victims. The Federal Employment Bureau and the Vocational Service at present have a lesser force, but they stand prepared to increase it. These distinct branches of social service to the nation in the abstract and to the armed defence in particular, by one of those remarkable amalgamations of resources—the direct result of war—have grown into that vast national organization, "Carry-On."

At an open air meeting with the workers of the War Risk Insurance Bureau, held last June in the park of the National Museum in Washington, Lord Reading, Ambassador from Great Britain, placed the rather prosaic theme in a poetic setting, with a graceful mingling of Wordsworthian religious

and philosophic doctrine. "There is," he said, "but one adequate support for the calamities of life, and that the sustained belief that our fate, however sad and disturbed, is controlled by a Being of infinite benevolence and power Whose purposes embrace all loss and suffering to convert them into good. The worthy State seeks to become the direct representative of this Supreme Benevolence, and in the War Risk Insurance offered by the United States to all engaged in active military and naval service, may be read the last word of national benevolence founded on practical and self-respecting principles." At first glance this seems extravagant praise. But let us suspend judgment until we take a general survey of the field. Once we have investigated the law creating and controlling the insurance, compared the terms offered by the Government and those offered by commercial or social insurance companies or by state controlled insurance, and studied the sequel of War Risk Insurance in contrast with the old pension system, we will be convinced that Lord Reading spoke, not as a diplomatist who must lavish praise, but as a wise and experienced judge.

As a statement of pre-war insurance under differing aspects, the following paragraphs are cited:

> All insurance is in a sense social in its nature, a distinction is however made between commercial and social insurance. . . . Social insurance is a working class insurance. Here the amounts for which insurance is issued are usually small and the costs of administration relatively large. The result is that while this class is urgently in need of insurance in various forms, the profits of the business are not sufficient to induce commercial companies to go into it. Moreover, some of the hazards which are borne by the working class are placed upon them unfairly and ought to be borne by the business which employs them or by society in general. Since the least well provided for of the workers, will not or cannot afford commercial insurance and since the State has no direct interest in guarding them from disasters which they are likely to meet from unforeseen eventualities, it becomes the duty of the State to assist them to secure insurance.[1]
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> When a workingman is killed or injured in the course of

[1] O'Hara, *An Introduction to Economics.* New York: The Macmillan Co. Pp. 246, 247.

> his employment, his family is deprived temporarily or permanently of his income. Formerly the view was held that this stoppage of income was solely the concern of the family of the injured man and was a matter about which the State and the employer need not take thought. . . . Today, this view of the irresponsibility of the employers and the State for industrial accidents, is beginning to be antiquated, and as a result of this way of looking at industrial accidents, thirty-three States have passed laws bearing directly on workmen's accident compensation. The laws vary from State to State but are alike in principle. They provide in general for compensation for all injuries by accidents arising in and out of employments including full compensation for deaths so resulting, and in many cases occupational diseases, such as lead poisoning are included.[2]

In a foreword to the first bulletins distributed by the Secretary of the Treasury, it is stated that the United States offers its active military forces this War Risk Insurance as a privilege as well as a duty. What the commercial companies would not touch as a financial venture, namely, to underwrite small sums for persons exposed to peril, the Government will do as a privilege and under "terms of unprecedented liberality," to quote Mr. McAdoo again. The maximum amount possible under the War Risk Insurance provisions is $10,000, and the minimum is $1,000. The average age of the insured, prior to the last selective draft, was twenty-five years. The average amount written, to the intense gratification of the framers of the law, has been $7,500, whereas the most optimistic hoped it would be, at least, $3,500. The average man of twenty-five pays for the average amount of insurance taken, $7,500, $4.95 a month or an annual total of $59.40.

It has been objected that commercial companies will insure a man of twenty-five for the same sum, at a premium rate which is not excessive, and which will stand every sort of comparison with that offered by the Government. But the commercial companies offer this rate only for normal risks. For a man going to war, they would not accept the risk at four times the premium usually stated. Then, with the passing years, the burden increases for the normal man who carries commercial insurance, and statistics prove that, at the very time when the money is most urgently needed, when the capacity to earn

[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 247, 248.

grows less, the insurer is compelled to cease his payments and thus loses all. The War Risk Insurance carries an excellent provision: that if the insured returns in sound condition, five years after the war he may place this policy, and under appreciably lightened financial strain, with such commercial firms as meet the requirements of the United States in the matter of profit and loss.

All dealings with the War Risk Insurance Bureau must definitely end five years after peace is declared, such as monthly installments to the totally or permanently disabled, cash sums to the beneficiaries of the War's victims, or transferred policies to existing State or commercial concerns, yet the United States Government is to remain in the field of insurance as the most powerful weapon to spur the States on to more humane and intelligent laws for the working, and therefore exposed, class, and to curb the greed of the great companies. Every kind of federal insurance awaits the coming of peace: health insurance for the millions of federal employees; general insurance for non-employment for those temporarily embarrassed through a cessation of demand for their work. Such an insurance would have benefited construction workers in the earlier years of the European War when American business was paralyzed; it would also be an ideal insurance to keep the wolf from the door, in times like the past five years, when artists, graphic and textile as well as the genius of paint-brush, pencil or chisel, have literally faced destitution. But these are vast projects of the future, as yet too shadowy, even in the national mind, to permit of detailed destription.

As a business venture which has recently celebrated its first birthday, and which can number more than four million patrons, with employees reckoned in the eight thousands and the list still growing, the Bureau of War Risk Insurance makes a fascinating study. Lord Reading said, compared to the old pension system, which had fastened on this as well as old world countries, it was a regeneration. American economists call it rather a much needed readjustment. It is certainly a sociological adjustment, when the modern warrior pensions himself instead of becoming a pensioner on the bounty of the Government and a drain on the resources of the country. He must pay his allotment from the Government's monthly stipend. Be he general, colonel, corporal or private, admiral, commander,

sailor before the mast, or the humble scullery boy in the hold, the amount of his premium for War Risk Insurance is deducted before his pay envelope leaves the Treasury. Indulgent mothers and other relatives may ease the burden in all ways but this. Direct and simple methods have their value in the machinery set in motion by the Act of Congress of October 6th. The limited term which is set for War Risk Insurance is a distinct gain as compared to the endless years in which the pensioner clung to the Government's skirts; opportunities for fraud and perjury are diminished under the present system, for the insured must make application where his antecedents are under direct scrutiny; beneficiaries are clearly indicated and rigidly investigated, thus closing avenues to deceit. To be sure some enterprising women have married several soldiers under different names and succeeded, for two or three months, in drawing several family allowances, but they were detected and punished so severely that this particular industry is not likely to flourish.

The Act of Congress which appropriated $176,500,000 for the War Risk Insurance, designated that $141,000,000 should be available for military and naval family purposes. The soldier who receives thirty dollars a month, must send fifteen to a wife or any dependents he may leave, and to this the Government adds fifteen for a wife and twelve for every child or other dependent. This last is done whether he takes out insurance or not. When he does avail himself of the opportunity to guard himself and his dependents from the casualties of war, he must pay his premium, as previously stated, out of the fifteen dollars he retains, or rather he pays it automatically before he receives his portion. As a model of simplicity, the instructions of the Commissioner to field agents and other solicitors could be recommended to commercial firms. Two papers accompany each application: one gives the law about allotments and beneficiaries simply and directly, the other tabulations of premiums according to age, and the final adjustment of the policy as paid up or relinquished. The permanently disabled will receive the entire amount covered by the premiums, although his family has drawn monthly sums from the $141,000,000 set aside for the purpose. The principal is divided into monthly sums, when it must be paid to the injured, and at this point the "Carry-On" steps in to safeguard the recipient

and to save him from the perils which encompassed the old-time pensioner.

The certificate issued by the War Risk Bureau to its patrons could also be commended to commercial firms. It is a modest affair, about five by seven inches, on fairly good paper, embellished with an artistic border of light green, very like high class premium certificates given at the old agricultural fairs. It displays no obscurity of language, no rhetorical flourishes, no expensive parchment, no engraved and elegant looking script as is common with commercial firms. It is plainly printed with the name of the holder of the certificate inserted on the typewriter, and contains less than a hundred words, including the three essential signatures, those of W. G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasurer, William C. LeLanoy, Director of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, and the countersign of T. R. Godey, the registrar.

As these certificates have been registered in the four millions, it may be illuminating to give the history of certificate number one. It bears date of October 17, 1917, the day on which President Wilson signed the Act of Congress and carries the sum of ten thousand dollars for Coke Flannagan, an officer of the Signal Corps now in France. This initial policy holder is the grandson of William W. Flannagan of Montclair, New Jersey, but at present Secretary of the Farm Loan Board under the Treasury Department. Mr. Flannagan had watched the progress of this proposed war insurance with keen anxiety. Just as soon as drafting operations were adjusted, after the President's declaration of war on Germany, his four grandsons, Coke Flannagan, William F., John J. and Heman J. Redfield had enlisted. With the presidental signature making the bill a law, Mr. Flannagan saw his road clear to putting on file four applications previously prepared by his patriotic young relatives. To his dismay, he received in response, not the four certificates but an elaborate explanation from the bureau chieftains, that months before the law was framed, there had been an agreement among them to keep in reserve the first hundred numbers for officers of high rank, number one for General Pershing, two for Admiral Sims, three for General Tasker Bliss and down the list graded with the precision of a court chamberlain. Neither General Pershing nor any of those destined for honors in the mental processes of the

bureau chiefs, however, were cognizant of this affair at any time.

Mr. Flannagan was disappointed, but he does honor to a good fighting name and he is of immediate Celtic ancestry. Quite naturally, he did not give up the hopes he had cherished without a battle. But his weapons, verbal and otherwise, made no impression. So, fortified with his documents, he strolled into Mr. McAdoo's office. As a result of that ten minutes' conversation, the Secretary of the Treasury wrote some clear and comprehensive instructions to those formulating the rules and policies of the new bureau. Mr. McAdoo decided that his mighty department was also in the world-clash that democracy might live, and that the fiduciary institution intended to remain stanchly democratic. Certificates for War Risk Insurance were to be issued in the chronological order of the dates on the application papers. From this general rule there was to be no departure, no exceptions, no reservations, and all such exceptions and reservations were at once null. All applicants were to receive equal treatment, from the highest to the lowest rank, since all were equal under the law when its provisions had been respected. Coke Flannagan got certificate number one, and his cousins got numbers two, three and four. All had joined the service in the ranks. All have already won commissions and have served with distinction in France.

A characteristic of the war worker, which presents a lighter side, is that no matter how small or insignificant the rôle he fills, his duties inspire a deep sense of responsibility. The clerk in the War Risk Insurance Bureau is inspired to believe, and no one can gainsay the belief is well founded, that the drudgery of the day, the forms and letters, the cards and certificates, the files and indices, represent the invincible devotion and solicitude of the nation to hearten the men in the field and to keep up their morale and unflinching fighting spirit. That they are the vital chord which links the battle line in Europe with the Government at home is not a figure of speech, but an actual and tremendous fact. This has worked to the excellent end that these clerks, subjected to every conceivable hardship in their daily routine, have borne all with Spartan courage. They are crowded into quarters which would be pitifully inadequate in normal times for five times less their number. Those who type the filing records from the

certificates which come from the military authorities, are so crowded they conflict with each other in the folding and unfolding of papers. Shoulders and elbows constantly touching during the exhausting heat of the summer, was a severe test of earnestness. So imperative has it been that the routine of the War Risk Insurance be kept up to the latest hour, that three shifts labored in turns throughout the twenty-four hours, each day being divided into seven hours, with a hour after each shift for the ventilating and cleaning of the office rooms. Tenderly bred women have trudged through the streets in the dark hours, fearless of harm in the performance of a noble patriotic duty. But to the credit of the directors, women were largely eliminated from the early morning shift, and none of the younger working staff allowed to be abroad during the danger hours.

"Carry-On," that masterful term straight from the trenches, has become incorporated into colloquial speech. Under it all loyal and worthy citizens are linked together for useful patriotic service, but it has a special application to that body of workers gathered about the Surgeons-General, who assist in the physical rehabilitation of the sick and wounded. The official organ, *Carry-On,* is a fair-sized magazine edited monthly by the office of the Surgeon-General of the Army, and published under the auspices of the American Red Cross. Lieutenant-Colonel Casey Wood is editor-in-chief and his assistants include the most eminent in the domain of surgery and therapeutics, as well as authors of international distinction. The magazine is sent gratis to all engaged in recognized coöperation with the medical wings and the social and vocational services. "Carry-On" may be said to take up the thread of the soldier's or sailor's life welfare at the point where the War Risk Insurance Bureau considers its duties accomplished. It accomplishes the more that the national conscience now recognizes as obligation, than it did, let us say, in 1865. The totally and permanently disabled are the objects of keenest solicitude. As William C. Gorgas, former Surgeon-General of the Army, whose very name means the achievement of great deeds, wrote in the first number of the official organ, June, 1918: "The medical department will 'Carry-On' in the treatment and training of the disabled until he is cured or as nearly cured as his disabilities permit. We shall try to do our part in his resto-

ration to health with the belief that the wounded and sick should have the opportunity to return to civil life, capable of pursuing a career of usefulness. This to enable him to enjoy the freedom and happiness afforded by world-wide democracy for which he has given his all."

Many who have given their all, have been blinded and otherwise maimed before they were prepared for any trade or profession. Experts from the Vocational Service are given in charge of such cases. They sound all possibilities deftly and efficiently before determining the actual work of training which immediately follows the physical healing. Meantime, experts associated with employment agencies, federal, state, municipal and of private benevolence, rake the country for opportunities to place the restored in the exact post where he will be most happy, prosperous and useful. The Secretary of the Interior has recently thrown open tracts of frutiful land in Louisiana and Florida, hitherto tied up by ancient French and Spanish courts of land claims. Here are potential fortunes in tropical vegetables, fruits, nuts, coffee and tea. The Agricultural Department has experts ready to train those who elect to become proprietors of such domain. The Departments of Commerce and Labor have their quota of opportunities and so, too, all the Executive Departments. And all this is independent of the great world of industry and commercial and intellectual activity. It is a project as vast and pulsating with life as the nation which conceived it. On the cover of the official organ, *Carry-On,* General Gorgas has placed an acorn, emblematic of power and dignity and slow but steady expansion. All that is hoped for will never be fully realized. This is the fate of altruistic effort however worthy, and what is to be realized will be long and weary months in coming. But the workers have their faces turned straight to the future, and they will wrest from it all that is possible, in this splendid campaign to do their part for those who have done so much.

Framers of the American War Risk Insurance selected the Canadian Insurance Act as their model. It met their requirements more closely, and quite logically so, since the geographical proximity and similar climatic conditions make the two countries as one. There is an effort to follow the Canadian policy of investing the monthly installments of insurance paid the permanently injured by the War Risk in an annuity, and

to provide occupation which will prove remunerative in the interim. It may require federal aid to do this. Without doubt such aid will be given if the demand prove sufficient. This is certainly a long stride in advance of the old pension system for the maimed. The world so soon forgets a man has been a hero and sees him simply as a cripple. But a snug income, a cripple's sense of self-respect and of non-dependence, makes the best legacy a grateful Government can devise.

"Carry-On" has even a deeper significance. It was present in the medical mind when units of recreational service were formed, under the direction of the Surgeons-General. The mental attitude of the patient has always a direct bearing on his ultimate recovery, and certainly upon the rapidity of his progress towards health. When a man has contracted tuberculosis or has left a limb in France or been blinded, or has suffered from gassing, it is necessary to convince him that he has a future, before you can elicit much interest in that remote period. Dreary, indeed, are the physical and mental trails of the War. There are those who would be content to be invalids, and invalids they will remain, despite the best that General Gorgas and the wonderful reconstruction officers can do. "Carry-On" means for such to inspire hope, to arouse flickering ambitions and to rehabilitate the mind in garments of strength. Here is where the women of the nation can prove worthy of the regard in which they are held. But they must work with and under the medical artisans and not independent of them. Wherever the patient may be, in a home of luxury or in the crudest of temporary hospitals, his complete cure is the concern of the nation, and must be conducted along the lines selected by those who know. Too much sympathy is worse than an attitude of irresponsiveness. Self-pity is what every well-wisher of the wounded wishes to kill. An infinitesimal approach to it must be met and turned into healthy, inspiring channels. Fortitude and hope are the weapons which the medical workers offer, and to this end forms of recreation are selected and the fact made obvious that each individual is the object of care and solicitude, and that his future is being thought out as by a tender mother and wise and judicious father.

In a larger and more important sense, can the women of the country "Carry-On;" in preparing and forcing on the

public the calm and cordial reception of these men who bear such visible tokens of their heroism. Those who have worked in any social service, can bear testimony to the disheartening refusals which follow the application of any person at all disfigured. Even a burn which left a scar, debars clerks in the great commercial retail concerns, and the most superficial cough or evidence of ailment often brings about a discharge in factories or crowded industrial plants. Proprietors who adhere to these obsolete ideas, must be made to feel that the public will not stand for them. They must be counciled to aid in carrying the burden of these cripples. They are the victims of their chivalry in saving the world for all, and for the future of the race. Not for sentimental or æsthetic reasons, should any one be suffered to shift with impunity a part of the burden.

If those who sigh and talk about the paternal tendencies of the Government, who claim that the best quality of manhood is being sapped in these elaborate preparations to safeguard the returned soldier and sailor, could mingle on easy terms with some groups of the reconstruction classes at Walter Reed Military Hospital in Washington, D. C., they would take a more hopeful view of life. If one doubts the strong spiritual qualities which remain untouched, after the shell of the body has been cruelly shattered, let him visit the working wards some afternoon when the duties of the day are ended. There is a lad of twenty-one recently removed from the Evacuation Hospital which was immediately behind Montdidier, who lost an eye, an arm and a leg at Chateau-Thierry. He apparently received excellent care in France, because after a few weeks in Walter Reed, he is talking of his ultimate discharge and his future. He had been connected with a large commission firm in a seaport city and bought crops in the open field. His wounds, he told the doctor and vocational trainer, would not interfere with his duties, and his employers had written him to return, just as soon as the hospital authorities would permit. He explained quizzically that he could always tell a good crop with half an eye and would not suffer now with a whole eye. With his artificial limbs, which he was learning to use better every day, he would soon get about his work, just as though he had never heard of trenches and the *inferno* in the woods of Thierry just before he was

struck. The sportsman-like attitude of those who have accomplished their part, is another hostage for their future. No rancor, nor hatred, no bitterness of spirit. They fought their fight valiantly on the field and with the proper weapons. In civil life they turn to the future and its possibilities. This attitude is the potent sign that the disabled soldier is on a straight road towards recovery and normal activity.

In the last consideration, after the War Risk Insurance has completed a noble part and the medical officers performed those surgical miracles which astound the world; when the vocational training and the recreational centres have all, in turn, aided in the restoration of the sick and wounded, the crowning opportunity goes to the Home Service, where the "Carry-On" means a sacrifice and devotion which is to revivify the world.

VILLAGE CHURCHES.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C.S.C.

Chaplain 117th Engineers, A.E.F.

God help you, little churches,
That were the help of God,
A broken-hearted host that War
Shattered, and spurned, and trod—
You are the saddest ruins left
Above the saddest sod!

A hundred years, a thousand,
You were the holy place,
An ocean and a river
Of the white tides of grace,
Now only stones and mortar
And in the dust, your face.

You were the happy prison
That Love's great Captive chose,
To have among His children
His house and His repose,
Where all the saints, like lilies,
Bloomed round the Mystic Rose.

O sundered bars, O broken cage,
O God that was your Bird,
No more within His secret bower
The Dove's low voice is heard;
The rain falls through your open roof
And you are all unstirred.

O lonely little villages
Where never God comes by,
No nearer than the heavens,
The far and fearful sky—
Who used to dwell within you,
The Apple of your Eye.

I speak not of cathedrals
Whose ruin robs the arts,
But little village churches
And broken village hearts
Where living faith and love abide
Though hope almost departs.

Almost, but they are minded
Of deeper than this gloom,
The age-long hours of anguish
And the dead Bridegroom,
And all in a sunny morning
An invincible tomb.

Dear Christ, these little churches,
You were their only pride:
I crawl into their ruins
As into Your wounded side,
And know that in The Church, Lord,
You evermore abide.

PREJUDICE UNCONQUERED.

BY WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY.

SINCE the outbreak of the War we have heard a great deal about the new spirit of toleration and mutual respect in France, which, it was said, had, for the present at least, stifled all political and religious differences. In the main these reports are probably true; isolated exceptions only "confirm the rule." But there are such exceptions, and we find a conspicuous one in a recent book [1] from the pen of Reuben Saillens, D.D. What makes M. Saillens' book the more noteworthy is the fact that, having been written for English readers, it reached a second edition at the end of six months, so giving evidence of a certain popularity outside of France.

The subject chosen by the author was bound to appeal strongly to the reading public. What could be more fascinating than the soul—or moral fibre, tempered and tested by a thousand years of trial—of a brave, chivalrous people like the French, who during the present War have added so many immortal pages to their glorious history? And the reading public was quite ready to agree with the author that the secret of this moral fibre of France "has been the wonder of the world."

But when he comes to explaining the soul of France, he is not so likely to keep his readers with him. Naturally the question suggests the most complex and subtle forces, the silent racial and climatic influences of centuries. According to M. Saillens, however, we need not rack our brains with speculation; he has solved the mystery for us apparently without effort—perhaps by intuition. The secret of it all is one thing, and only one: Protestantism! We confess that this explanation had not suggested itself to us, for, according to the author's own figures, the Protestants of France form only one and a half per cent of the population. If, however, we recall that they are "the salt of the earth," [2] everything becomes as clear as day.

To be sure, skeptics might object that the moral fibre of

[1] *The Soul of France.* By Reuben Saillens, D.D. London: Morgan & Scott.
[2] *The Soul of France,* p. 51 and *passim.*

France evoked the admiration of the world as early as the Crusades, and hence before Protestantism was known. Such arguments the author would refute with the assertion that Protestantism has existed in France since long before the time of the Waldenses and the Albigenses; that in fact it is as old as Christianity itself, probably much older.

More important still in the present case, virtually all the great men and women of France have, we are assured, been Protestants. Thus not only such illustrious men as Martin of Tours, St. Bernard, and Jean Gerson [3] were in reality Protestant, but Joan of Arc, "that strange mixture of Romish superstition and spiritual independence, contained the whole Reformation in germ." [4]

After these startling revelations the reader confidently expects at every moment to find such names as Urban II., Francis de Sales, Vincent de Paul, and Joseph de Maistre classed with the "salt of the earth" rather than put in the "Romish pale." But our author apparently thinks that, like the Catholics in general, these men have had little or nothing to do with the soul of France. Even Bossuet, whom historians and critics have for centuries associated with the spiritual life of France, he passes over lightly. Anyway, the reader is given to understand the French pulpit orators of the seventeenth and following centuries owed whatever little merit they may have had to Protestantism.[5]

Who, then, has formed the soul of France? First of all, chronologicaly speaking, Claude Brousson, who "really saved the country." [6] More particularly, in recent times, Robert Haldane, Charles Cook, and Mr. and Mrs. McAll. Here we have the salt of salt in its quintessence. While others, for instance, Henry Pyt and Félix Neff, have done a great work in France, the country owes the sterling moral fibre of its soul chiefly to the Haldanes, the Cooks, and the McAlls. We get the impression that, in comparison to them, even Calvin and Agrippa d'Aubigné are unimportant. Others, such as Bernard Palissy and Olivier de Serres, whom we had thought of as illustrious Protestants well deserving of their country, are not so much as mentioned.

The same surprise awaits us in what the author says of foreign missionary work, one of the most reliable barometers

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 25. [4] *Ibid.*, p. 30. [5] *Ibid.*, p. 118. [6] *Ibid.*, p. 75.

for measuring a nation's soul. Whereas we had supposed, from the opinions of competent historians, that the missionary activity of Catholic France in the nineteenth century exceeded in extent and fruitfulness that of all other countries—Catholic and Protestant—combined, M. Saillens affects to have heard only of French Protestant missions.

From these salient features of *The Soul of France* we get both the measure of the book and the spirit of its author. Has the War dissipated any of his old prejudices? Has it inspired him with even a spark of broad-minded amity, a sincere desire to see if possibly the "erroneous doctrine" of his compatriots and former opponents may not, after all, contain a scintilla of truth? The crisis through which France has been passing would, we think, justify a conciliatory effort on the part of all her sons, but the impartial reader is obliged to confess that no such effort is discernible in *The Soul of France*. On the contrary, the book, in its attitude towards non-Protestants, breathes virtually the bigoted "no-popery" spirit of the sixteenth century. And yet the author asks naïvely why men like Pascal, Brousson, and Vincent de Paul, whose only passion was Christ, "should have lived and died so far apart from one another!" [7]

The purely literary parts of M. Saillens' book are, as a rule, very good; but unfortunately he is never able to go far without his sect-glasses, which, owing to their prejudices of past centuries, at once lead him into gross exaggerations and distortions. Nobody has any objection to an author's writing volumes on the idols of his particular Church, so long as he does not usurp titles to which he has no right. But a systematic distortion of the facts of history is not permissible in a book bearing the name of one's country, especially when, as in the present case, it is intended solely for foreign consumption. We know now how much harm certain frivolous authors of French fiction did their country in the second half of the nineteenth century, by writing merely for foreign readers. Infinitely greater must be the harm if a scholarly book which is really erroneous, is accepted seriously. M. Saillens doubtless knew that in France nobody outside the limited circle of his brethren would be "taken in" by such a travesty of history.

[7] *Ibid.*, p. 111.

'MELIA.

BY ARABEL MOULTON BARRETT.

She paused on the threshold of Heaven;
Love, pity, surprise;
Wistful, tender, lit up for an instant the
Cloud of her eyes.

With his heart on his lips he kissed her,
But never her cheek grew red,
And the words the living long for he
Spake in the ear of the dead.

—*Whittier.*

ELIA sat with her back against the garden wall of the Rectory, her knees drawn up to her chin, her arms clasping them. Her bare toes caressed the dust that lay thick in the quiet old street. Overhead a palm tree rustled and trembled in delicious tune with the wind. Looking up into it, one could see the clusters of blossom hanging, like delicate carvings in ivory, from their brown sheathes.

'Melia's soul was not in the palm branches: it worked like her toes, spasmodically in the dust. Close by, to be used presently, were her shoes. They lay there side by side—the typical shoes of the Jamaica townswoman—out at toe, down at heel, dirty exceedingly. Her mind was absorbed in a fascinating subject—the young woman of the present day. She herself, having passed her first youth, had views. All middle-aged people hold views on men and manners. Some hold just views: some distorted views; whilst others are vague in outline; but, without doubt, our own particular view is, to ourselves, the truest on record. 'Melia was proclaiming hers to her friend, Mr. Wallace.

Mr. Wallace, as he leaned against the old gun—the old gun, a relic of Jamaica's buccaneering days—listened with the grave silence usually ascribed to the *savant* or the philosopher. Occasionally he glanced down at 'Melia, and his shrewd expression betokened the man who was keenly conversant with human nature, especially the feminine side of it.

"Me good Mister Wallace," resumed 'Melia, "de young gal ob dis presant is no like young gal befo' time. All dem look fur is money. Dis money, me good Mr. Wallace! Dis money! It is curse and a ruination; eh, me good sah?"

Mr. Wallace assented without alacrity. His views on life probably differed from 'Melia's, but philosophers are proverbially prudent.

"Wait till I tell you, Mr. Wallace. Dis de way it go. Pickney grow and grow, and de mudder dem hab all de bodderation; and what bodderation like pickney? Den when dem grow big gal so—ketch mos', fifteen—dem no look to dem mudder. Dem go out look fe dem self, and day doant gib dem mudder dem gill,[1] so-so. Dem is really ungrateful, Mr. Wallace. All dem look fur is money."

"So it go; so it go fe true," murmured Mr. Wallace; and he dropped bits of stick down the mouth of the gun. A century or so ago it had vomited flame. Perhaps Mr. Wallace was thinking of all the gills and tups he had so heedlessly dropped into the sea of courtship; of the many gay and heartless maidens that had accepted bun and ginger-beer without a thought for the suitor behind them.

"De gal dem is really bad," warmly pursued 'Melia. She was gratified to have at last aroused Mr. Wallace's sympathy and interest. "You know Louisa?" Yes, he knew Louisa.

"Well, she tell Richard—you know Richard?" Yes, Mr. Wallace was also acquainted with Richard.

"Well, Louisa tell Richard, say he mus' go steal money fe him. What a 'ting, eh! Good fader! My, the gal bad! *Steal* money. Lard!" Mr. Wallace stood erect; he no longer threw sticks down the gun's mouth. Fire came from his. His finer feelings were touched. 'Melia looked at him admiringly from her lowly position at his feet.

"Louisa know who fe ax," said Mr. Wallace shortly and fiercely. "Louisa couldna ax *me* dem kin' o' ting; me soon know wha fe do wid him." 'Melia slid one brown hand to the ground, and leaning on it, looked up into the man's face.

"So dem young gal 'tan Mr. Wallace—so dem 'tan. Dis money! Dis money! Me couldna do 'ting like dat. Me is a ripe woman. Me couldna do so. But," with a certain wistfulness, "man don't look fe sich. Dem only want to married

[1] A gill is about three-eighths of a cent.

to young gal." It was a difficult moment. Mr. Wallace was evidently embarrassed. He didn't love 'Melia, but he had a faint suspicion she loved him; and this he had no objection to. It was pleasant to be a god, even a clay one on a pedestal, and to have many worshippers. Still, he could imagine that to be the exclusive property of one devotee might, through the very exaltedness of the position, be exceedingly irksome. Mr. Wallace was not what is called a marrying man. Rather he was like the gay and gaudy butterfly that flits from flower to flower. In any case 'Melia did not attract him. Her opinions on men and manners might be excellent, but her appearance was dissatisfying. He glanced at her bare feet, her kerchief-tied head, her wistful face. Rather he would have preferred smart shoes, an elaborate *coiffure,* a saucy tongue. So there fell a difficult silence.

The sunshine reveled in the tossing palm branches; it rested gloriously on the huge masses of cloud banked away to the south; the eye blinked at sight of them. A humming bird poised daintily, with whirring wings, before the scarlet hibiscus blossoms that hung over the wall into the road.

There was love in the air. Without doubt, Cupid, in mischievous mood, was passing by. Mr. Wallace was conscious of it. He had never heard of Cupid, but he understood 'Melia in a misty way. He looked down at her curiously. Her head was bent, her lips compressed; she idly traced patterns in the dust with her forefinger. Her hands were rough and worn with much toil. She had the sad air of one who having put out tentacles appealing for sympathy and affection, has silently to withdraw them, meeting no response.

Mr. Wallace's heart was touched, though he felt the position to be one full of peril. He had a consciousness that women, especially women like Amelia, were dangerous to the liberty of man.

"Mr. Wallace," said 'Melia softly and abruptly, "you nebber gwine married, nuh?"

"Married!" echoed Mr. Wallace, equally abruptly, but without softness. "What a big trouble you want 'trow pon me poor buoy!" He rapped his finger-nails impatiently on the gun. "Married no mek fe everybody, Miss Brown. It bring fret, and war and bodderation. Fe me brudder Sammy, married. He marry one brown critter from St. Ann, an' he had a

h—— of a time. He tell me say deat' long time better. Married a bad sumting."

"A true wud," murmured 'Melia sorrowfully. Her tone was a wordless protest against his wholesale condemnation of the holy state of matrimony. He felt it to be so. Curiosity overcame prudence.

"Hi, Miss Brown! you oughter been married long time," he said jocularly. "Nice woman like you disarve husband." 'Melia glanced up at him shyly with all the coquetry of her early youth.

"Chuh! Mr. Wallace! My! you sportify. You too make game. Me no ole smuddy now?"

"Ole?" echoed Mr. Wallace. "Chuh! no talk nonsense!"

"I is a ageable woman, yes."

"Don't talk! If smuddy ax you fe marry you woulda teake dem?"

"Ax me, nuh?" It was pertly said, and Mr. Wallace felt all the smartness of it. It struck him full in the face with all the force of a bullet. He had not thought 'Melia capable of such repartee. Many a wiser man than Mr. Wallace has given away his life's freedom in as unpremeditated a manner. He laughed awkwardly.

The good-natured salutation of a passing friend saved the situation. Under his kindly and benevolent wing Mr. Wallace escaped, with a hurried "Day-day, Miss Brown," to 'Melia. She looked after him comprehendingly, and she continued to muse and to wriggle her bare toes in the dust.

Mr. Wallace's mind misgave him. He felt that he had endangered his bachelorhood. He felt Miss Brown's question, "Ax me nuh?" hanging over his head like the sword of Damocles. He knew nothing of Damocles save the first syllable of that gentleman's name; and this he used pretty freely to himself as he walked down the street in amicable conversation with his friend.

Fate has curious surprises for some of us. It came to 'Melia in the form of her uncle—a well-to-do man in the mountains. He died after a few weeks' illness, leaving all his earthly belongings (and they were substantial) to his niece.

'Melia, with house and land, a donkey, two mules, a cart, three fat pigs and fowls, was a very different person to 'Melia sitting in the dust with bowed head, bare feet, and without a

single silver or nickel coin to tie in the corner of her headkerchief. Mr. Wallace was one of the first to appreciate the difference; one of the first to develop a strong interest in 'Melia.

'Melia was ironing clothes one Friday afternoon when Mr. Wallace leaned over the fence, and respectfully saluted her. He felt, to use his own words, that, "Miss Brown was a lady to be treated with all circumspect." He no longer felt himself a god for her worship. It was Miss Brown who was now the divinity—a highly gilded divinity, indeed: and Mr. Wallace's knees involuntarily bent at sight of her sturdy figure bending over the ironing table. She had placed it for convenience sake under the breadfruit tree.

"Marnin', Miss Brown. Marnin', me dear lub. My, you look well! You look great fe true."

"*Good* marnin', Mr. Wallace," said 'Melia. She spoke with dignity befitting her altered circumstances. She felt that a house and land, to say nothing of pigs and poultry, demanded an entirely new 'Melia. She remembered vividly the morning under the palm tree, and the question she had asked of him. She still loved Mr. Wallace, and was willing to say "yes" when the question was asked; but, at the same time, she felt that he saw her through a veil richly decorated with a four-roomed house, mules, pigs, and cart; and she was alive to the advantage of his gazing long. She herself always best appreciated the frock which she had bought after long and careful saving.

"My you handsome, 'Melia!" exclaimed Mr. Wallace; and he distinctly saw the cart and mules; and he the owner of them. "My you good-lookin'. You yeye 'tan seame like 'tar. You handsome me gal." 'Melia banged the iron with some force on the sleeves of her Sunday frock. She smiled. She knew the compliments were addressed to the four-roomed house, or perhaps the land or the pigs, but they pleased her.

"Chuh! Mr. Wallace! You too chupid. Tek dem kin' o' chupidness to young gal. Whey de 'tar dem? You foolish fe true."

"Me lub you, you know 'Melia. You is a ober and above handsome gal. (De mule and kyart, thought 'Melia.) You is sweet no sugar. My, you sweet." She looked up archly into his face; she had not yet forgot the ways of youth.

"Chuh! go way Mr. Wallace. It young gal you want. I is

too ageable fe trow words pon you. What me warnt wid man? I is got me house and land an' me fowl an' me pig dem. Please God I is gwine up next week Monday fe look 'pon de place."

"Mek me and you walk," timidly suggested Mr. Wallace. This was altogether a different 'Melia to she of the dust. "De road fur," he added insinuatingly, "and run-way man dey a bush."

'Melia feigned just the proper amount of alarm at the mention of the "run-way man," and she did it so artistically that Mr. Wallace was entirely deluded.

"No tell me!" ejaculated 'Melia, and she ceased ironing, and looked affrightedly across at her wooer. "Whoy! me well 'fraid fe run-way man."

"How much o'clock you dey go?" said Mr. Wallace.

"Soon, soon, befo' day clean. Me an' Lula an' Natty dey walk."

"Which Natty dat?" asked Mr. Wallace jealously.

"Me sister pickney," replied 'Melia, instantly divining the jealousy, and as instantly setting it on her brows halo-wise. It was fine to be able to make Mr. Wallace jealous. The glow of the halo made her voice gracious and sweet when next she spoke.

"All right, Mr. Wallace. I is glad fe hab you come—me well 'fraid fe run-way man." The wooer smiled expansively, and so the matter was settled.

The excursion duly came off and was highly successful. The house and land with its coffee, and cassava and yam-piece were beyond praise. The pigs were friendly and grunted appreciatively under Mr. Wallace's caressing foot; the fowls, some half-dozen in number, fled with the clamor of fifty into the coffee-walk under the fire of four pairs of eyes. It was disconcerting but convincing.

The day was a glorious one for 'Melia; to Mr. Wallace it was Elysium. He foresaw a long reign of plenty, with the servile faithful obedience of 'Melia. It was a delightful prospect. So under the shade of a spreading breadfruit tree (also his) the long deferred question was asked. 'Melia, a little overwhelmed by the magnificence of her belongings and the prospective management of them, answered "yes."

"It a nice place," said 'Melia, looking round her proudly, but a little sadly. There was a doubt in her mind. "It a nice

place." Mr. Wallace gave assent. His mind was too busy for speech.

"It good fe hab house an' lan'," continued 'Melia, "an' mule an' kyart, an' pig, an' fowl, an' the lilly carffee."

"It sweet me," murmured Mr. Wallace.

'Melia sighed. "Me will min' you well, 'Melia." She looked at him furtively.

"Mr. Wallace?" She paused, then spoke with a voice made desperate by resolve to know the worst or the best. "Mr. Wallace, why you no ben ax me last March? It is the house an' lan' you lub, nuh?" Mr. Wallace's heart shriveled within him at the direct question; but he valiantly rose to the occasion.

"Chuh! Narnsense, gal! Me lub you long time. Me will min' you well. Me no lub you? Chuh! 'Wha' yeye no see, heart no believe.' A true wud, nuh! 'Melia!" He put his arm roughly yet kindly about her. The heart of Mr. Wallace was awakened to a new sense of duty. He determined to teach it to throb, no matter how faintly, but to throb for 'Melia. Besides there was the house and the land. This helped the throbs considerably. Still, 'Melia was unsatisfied. Miss 'Melia Brown and Mr. Anthony Wallace returned home affianced lovers, and 'Melia's dignity and importance were considerably augmented thereby.

Three months later they were married and settled in their new home. 'Melia proved herself a true and faithful wife, working hard early and late for the weal and comfort of her lord and master. Mr. Wallace made a kind husband; without doubt he did his part in the management of the Elysium he had captured. He was kind to 'Melia, but he could not love her. Sentiment does not play a very heroic part in the lives of the island peasantry. 'Melia, though conscious of a want in her life, could not put it into words. It seemed to her that Mr. Wallace had married the house and land and the mules and pigs—*and then herself*. But her aspirations for a different state of things were formless. The want in her life was an enigma her simple and untutored mind could not solve.

They had been married a year when the tragedy happened. It came about through the pigs. 'Melia was especially proud of her pigs; it was therefore natural that the hand of fate should strike her through them. Mr. Wallace had long vowed a play-

ful kind of vengeance against the youngest of the tribe. It was constantly breaking through the fence into the potato-piece, and both he and 'Melia had made every endeavor to keep it in its own proper domain. But pigs are pigs, and potatoes are potatoes; and the one possesses an irresistible attraction for the other.

So it befell one unhappy morning that Mr. Wallace, unknown to his wife, hastened out with his gun to lie in wait for the intruder. He argued that 'Melia would be wholly consoled for the loss of the pig when she had been induced to look upon it in the light of pork. He himself was very fond of pork, especially when it was pickled.

Besides, Christmas was near at hand, and good dinners were things of necessity. He stealthily quickened his footsteps. 'Melia was gathering chochos for market. She was ignorant of the rapid march of events. Her apron full, she suddenly remembered she wanted some green peppers. Into the open she came; at the same instant the trigger fell. The pig fled with a squeal of indignation and surprise. 'Melia received the full charge in her thigh. She fell with a groan. Mr. Wallace was by her side on the instant.

"'Melia! Me shot you, nuh? 'Melia! Me God! 'Melia! she dead! Oh! me Lord! Wha dis come to me this day? An the d—d pig get 'way. 'Melia! Speak, nuh!" She opened her eyes languidly. She knew she was wounded to death.

"No min', Tony; you kyant help. No min'. Whoy!" With a groan of anguish she fainted.

Mr. Wallace conveyed her to the hospital in that much-prized possession, the cart, and he himself drove the mules that were hers and his. His heart was heavy. He was realizing the worth of the woman he had married. This senseless moaning thing huddled together at his feet in the bottom of the cart could not be 'Melia. He shuddered.

'Melia lay in great agony for several days. Amputation was of no avail. Day after day Mr. Wallace visited her at the hospital. Then there came the terrible morning when he was told that the end was near.

"Tony," whispered 'Melia, "I is glad you ax me. I try to be good wife, Tony. I is fateful to you. I is good wife, me lub?" Mr. Wallace laid a rough hand on hers.

"'Melia, you is good wife fe true. Me sorry you gwine

dead. I is really sorry de gun ketch you. De pig get 'way—dat de wuss. I sorry de shot tek you. I sorry to me heart. Oh, me gal, me gal! Wha me kyan do fe you? I sorry to deat'."

The woman's voice was sweet in its whispered tones. "Tony, no min'. You coulden help. No min', yah? Accidence is accidence. No fret. I is glad eberting belong to you; you min' me well. You quite kin'—nebber quarrel or nutting'. Tank de Lard we lib in peace, Tony."

She uttered the sentences with short gasps for breath. Then went on again. "I is glad you got the house an' lan'. I lub you long time."

The dying eyes searched his. Did 'Melia know even now at this supreme hour what she had missed during that quiet year of marriage? I cannot tell, but God be thanked that at that awful moment it was put into the heart of the man at last to understand . . . to understand and to give.

"'Melia," he said, and he spoke slowly and distinctly, that the dull ear might hear the words and hold their meaning, and hide them away in the faintly-beating heart. "'Melia, I lub you, me gal. I lub you. Don't fret, yah! Me lub you. Wha me dey go do widouten you? What me kyear fe house an' lan'? Me gwine miss you to deat'. 'Melia, you believe me? *I lub you. God know I lub you.*"

The eyes, already glazing in death, closed peacefully. The words had gone home. She smiled; it was her last smile on earth.

"I glad you ax me, Tony." It was the faintest whisper. The man's eyes grew wet. He bent down eagerly. He kissed her on the lips. It was the husband's first kiss of love. It opened for her the gates of Paradise.

"The Lord tek you, 'Melia," said Tony brokenly. He listened for an answering whisper. There was silence. He looked into her face. On it rested a majestic peace. 'Melia was dead.

ST. AGNES, A TYPE AND A CONTRAST.

BY HENRY E. O'KEEFFE, C.S.P.

WHEN the whole world is plunged in tumult, it is difficult even to think with composure. One thought, however, is dominant with the serious at present. It is this—that what we called "progress"—a word, for some of us, of music and of magic, meaning "the greatest happiness for the greatest number," is as far away from us as it was in the Middle Ages.

It has always been clear, to many, that the fine arts have not developed since then: that with us every phase of architecture is but an imperfect reflection of the past; that no paintings, reliefs, mosaics, no stained-glass, sculpture, no literature in the modern world, can bear comparison with the exalted creations of the past. However, in the domain of what we call material genius, we discovered a definite advance. But that very instrument which gave us heart of hope for, at least, the physical betterment of humanity, was converted into a means for the destruction of human life. Indeed, the course of civilization has been thrown back several centuries. We find ourselves encompassed with all the moral weaknesses of the past—its barbarism and passion for destruction—without its virtues, its hidden moral beauty, its sentiment and romance.

If in the æsthetic and material order we have fallen far short of high standards and must revert to ancient ideals, this is eminently true in the region of morality. Is there one spot in this wide world, at the present moment, where the tenor of conduct seems in harmony with the Mind of the Founder of Christianity? Christianity is in a manner an experimental science. It must be tried before we can judge of its results. "Taste and see that the Lord is sweet," are the words of the sacred writer. So we must react toward the past—to the golden visions that still loom on the horizon, for the eyes of faith—to the moral ideals ever ancient, ever new. When the vision dies the people perish!

This brings us to the truth that we must again turn our

eyes to that eternal city hard by the yellow Tiber—Rome—when sick at heart, looking for the things of peace and for the moral heroes and heroines that never die. The world is placed between utter ruin and restoration of law, and there is nothing to restore it but the moral power of the Papacy. Time was when the voice from the watch tower in the capitol of Christendom might have stilled the storm of this universal conflict which has shaken the whole world. That day is past but who shall say never to return? "All day long have I stretched forth mine arms to a foolish and gainsaying people but they would not."

Yet if the living authority of authentic Christianity cannot now, as of old, practically force itself upon a world which is already on fire with hatred, nevertheless its moral influence, principles, ideals cannot perish from the hearts of the faithful. It is to Rome then and to a heroine of the moral order that we come to learn a lesson and draw a contrast.

Rapt in imagination and with the light of love glistening in our eyes, we look toward the city of the ages. From the Porta Pia we follow the main road, the ancient Via Nomentana which crosses the broad Della Regina. We pass beautiful villas until we come to the American Academy of Arts of Rome. On the left, about a quarter of a mile further, stand the Catacombs and the Church of St. Agnes Outside the Walls. Even now, it has not lost some of the evidences of an early Christian basilica. It was built by Constantine over the tomb of St. Agnes. It has been reërected and restored several times and finally by Pius IX. in 1856. In this church are blessed the lambs from whose wool the pallia are woven for the archbishops of Christendom.

This church must not be confused with another church of St. Agnes, very rich and beautiful, within the confines of the city. The latter was built by Pope Innocent X. near the circus where our youthful virgin suffered martyrdom and exposure before the populace.

St. Jerome says in one of his letters of this resplendent figure of inviolate chastity, that "the tongues and pens of all nations were employed in her praises. None is more praiseworthy than she, for whose praise all mouths are fitted." "Her name," remarks St. Augustine in one of his sermons, "being interpreted, signifieth chaste in the Greek and a lamb

in the Latin language." St. Ambrose fixes her cruel death at the age of twelve. St. Augustine at thirteen. Even though she may have been more mature than our women at the same age, the tender youth of her martyrdom has touched the heart of primitive Christendom, from the fourth century to the present day. All agree on the youth of this virgin who won the martyr's crown. It is difficult to be precise about the time of her death. Prudentius makes it March in the year of Our Lord three hundred and three.

Agnes' exceeding beauty and wealth provoked the young noblemen of the most distinguished families in Rome. She had but one answer: that her heart was consecrated to a Lover beheld not by mortal eyes. At that moment she could have sung snatches of the Canticle: "And when I had a little passed by them I found Him Whom my soul loveth," or as the verse in her breviary lesson puts it: "He hath sealed me in my forehead that I may let in no other lover but Him."

Beauty incites love, and Jesus Christ, the comeliest moral beauty, provokes the fairest love. Our virgin and martyr saw in Him all the strength of the man and the tenderness of the woman. Her words in the first antiphon of the third nocturn of her office are: "I keep my troth to Him alone, at Whose beauty the sun and moon do wonder." Henceforward she was impregnable to the arts and importunities of her suitors. The bridal robes of perpetual chastity could never be for her the habiliments of night and of death. Unrequited desire when not perfected by restraint, may readily degenerate into violent wrath. So they who sought her hand in marriage and were refused, reported her to the Roman governor for a Christian.

The poetic panegyric of Pope Damasus, however, tells us that after the imperial edict, not of Diocletian against the Christians, but after Decius, she voluntarily declared herself to be a Christian. She was dragged with clanging chains before the idols of the heathen shrine. One pinch of incense offered before so chaste a goddess as Diana would have saved her but, says St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, she could not be compelled to even move her hand except to sign herself with the cross of Christ. Thrust into the fire, she gave no thought to the torment of the flames, but sought to shield her chaste body, with her wealth of soft hair, from the lecherous eyes of the heathen

mob. A foul cruelty it was! Fire failed. They clothed her, however, for her execution and loaded her with fetters but St. Augustine avers that she went to the place of her death more cheerfully than other maidens go adorned to their nuptials.

"I am wedded to the Lord of Angels—and His Blood is red on my cheeks."

"You may," said she, "stain your sword with my blood—it is consecrated to Christ."

The faces of some in the crowd turned white when Agnes gave her tiny hands to the iron shackles and bent her tender neck for the stroke. Some of the spectators wept—she herself shed not a tear. She quailed not. The hand of her murderer trembled as though he were the criminal—but his aim was direct. With one blow he cut her head from her body.

There is a lovely scene in one of the tragedies of the Greek poets—from the *Hecuba* of Euripides—which describes Polyxena's warm body severed from the head and rolling down the marble steps of the altar and how, conscious even in death of her modesty, she decently arranges her snow-white raiment over her limbs. The blessed Agnes sings in Matins: "The Lord hath clothed me with a vesture of wrought gold and adorned me with a necklace of great price. The Lord hath clothed me with the garments of salvation and hath covered me with the robe of joyfulness and hath set on my head a crown as the crown of a bride. He hath put pearls beyond price in mine ears and hath crowned me with the bright blossoms of the eternal spring-time."

St. Basil and Tertullian both witness that, during those early persecutions, Christ wonderfully interposed in defence of maidens who pledged their virtue to Him. Lewd profligates were seized with awe at the sight of them. So it was that a rude youth, who rushed at Agnes, was struck blind and fell trembling to the ground. The Holy One would not suffer His elect to see corruption. St. Cecilia so charged the air with the aroma of her moral presence that Valerian could no longer look upon her. Henry of Bavaria, Saint as well as King, closed his eyes and knelt a slave to the virtue of his Queen.

Primitive and mediæval Catholicism gave us thousands who retained, unprofaned, the consecrating dew of baptism until the sweet chrism of anointing touched the pallid forehead

of the dying. Even the senses of the body, so often the instruments of our humiliation, were won over to Christ.

> From the graced decorum of the hair
> Even to the tingling, sweet
> Soles of the simple, earth-confiding feet.

Only at times does the modern mind know the merit and value of the ardor which is virginal—nor does it always appreciate a life of atonement and propitiation. Yet the ancient Romans, even in their period of moral decline, saw the sacredness of these blessed things. If the vestal virgin violated her vow, which she was to keep for a brief time, she was buried alive.

Some of the great efficient leaders of moral reform in the Church, like St. Dominic, St. Francis or Ignatius sought to cure prevailing vice by what the world would call the exaggeration of virtue. It is on this principle that the ideal of inviolate chasity is so necessary for modern life. If at the breath of an obscene word a saint would swoon away, should we not be moved to tears not only at our lost innocence but at our recklessness of speech and action? It would seem that we lose something of the angelic virtue when we discuss it. Yet in our modern methods of education, matters are investigated and studied by all which should make the morally sensitive shudder with confusion. Modesty is only a special circumstance of chastity, yet it is its complement and unfading flower. So incidental a thing as a prevailing dance may indicate how our standards have relaxed. Even the harmless instinct to enhance physical beauty may bring about the modern indignities of fashion.

As in the past so in the present we look to types like Perpetua, Agatha, Lucy, Agnes, Anastasia and Cecilia. What a tremendous contrast. If the standards are lowered with woman they will be lowered in a greater degree with man. "Ye are the salt of the earth and if the salt be lacking wherewith shall the earth be salted." "Yet the world can corrupt all things," says Lacordaire, "even so fair a thing as a woman." "Of all kinds of corruption," writes St. Francis de Sales, "the most malodorous is decaying lilies." To the general confusion which overshadows the region of thought, at present, woman has added another complex problem. She has thrust herself into the public conflicts of men. Into a game that is so rough

that she will be helpless both by nature and grace, in mind and body. Joan of Arc, even when guarded by angelic influences, slept in her steel armor for she was dealing with men. After the crisis she returned to her home and to the sheep feeding on the green grass of Domrémy. The modern woman must needs be thrice armed to meet the more subtle manipulations of political warfare.

Because of unjust economic conditions, woman has been mercilessly pressed into mercantile pursuits. Would it be an exaggeration to say, since all consider it an evil, that because of this she has lost something of the distinction of voice and manner always an indication of that delicate moral reserve which is the source of woman's incomparable charm? When the great thinker, St. Thomas Aquinas, wrote that the devout sex was *vix rationalis* he did not mean that it was *irrationalis*. He meant that it approaches the questions and sociological problems of life with the heart, rather than with the head. In the secret kingdom of that heart is born the power which redeems the world. Though the heart of a woman encompasses the world, its action is not public or external. Its influence is subtle, moral, interior. "My heart was dilated," sings the psalmist, "when I ran in the way of Thy Commandments."

So we hark back again to Rome and to a Roman maiden whose heart was so enlarged by the love of Christ that it broke forth like a flower from the fetid atmosphere of the catacombs outside the Roman walls. It pushed itself up through the earth and the stones of the sacred city to bloom for us today and forever in the garden of the moral world.

New Books.

A HISTORY OF SPAIN. By Charles E. Chapman, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.60 net.

Dr. Chapman has given us in one volume of five hundred pages the main features of Spanish history from the standpoint of America. With his colleagues, Professors Bolton, Priestly, Hackett and Stephens, he is attempting to correct the errors that have crept into many an American historical manual, due to the prejudice of the anti-Spanish, English and American schools. A better understanding between the peoples of the two Americas will be possible only when our scholars show a grasp of the wonderful work done by Spain in the colonization of the West, and a fair grasp of the outlines of Spanish history.

Emphasis has been laid throughout upon the growth of the civilization or institutions of Spain, rather than upon the narrative of political events, and the volume is so arranged topically that a teacher may select those phases of development which particularly interest him. Special stress has been laid upon the periods from 1252 to 1808, over half of the volume dealing with the years 1479 to 1808, because during this period Spanish civilization was transmitted to the Americas.

The work of Professor Chapman is for the most part based upon the *Historia de España y de la Civilización Española* of Rafael Altamira y Crevea. Certain chapters are new (32, 39 and 40), the last on present-day Spain being the writer's observations during a two years' residence there, from 1912 to 1914.

The writer is objective and impartial. Now and again he is guilty of a few slips, owing to his ignorance of things Catholic. For instance, it is inaccurate to state that divorce was allowed in mediæval Spain (1031-1276); that the monks of Cluny and the Popes, had to bring the Castilian Church into uniformity with Catholic teaching during that period; that concubinage was common among the clergy.

The professor corrects a false estimate, and declares emphatically that the Spaniards are not unusually cruel and vindictive, not lazy but excellent workers, not proud and arrogant though possessing a high sense of personal pride. They are brilliantly intellectual, highly emotional, courteous to a fault, great in literature and art, even if temperamentally averse to big business and the pursuit of scientific discoveries.

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE DAY'S WORK. By Edgar James Swift. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00 net.

Professor Swift's volume is an interesting and useful application of psychological studies and analyses to the actions of every day life. He remarks in his preface that, while the choice of possible topics is very wide, he has endeavored to select types of conduct fundamental to thinking and acting. In the course of his studies he touches on learning, memory, testimony and rumor, our varying selves; while the closing chapter deals with the psychology of digestion. He gives interesting charts showing the curious ups and downs in the process of learning. After a swift mount upwards the learner soon reaches a "plateau" (*i. e.*, a period of standstill) where he may tarry for quite a while. The author thinks those periods of stagnation "are caused by the need of time for making the associations automatic." But learning cannot be rushed. There one must begin at the beginning and build slowly; the "finish-quick institution" is a delusion and a snare. What adds considerably to the interest of the professor's book is the aptness of his illustrations from general literature. Wells is quoted to show forth the disadvantages of organization, but at the same time its necessity. Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives' Tales* is quoted to show the tricks played, or rather the mirage flung over the past, by memory. If we remember rightly this phenomenon was beautifully called by the great Jean Paul, "the moonlight of memory." The way inconsequent people wander from the point is illustrated by a passage from Meredith's *Evan Harrington.*

Perhaps the most interesting chapter of the whole book is the one entitled "Our Varying Selves." We change from day to day, from hour to hour; frequently we are false to our true selves, and wreck our most cherished projects. We show sides of our character to one person that forever remain hidden to another. In the first three pages of the chapter the works of Stevenson, Howell and McClellan afford opposite passages in support of the thesis; further on Bancroft and Galsworthy are referred to. It seems to us, however, that there is a certain thinness and poverty about the illustrations of this last peculiarity. Is not literary history one long chorus of *video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor?* What contradictory selves were bound up in Bacon and Swift, in Coleridge and Shelley, in Verlaine and Tolstoy, in Goethe and Carlyle and countless others! Of course the trait might be illumined as with a limelight from religious history, but probably that *cinis dolosissimus* is best left unstirred.

PROPHETS OF DISSENT. By Otto Heller. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

Under this title Professor Heller of Washington University, St. Louis, groups studies of Maeterlinck, Strindberg, Nietzsche, and Tolstoy. "Prophet of Dissenters" would be a more fitting appellation for Maeterlinck. For the specious Monism of this brilliant man of letters, who plays the philosopher, makes its chief appeal to those repelled by the baldness and crudity of dissent. However much the Transcendentalism of Emerson may have helped with other influences to inspire him, Emerson's ethics are substantial compared with Maeterlinck's muddled blend of materialism and mysticism. Doctor Heller's claim for him, as a spiritual guide whose teaching has stood the test of the War, is a gratuitous statement not supported by any evidence in his essay. He does not trace, with any attempt at clearness, the nebulous process of transition by which Maeterlinck passed from his early fatalism to a creed of affirmation such as his principle of self-realization represents. With Maeterlinck as a dramatist, he deals more adequately, showing how the mystery of fate and the experiences of the inward "deeper life" are shadowed forth in his plays.

Two extreme types of individualism are studied in the essays on Strindberg and Nietzsche. For Strindberg, the *halluciné* of genius whose opinions were so many records of his nervous reactions—of his "sensitiveness to pressure"—Doctor Heller holds no brief. Yet it is notable that his fearless veracity, exemplified in his conflicting attitudes toward life, is singled out for admiration, while his religious conversion is condemned as flagitious. Nietzsche is considered as "a study in exaltation." The exposition of his development from the pessimism of Schöpenhauer through the Dionysianism of Wagner, and thence through a radical theory of Evolution to the cult of the Superman, is coherent and convincing. Doctor Heller absolves him from the imputation of being a formative influence in the scheme of World-Imperialism—he is, it seems, too much of a poet to be taken seriously as a statesman or politician. Yet it is admitted that he fostered, in an unmistakable manner, the class-consciousness of the aristocrat. He is, however, a vital factor of modern social development, inasmuch as he is a corrective of moral inertia, an "inspired apostle of action, power, enthusiasm and aspiration, in fine a prophet of Vitality and a messenger of Hope"—all this despite the confessed "weakness of his philosophy before the forum of Logic."

The critique on Tolstoy is informed with a thorough knowl-

edge of its subject. His genius as an artist is freshly interpreted, and his career is shown to illustrate the limpid Russian soul in its religious-mindedness and its naïve trend toward communism. While Doctor Heller pays due tribute to Tolstoy's moral earnestness he deprecates his radical departure in his views of art. He also poises on a delicate critical balance the nice question of Tolstoy's renunciation, and tests how nearly related to real poverty was the *simplesse* of his mode of living. Altogether his account of that great writer is one in which the reader will readily concur.

THE PRINCIPLES OF WAR. By General Ferdinand Foch. Translated by J. de Morinni. New York: The H. K. Fly Co. $2.50 net.

How the student of literature would delight if some of the great masters had left a treatise on their own art! if, for instance, Shakespeare had told us how to produce a drama, Milton a sonnet, Scott a ballad or historical novel. We remember, of course, that Dante gave us *De Vulgari Eloquentia,* and a generation ago Stevenson *The Art of Writing.* These exceptions, however, only emphasize the rule that the *Di Majores* never initiate the profane into the secrets of their ravishing alchemy. But what is denied to the man of letters is granted to the man of war. For Marshal Foch, the most eminent soldier of today, has revealed his methods and ideas for the instruction of his brethren. The outstanding feature of the present work is its limpid and transparent simplicity. It is entirely untechnical, and may be read with pleasure by any intelligent reader. The Marshal divides his book into twelve chapters, wherein he sets forth the teaching, characteristics and methods of war: intellectual discipline, protection, the duties of the advance guard, strategic surprise and safety, decisive attack in battle. Already on the third page of his treatise he lays down the pregnant principle, whose application far transcends mere material conflicts: "Defeat . . . we shall find . . . later to be a purely *moral* result, the result of a state of mind, of discouragement, of fear brought on the vanquished by a combined use of moral and material factors employed simultaneously by the victor." It may be remembered that the general professing this creed, at the first battle of the Marne continued to attack in the face of overwhelming forces, and his elastic tenacity won the day. His famous message to Joffre ran: "My right is in rout, my left is retiring, I attack with my centre." Several historical battles are analyzed and dissected at length; and the mistakes of the commanders pointed out. Thus the whole of the seventh

chapter is devoted to a minute examination of the rôle of the advance guard at Nachod, a battle of the Austro-Prussian War of 1866. In this chapter the Marshal lays down another noteworthy and striking principle, and one opposed to that advocated by other military schools, namely, that obedience must not be slavish but intelligent, and that the Higher Command must leave a certain initiative to subordinates. "It will be always thus (*i. e.*, disastrous) when the Higher Command, lacking in broadness of view or in strength of will, seeks to substitute itself to its subordinates, to think and decide for them. In order to think and decide correctly it would need to see through their eyes, from the point where they stand; it would need to be everywhere at one time." The present translation by Major de Morinni is flowing and idiomatic.

THE WORLD PROBLEM: CAPITAL, LABOR AND THE CHURCH. By Rev. Joseph Husslein, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.25 net.

Father Husslein in these interesting pages brings out clearly the mind of the Church on all the actual issues of Capital and Labor. He treats in a clear and popular fashion Socialism, Capitalism, the ethics of just price, trade unionism, monopolies, strikes, unemployment, the farm problem, the methods and possibilities of coöperation, the State and property, the woman worker, and the social aims of the Catholic Church.

The work is an able defence of Christian Democracy, that golden mean between the destructive extremes of Socialism and Individualism. We recommend it highly to all our social workers, and to the teachers in our schools and colleges.

THE PATRIMONY OF THE ROMAN CHURCH IN THE TIME OF GREGORY THE GREAT. By Edward Spearing. Edited by Evelyn M. Spearing. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.

This scholarly monograph on the Patrimony of St. Peter in the time of Pope Gregory the Great is a most interesting study. Its six chapters deal with the growth of the Patrimony and its extent, its government, its organization, its relations with the State, the collection of the revenue, and the mode of expending it.

The writer has read carefully the writings of Gregory the Great, and the works of Grisar and Zaccaria on the Patrimony. He is perfectly fair and objective in his treatment of the facts, and brings out clearly the great ability of the Pope as administrator, and his boundless charity to the poor and afflicted. It is good to know that the vast income of the Patrimony was expended

almost entirely on religious and charitable objects. The view that the wealth of the Church was a fund held in trust for the poor is mentioned from the earliest times, and was continually reasserted by successive generations of Popes. Popes Gelasius and Gregory both speak of the Patrimony as *res pauperum*, and nobly did they carry out the Catholic idea of bounty towards Christ's poor. We read of Pope Gregory redeeming captives, stopping the oppression of the slaves and *coloni* on his vast estates, establishing *xenodochia*, the old time substitute for our modern asylums and hospitals, remitting debts, advancing loans, emancipating slaves, supplying food, clothes, and other necessaries to individuals and cities.

THE HIGH ROMANCE. By Michael Williams. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Mr. Williams' theme is his own return to the Faith that was his by baptism, but from which, in default of Catholic home training, he drifted away in early youth into complete indifference and alienation. The author calls the years preceding his conversion the wanderings of a man in search of his soul—wanderings physical as well as spiritual. Consistent with the discrimination drawn in his sub-title, " a spiritual autobiography," he has apparently made selection of those of his experiences that have most influenced him. These are, naturally, widely various. They represent the reactions of the complex temperament of a journalist and writer of fiction, obviously possessing, in full measure, the connoted keen observation of human affairs linked with romanticism and dreamy imaginativeness. He gives us a swift succession of reflections, solitary self-communings, impressions of men and things, bits of philosophical speculation, fragments of conversations, and reminiscences in which names are mentioned and personalities handled with journalistic frankness and *insouciance*. He also describes with entertaining satire the devious ways he traversed while searching for the key to life's secret, under the leadership of various " mystagogues."

The manner in which the material is presented gives the work a distinctive character. The author follows somewhat the lines of story-telling, inasmuch as he refrains from the usual open anticipations of the great climax, vicaciously re-living, as it were, what he describes, and by his spontaneity carrying his audience with him. This method is strikingly effective, and its happy result is that the appeal all similar confessions have for Catholics is so widened as to engage and fasten the attention of the general reader, whatever may be his religious proclivities, or

lack of them. This advantage is not acquired at the expense of the central subject, nor does the author's hold loosen, but rather strengthens, when the narrative reaches the momentous turning-point. To him, it is a marvelous tale of the supreme adventure, the high romance. From this angle he approaches it, and he does not fail of the impression he desires to produce.

Mr. Williams' message is preëminently that of a layman to layman, conveyed with a high degree of literary quality, magnetic charm, and humor. It has been his privilege to lay as a tribute at the feet of the Church a book of marked individuality and interest.

A MANUAL OF THE HISTORY OF DOGMAS. Vol. II. By Rev. B. J. Otten, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $2.50 net.

The first volume of this manual traced the history of dogmatic development from the beginning of the second century to the end of the ninth; this second volume follows that development up to the present time. Nine-tenths of the book is devoted to a study of mediæval theology with a special stress upon the history and development of the sacraments. The treatment of the Councils of Trent and the Vatican are all too brief, but the author pleads, in excuse, the limited scope of his text-book plan.

Father Otten's scholarly manual will prove invaluable to the educated Catholic layman, who desires to extend his knowledge of the Faith beyond the contents of his school catechism.

THE PEOPLE OF ACTION: A STUDY IN AMERICAN IDEALISM. By Gustave Rodrigues. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

Perhaps we do not really know ourselves, perhaps we are too big a nation to get a real perspective; in any event, reading M. Rodrigues' essay on American idealism is exactly like looking at a very flattering photograph of oneself. We fear it has been "touched up," that some of the lines are removed. And yet, the study is penetrating, sympathetic and wise.

The author's opening sentence is interesting—"America has been twice discovered; physically by Christopher Columbus, morally with President Wilson." He continues, "In the American we must see, not a materialist eager for enjoyment; he is precisely the contrary, an idealist in search of results." And the author expands this theory in studies of personal wealth, liberty, education, the man, the woman, the social organization, the national ideal, our international position and the League of Nations, until he is ready to draw a final conclusion in the words, "American idealism is not a theoretic idealism, conceived and formulated;

it is a practical idealism which springs from action itself. It is wholly in the creative impulse." Which is another way of defining what Mr. Roosevelt called "the strenuous life"—the most American phrase ever uttered about Americans.

Some of the brightest pages of the book are those devoted to the American millionaire and his rôle as an individual idealist. "Public spirit is, above all, incarnated in the very rich." Charity in America is intelligently given. Americans do not give blindly. Something of that same principle is evident in our international relations: our purpose in lending a hand across the seas is the realization of the American ideal of peace, the true fraternity which is reached through liberty and equality. "The Puritans endowed America with a conscience; owing to them she has become a conscience-directed force. . . . All Americans are not Protestants; far from it; but most of them, though perhaps unconsciously, are more or less Puritans," says M. Rodrigues. He goes on to show—which we hope is true—that the sincerity of faith in America is not a mere consent of the mind, but is an active, practical faith. We weigh religion for its results in daily life—"the American feels that his God is working beside him, and he works with Him." On the whole M. Rodrigues' study is a fair portrait, not too flattering save in some points where energetic statements over-value a national characteristic.

GUYNEMER, KNIGHT OF THE AIR. By Henry Bordeaux. Translated by Louise Morgan Sill. Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.60.

He who flew away into the clouds, whose name and final citation is engraven on the walls of the Pantheon, who had more than fifty recorded victories over the foe and innumerable others not officially recorded, possessed all the background and the intensity of youth from which heroes are made. Today, in France, schoolboys know his citation and record by heart. Guynemer is fused into the soul of France.

This intimate and loving study of the young Roland of the air, written for the boys of France, is a keen analysis of the elements which made Guynemer's fame possible. Neither chance nor influence nor intuition gave him his place, but tireless application. He was a close student of aërial engines and guns, and was accounted among the finest technicians and marksmen in the French aërial service. Due to his discoveries many of the improvements made on later French combat machines were perfected. His successes were based on scientific accuracy and persistence. His record shows some seven hundred flights totaling

over six hundred and sixty-five hours in the air. In addition to these qualities was his *sang froid* which made him the example of the valiant Stork Escadrille and to fliers in all the armies.

M. Bordeaux describes him as "tall and spare, almost beardless, with an amber-colored, oval face and a regular profile, and raven hair brushed backwards." His eyes burned with a great fire, and his laughter was constant, but in combat his face was terrible to look upon. Modest, of simple demeanor, refined and playful, he was beloved of his family and the idol of France. After France, his parents and his sisters were his loves. Moreover, he was a devout and faithful Catholic.

His story is beautifully written by a dear friend. The text is a delightful piece of typographical perfection, lightened by occasional illustrations.

THE MYSTICAL LIFE. By Dom S. Louismet, O.S.B. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.10, postage extra.

Christian Science and various forms of New Thought today are putting forth doctrines of union with God, more or less tinged with error, and are obtaining a hearing. It is well that Catholics, and, indeed, all Christians, should be reminded that the true doctrine of union with God is found alone in the teachings of the Catholic Church. Her doctrines set forth a life of union with God all satisfying and most simple. The mystical life treated by Dom Louismet, is within the reach of every Christian, nay is demanded of every Christian, and all that is necessary to enter upon it is the state of grace and a little good will. Catholic traditional mysticism, according to our author, is the special soul experience of one still a wayfarer on earth, yet actually tasting and seeing that God is sweet.

In brief but most attractive outlines the author proceeds to set forth the part taken in the mystical life by the most Blessed Trinity—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—by the Church and by the individual himself. We heartily recommend this little volume to all Christians of all states and conditions of life. It may be particularly helpful to religious engaged in active external work, as the notion is current among them that the mystical life is not for them. A perusal of this work will open before them a vista of spiritual advancement most entrancing in prospect.

WAR MOTHERS. By Edward F. Garesché, S.J. New York: Benzinger Brothers. 60 cents net.

This newest little volume from Father Garesché's pen owes its inspiration wholly to the Great War, and its appeal will not fail to

reach the myriads who have been touched, and shaken, by the omnipresent cataclysm of the past four years. The book is, in large part, a celebration of the *women* who, like their own pitiful Mother and the Mother of all earth's children, have stood so stanchly at the foot of their cross. It celebrates the *war mothers;* the brave workers who passed in review on "women's day;" the vicarious mothers whose love has reached out to embrace the countless orphans overseas.

As inspiration of all this active idealism, one of the best poems in the collection is sung to the glory of Jeanne d'Arc, her "country's avatar." And as concrete example of its practice close in our midst come the poems to Sergeant Joyce Kilmer. To him, indeed, the poet of our own Expeditionary Forces, the whole book is dedicated in a graceful and heartfelt tribute. The verses of the present volume are written almost wholly in that lose but highly musical and emotional ode-form which Father Garesché uses with remarkable facility and felicity. They represent some of the richest work the young priest has yet given us, and should comfort many a lonely war mother's heart.

JACQUELINE. By John Ayscough. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.50 net.

Admitting, as we must, that no subsequent effort by "John Ayscough" has equaled the rich beauty of *Marotz* or the splendor of imaginativeness attained in *Dromina,* it is yet true that everything that comes from this author displays afresh the qualities that have given him his eminent place in the affections of the reading public: the leisured, witty grace, the wisdom and humor, the pervading sense of Divine love, the warm human sympathy, and the delineation of character which in each new book increases our circle of friends. In *Jacqueline* we meet several such, notably the shrewd, kindly, only half-worldly worldling, Miss Graystocke, whose companionship lightens the tragic interest with which we watch the noble and pathetic figure of the heroine, Jacqueline, as she steadfastly fulfills her chosen lot of self-immolation in the service of an insane mother. Her malady has taken the shocking form of non-recognition of her daughter, followed by a dislike that deepens into jealousy and murderous hate. This mental condition is depicted with such skill as to make one inclined to wish occasionally that it were not so well done. It is made bearable by the author's unerring taste and the impression he conveys throughout of the vigilant mercy of God. All that Monsignor Bickerstaff-Drew presents to us is welcome, *Jacqueline* no less so than its predecessors.

AMBASSADOR MORGENTHAU'S STORY. By Henry Morgenthau. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.00.

Mr. Morgenthau is evidently a chess player. From the first page of his vitally interesting book you become aware of the men with whom he is to play the gigantic game of national honor and human existence. You see what moves they can make, and you watch the game grow more complicated until, hopelessly beaten by a gang of knaves, he is obliged to relinquish his place. The men he played against were Wangenheim, the German ambassador, Liman Von Sanders, German head of the Turkish army, Admiral Veedom, the Berlin representative in the Turkish navy, Talaat Bey, the political "boss" of the Young Turks, misnamed the "Committee of Union and Progress," Enver Pasha, dandy of the court, and the despicable police commissioner Bedri Bey.

The intention of the game was to embroil Turkey in the War, and its progress was clearly marked. The first move was Von Sander's assuming control of the Turkish army and Germany's wrath at our selling two battleships to Greece. With the second the Turkish army is mobilized! With the third the *Goben* and the *Breslau* are smuggled into the Golden Horn and claimed to be sold to the Turkish navy, whereas, in reality, they were still under German control. The fourth sees the lamented failure of the Gallipoli campaign—lost at the last moment when the Turks were ready to capitulate. And finally, with Turkey completely under German domination, the massacre of the Armenians—almost a million of them—finds the golden Crescent wreaking hideous vengeance on the traditional enemy within their borders. Failure to awaken the humanitarian feelings of those in power, caused Ambassador Morgenthau to give up in despair and ask for his release. He, a Jew, fought to the last for Christians who were being massacred—fought against the domination of another Christian power, and lost.

There is no more tragic story in all history than the murder of the Armenians by the Turks during this War. Nor do the annals of diplomacy record a braver or keener fight put up by the representative of a Christian power for those in distress than that waged by Mr. Morgenthau and his wife. Although Mr. Morgenthau records crowded days and moments, it is clearly written between the lines that many of his activities could not be set down for the public. What he discloses forms a valuable record of a brilliant fight for humanity. It is a record of which Jew and Christian can alike be proud, for Mr. Morgenthau is above all American, and as America's ambassador served faithfully in a land of darkness.

THE GREAT THOUSAND YEARS AND TEN YEARS AFTER. By Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. $1.00.

The first of these articles is a reprint. It was published in England in 1910, though actually written two years earlier. In it Dr. Cram presents the theory that the really great and significant movements in human affairs occur in periods of approximately five hundred years; that the great thousand years of the Christian era are those from 500 to 1500, when the ascendancy of monasticism caused poverty, chastity and obedience to represent, even to the secular mind, the highest ideals of life; that the modern civilization which is the outcome of the rejection of mediævalism is approaching its fall with the end of this century, thus rounding out its five hundred years; and that it can be saved from darkest ruin only by a revival of those principles that made glorious the Middle Age of which it is so contemptuous. In *Ten Years After,* the author points out how strikingly the events of the last four years have substantiated the ideas and forebodings expressed a decade ago, although he says, "neither I nor anyone else looked forward to the possibility of a world war as a possible joint crowning and destruction of that 'modern civilization' in which we had no confidence and for which we expressed no admiration." His prophecies were based upon a conviction that our civilization has become intolerable, is self-destructive, and has, in point of fact, "collapsed through its own impossible unwieldiness."

The slender volume is absorbingly interesting, written in Dr. Cram's most fascinating manner; and its tone of vigorous, definite constructiveness contrasts poignantly with some recent utterances of thoughtful non-Catholics, who survey the surrounding wreckage with consternation but without vision, and seem, at best, unable to do more than "faintly trust the larger hope."

TALES FROM BIRDLAND. By T. Gilbert Pearson. Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.00.

Mr. Pearson is a most beguiling storyteller. These charming tales, full of interest and fascination, hold heroes in plenty, to suit every taste, from Hardheart the Gull to a pair of bird ghosts. The habits of birds, from Maine to Oregon, are pictured with fidelity, and most entertainingly. The writer has lived among birds, and has seen that whereof he writes—both tragedy and comedy. The illustrations add greatly to the value and interest of the book, making it altogether satisfactory. *Tales from Birdland* will be a welcome gift to any boy or girl.

HORIZONS. By F. Hackett. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $2.00.

The content of this volume is a collection of criticisms of novels and drama, originally published in the Chicago *Evening Post* and the *New Republic* during the last ten years. They are sufficiently individualistic and strikingly expressed to make their re-publication understandable; nevertheless, they do not pertain to the enduring literature of criticism. Mr. Hackett gives allegiance to the modern school which vaunts that queer self-impoverishment resulting from repudiation of cultural traditions. His views lack the width and depth necessary to interest the reader who has no pre-knowledge of the subject in hand. He is at his best in the second portion of the book wherein he deals with stage productions, a department in which writing of this evanescent character seems less inappropriate.

THE LIFE OF ADRIENNE D'AYEN, MARQUISE DE LA FAYETTE. By Margaret Guilhou. Translated by S. Richard Fuller. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour.

This little volume—it is scarcely more than an essay—is interesting mainly for the side-lights it gives upon the life of the husband of the central figure. The Marquise de La Fayette was a worthy companion to her distinguished husband, sharing to the full his liberal and generous ideas and interfusing them with a piety sincere and deep. Her life was a fairly long one, checkered by the varying fortunes into which her husband fell; she was adored, with him, in the early stages of the Revolution, and also shared the odium which finally settled on him, and was responsible for his long imprisonment at Olmutz. His lot there became literally her own, for she journeyed after him and insisted upon becoming his fellow prisoner. They were finally released, after the Marquis had been incarcerated five and his wife two years. The death of the Marquise was a saintly one, well befitting one who had been "so high minded, so heroic in the tragic events of life, so kind, so affable, so simple in the daily routine, so French and so Catholic."

TALES OF WAR. By Lord Dunsany. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.

The touch of Lord Dunsany's pen is at once light and penetrating. Beneath the artistry of his surface words lies something macabre, ironical and sinister. He turns on the light suddenly, gives you a glimpse, and switches it off again. His laughter terminates in a scream, and his scream in ringing laughter.

These impressions, produced by previous books, are con-

firmed by this new volume, *Tales of War*. He himself has been in the War. As captain of the Fifth Royal Innskilling Fusiliers he saw active service in Gallipoli and in France. In both areas he was in close contact with the terrible and awesome events of sudden death, murderous attack and the exquisite agony of men going down in battle. The thirty-five or more sketches that comprise the volume are short slices of life under those circumstances. Some of them are very lovely, but all have that mad echo which runs through his plays.

Although this volume is slight and uneven in quality Dunsany has succeeded in doing what many men have tried—and failed to do. For the realities of terror are rarely on the surface; they lie below and are seen only in adumbration, heard only in echo. The artist leaves the echo and the shadow to his readers—and Dunsany is an artist.

THE OFFENDER AND HIS RELATIONS TO LAW AND SOCIETY. By Burdette G. Lewis. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.00 net.

The important subject of the handling of the criminal receives detailed and interesting treatment at the hands of Mr. Lewis. His books falls into two main parts: the treatment of the criminal, and the prevention of crime.

In its practical recommendations as to concrete cases, Mr. Lewis' book should prove valuable. The idea that punishment shall, whenever possible, be fruitful in future good to the prisoner, that he shall enjoy considerable normal work and recreation, the ideas of the humane treatment, the training in gainful occupations, and, in a limited sense, the education, of the prisoner, are sound and are supported with a wealth of definite illustration. Agreement, however, on the value and soundness of some of Mr. Lewis' social theories would not be so general. In one of his summarizing sentences Mr. Lewis enunciates the principle which animates his whole book: "Society has puttered with symptoms instead of attacking causes. It has proceeded too long upon the old eighteenth-century conception of free will and of equality. It has assumed that all men are created and endowed with equal ability, and that if each man is free from artificial restraints, he will be able to care for himself; therefore, that the individual is to be fettered as little as possible, and to be allowed to develop under conditions of free competition. *These theories go contrary to facts.*"

That many so-called offenders are apparently the product of forces beyond their control, is recognized by all sane criminologists,

and effort is directed along Mr. Lewis' own lines of frustration, as far as possible: to prevent the evil effects of those forces before it becomes too late. But to make allowance for the possible lack of perfect freedom of choice in the actions of a section of criminals, is a very different thing from building a system of prison reform which excludes the fact of free-will altogether. Mr. Lewis nowhere says explicitly that his system does so, but this would seem to be the plain implication of the quoted statement and the whole tenor of his plan. By such a proceeding, society would renounce considerably more than it gained.

The most radical proposal made is for the indeterminate sentence. The difficulties and frequent injustices of the present flat-sentence system are evident enough, but a system giving great power to be wielded at what would always be more or less arbitrary private discretion, may easily become the graver danger of the two. The idea that punishment should fit offence, and that offences may vary in inherent quality though externally the same, has a helpful truth in it. But it is a truth very easy and very dangerous to over-stress.

This tendency to remove the uniform and the automatic to the last possible degree, substituting instead highly individualized treatment for each prisoner, is illustrated again by Mr. Lewis' faith in the expert: the psychologist, the neurologist, the psychiatrist, the specialist in brain and nervous diseases. Without belittling the great service of medical science in dealing with the difficult problems presented by criminals, it may be questioned whether it is wise to build too confidently on the professional infallibility of doctors and scientists. Not that the proposed system necessarily does so; but it is a development easily possible. Science avoids dogmatizing. Its professors are not always so cautious.

The second section of the book discusses, often constructively and helpfully, the prevention of crime. The recognition of the part taken by play and healthful amusement, of the function of the normal home and the normal school, in the formation of sound character, is a feature of the discussion. The author's educational theory is more tentative than the principles on prison reform laid down in the first part of the book. His plan would seem to embody a strong criticism of the present academic system—too strong, perhaps.

But Mr. Lewis' study is earnest and exhaustive. It indicates hard work, a strong grasp of the practical aspect of the subject, and a very active social conscience. Further, he explicitly recognizes that religion has a place in the solution of the problems to which he has set himself.

THE CITY OF TROUBLE: PETROGRAD SINCE THE REVOLUTION. By Meriel Buchanan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

The atmosphere of Miss Buchanan's book is not unlike that remarkable passage in Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives' Tale,* in which he describes the siege of Paris from the inside room of a *pension.* Miss Buchanan is the daughter of the British ambassador to Russia, so that not only is her information of a favored kind but her viewpoint is from a reasonably safe window in the embassy. The book lays no claim to be a political discourse on the causes of the change of government, rather it is a book of effects. Because Mr. Tereschenko or General Knox calls up in some moment of grave crisis, and the embassy suddenly bristles with guards, the reader feels close to the centre of the maelstrom, although, in reality, he sees only the back-work. For the book is a series of impressions, grim and tragic and at times delightful—a portfolio of color sketches by a brilliant observer who is obviously young, and hugely in love with life, very much a woman, delicate and well-bred, and very gifted with power of the pen.

It is a book on how things happened, not why—how the old army officers looked on the shame of their country, how gentlewomen received the insults of the rabble with fortitude, how homes were looted and passers-by murdered for the sheer joy of murdering, how the speeches of Lenine and Trotzky deceived the mob into hoping for instant bread and peace and what that mob thereupon did, and finally, how the Bolsheviki, completely under the domination of the Germans, drove out from their country all those who represented the Allied powers and stable government. This last meant the withdrawal of Sir George Buchanan and the flight of his family through Finland to the safety of the Swedish border. The book ends with the mists of Scotland—dank, but welcome.

To that growing library of literature on the effects of the Russian Revolution *The City of Trouble* is a genuine contribution. It tells the horrible, hideous truth without attempting to mitigate, as many pseudo-Russian authorities are doing, the misdeeds and rascality of the Bolsheviki. It says quite frankly that in those dark days even the churches were deserted. Before the miracle-working icons a solitary candle would burn. Alas, since those notes were written, the icons have been stripped from the walls and the sacredness of worship set at naught. But vengeance will be His, and He will take it in His own time. In His own hour He will bring peace to this " city of trouble " and to the divided Russian peoples.

THE STAR IN THE WINDOW. By Olive Higgins Prouty. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.

The characters of this book live far from the war zone in a small New England village, Ridgefield, Massachusetts. The main figure is Rebecca Jerome, daughter of the family that lives in the white house at 89 Chestnut Street. From the beginning the fates are all against Rebecca. She lives with a miserly father, an invalid mother, and a masculine Aunt Augusta. Cousin Pattie Patterson, one of the restless, flashy rich, is the Providential instrument who, by her motto "In spite of—" kindles into a flame the fire of independence which had been smoldering for years in Reba's heart. The rest of the story deals with Reba's various escapades in trying to free herself from the gloomy bondage of a melancholy Puritanism. She succeeds admirably, becomes a cheerful member of society, and emancipates, also, the individuals of her family from their ancestral gloom. Even the daring step of marrying an almost total stranger, an untaught sailor, in order to secure her liberty, turns out happily. He is a diamond in the rough, requiring only favorable circumstances to be completely cut and polished. The war supervenes upon the discovery of their love for each other, and the final chapter ends with Reba's happy letter to her husband in the service.

The characterization in this story is very true to life. However, the action is so very unusual as to require great realism of treatment to make it plausible. The story is interesting, but it is weakened, not strengthened in probability, by its almost artificially happy ending.

HER IRISH HERITAGE. By A. M. P. Smithson. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.30 net.

The true Faith, and devotion to the cause of Irish nationalism, form the heritage into which Clare Castlemaine comes, as the result of a visit to the house of an uncle in Ireland. She is the daughter of an Irish Catholic mother and has received baptism. Having lost her mother in infancy, she has grown to womanhood under the sole guardianship of her father, an Englishman of good character, but an atheist. When upon his death her mother's brother extends to her an urgent invitation to his home, she has all the unbeliever's prejudice against the Church, and the average English ignorance concerning the real conditions in the other island. There has been no intercourse between her father and his brother-in-law, therefore she enters a household of total strangers. She not only learns to share their ardent patriotism, but by observation of their profoundly devout and vital Cathol-

icism and its practical demonstrations, she is led to make her submission. This portion of the book is well planned and consistently developed, more so than the parts which deal with the uprising of 1916. The work is dedicated to the memory of the men who died on that occasion, and the tragedy is instrumental in furthering the love story. The tone of the novel is high and its literary quality above the average. Notwithstanding the intensity of feeling with which its interest is sustained, moderation is preserved.

THE LURE OF THE NORTH. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.40.

The Lure of the North is a clean-cut, fascinating story of the Canadian Northwest. The heroine after months of exciting adventures discovers, with the aid of the hero, a silver mine located by her father many years before. The best part of the book is its dramatic picturing of life and nature in the Northern wilderness. The villain of the piece meets his just deserts, and the lovers marry and are happy ever afterwards.

THE CATHOLIC HOME. By Father Alexander, O.F.M. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25 net.

Father Alexander presents a most reasonable and persuasive plea for the restoration to the home of "some of its time-honored prestige." It addresses itself to all classes of society, the author showing sympathetic understanding of the various causes that have led to the present eclipse, in the general view, of the home's importance and influence. He points out to Catholics the necessity for its reëstablishment, and how this may be accomplished without an isolating abandonment of modern ideas. Encouragement for hope of a healthful reaction may be found in his opening words: "Only when a cherished thing is in danger of perishing, does its value appear to the many." He sets forth this value in thoughts so forceful and so beautifully expressed that the book should have a place in every parish library.

YOUR BETTER SELF. By Humphrey J. Desmond. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 50 cents.

The *motif* of this little brochure may best be expressed in the lines:

> Because right is right, to follow right
> Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

It has the same heartening quality, the cheery spirituality that characterizes the author's other books: *The Larger Values, Little*

Uplifts, etc. Its distinct literary flavor helps to make its counsels more acceptable. The booklet is intended as an appeal to one's better self, to rally one out of weak compliance with much that is paltry and sordid in contemporary manners and morals. Mr. Desmond plies a light discursive pen in his campaign against the debasing influences of unbelief, the excesses of Modernism, Feminism, Socialism, and the practice of ignoble accommodation in matters of conscience. He pleads eloquently for an assertive religion, which will interest itself more actively in social reform, and states one home truth with refreshing downrightness: "A great war comes in an age which bows to the fallacy that secularism should wholly control politics, and Christianity should be 'separated' out of all influence in government." Not the least merit of the little book is the novelty of illustration with which it enforces the necessity of moral earnestness for any real success in life.

THE GREATER VALUE. By G. M. M. Sheldon. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 55 cents.

These familiar talks with little children of the things of greater value should be most suggestive and helpful to mothers in showing how truly simple are the things of God and that a little child may be taught to breathe in the life of the spirit as naturally as the air about him.

The line drawings by Gabriel Pippit add greatly to its attractions, and show a most welcome advance over the illustrations of Catholic juvenile literature in the past.

YOUR SOUL'S SALVATION. By Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J.
YOUR INTERESTS ETERNAL. By Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents net, each.

Father Garesché tells us that these volumes are to give Catholics in the world a convenient series of reading bearing on their own spiritual advancement, the help of their neighbor, and the defence and spread of the Church. They consist of informal, direct and chatty conferences on spiritual reading, meditation, the blessings of daily Mass, prayer, the recitation of the rosary, the reading of good books, the need of Catholic education, the love of God and the like.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURE. Revised Edition. By Goff and Mayne. New York: American Book Co. 96 cents.

Messrs. Goff and Mayne were among the first to publish a manual dealing with the primary principles of elementary agri-

culture. It is a testimony to the influence of their work that it should still be sufficiently in demand to call for revision. The chapters are short, the materials for illustrative work accessible, while the colored plates and other illustrations are clear and do really illustrate. One may wonder what is the aim of many agricultural manuals: whether they aim to produce a state geologist or a farmer, so abstruse are the scientific explanations imparted. This little volume leaves one in no doubt of its practical purpose. Great attention is devoted to wheat, corn, and semi-tropical fruits. Questions and exercises are given at the close of each chapter and a few projects to be carried out. In fine, it combines most happily theory with practice.

NOT TAPS BUT REVEILLE. By Robert Gordon Anderson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 60 cents.

These few pages *In Memoriam*, tell the story of a life typical of so many nowadays—completed, made perfect, though scarce begun. All unconsciously, a simple soul epitomized God's purpose in such lives saying: "We always pick the beautiful flowers."

This young hero had so lived that he need not fear to die, and has left in the record of his short years a comfort and inspiration to his sorrowing friends.

THE REAL CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. By Mrs. W. A. King. New York: Frederick Pustet Co. 10 cents.

In the guise of a conversation between two women, the author sets forth the Catholic position towards Christian Science, with explanation of the reasons for this stand and exposition of the weakness of the too-popular delusion. The argument is clearly and forcibly put, and has the great merit of unfailing Christian courtesy. The tiny pamphlet, privately printed, deserves wide circulation.

PRIMERAS LECCIONES DE ESPAÑOL. By Carolina Marcial Dorado. Boston: Ginn & Co. 96 cents.

These first lessons have been arranged with more than ordinary care to facilitate the study of the Spanish language and hold the interest of beginners. The exercises for filling in the different parts of speech are particularly good, as they afford opportunity of reviewing the word with its gender, number, etc., and the various tenses of the verb. The rendering of the English sentences into Spanish is uncommonly free and natural. The grammatical rules and explanations are given in English, with drill and conversations in Spanish.

STEEP TRAILS. By John Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.00 net.

Lovers of the West Country will be grateful to Mr. William F. Badé for editing these posthumous papers of John Muir. No one ever loved the West more than this well-known naturalist, and no one ever wrote more enthusiastically of its life in the old days of the seventies. This volume describes the mountain sheep or bighorn of the Sierra Nevada, the beauties of the Grand Cañon and the Yosemite, the grandeur of Mount Shasta and Mount Ranier, the dead towns of Nevada, and the rivers of Oregon.

IN *A New Solution of the Pentateuchal Problem*, Dr. Melvin Grove Kyle calls attention to some facts which demand consideration in any attempt to solve the Pentateuchal problem. He analyzes the legal terms of the Pentateuch and comes to the conclusion that, while some are of a generic nature, such as Law, Words, Covenant, Testimony, others are strictly technical and therefore not synonymous, *v. g.*, Judgments and Statutes; the term "Commandment" is usually technical although also used generically.

Further investigation led to classification of styles. The character of the style depends mostly on the subject matter and aim of the author; as occasion demands, the style is mnemonic, descriptive or hortatory. It is the claim of Dr. Kyle that by dividing the Pentateuch according to the "kinds and uses of laws" (the two main facts established above), the sections correspond almost exactly with the divisions of the Documentary Theory. If so, it is useless to have recourse to the latter hypothesis, since the new solution is based on well established facts. Dr. Kyle, therefore, adheres to the Mosaic authorship.

The second part of the treatise deals with some difficulties raised by the Documentary Theory, most of which had already been treated in the author's *Deciding Voice of the Monuments.*

This interesting and instructive little pamphlet is published by the author at Xenia, Ohio. The appearance of such a monograph is welcome, for the Pentateuchal problem is still unsolved.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS have issued two publications that will be singularly helpful in the devotional life of our Catholic people. The first is entitled *The Lay Folk's Ritual.* It gives both the Latin and the English text used in the administration of those sacraments at which the laity commonly assent; to this are added the rite of confirmation; the order of the Mass; the Nuptial Mass and Masses for the dead.

The second publication is an attractive booklet, entitled *The Order and Canon of the Mass.* Besides what its title indicates it gives in both Latin and English a preparation and a thanksgiving. Each of the publications includes prefaces of singular value from the pen of Dom Fernand Cabrol, O.S.B.

The price of the first is $1.10: and of the second 30 cents.

THE PRISONER OF LOVE is a book of special devotions to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Father Lasance is the compiler, and the treasury he presents will be a welcome help, particularly in our visits to the Blessed Sacrament. The book is published by Benziger Brothers, New York. In imitation leather the price is $1.25; and in finer bindings it ranges from $1.50 to $3.50.

WE wish to call the attention of our readers to a publication particularly suited as a gift book for children. It is entitled *The Lord Jesus—His Birthday Story Told for You by Little Children.* The story is told in a way that will interest the child's mind and printed with illustrations that will please his eye. It sells for fifty cents a copy and is published by The Extension Press, 223 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

PETER REILLY of Philadelphia has issued a Manual of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, edited by Rev. James J. Duffy. It gives the office of the Sodality; the office for the faithful departed, and a collection of suitable hymns. The type is large and the entire arrangement convenient.

GINN & CO. of Boston have brought out the "First Reader" (36 cents) of *The Corona Readers,* a series compiled by Egan, Brother Leo Fassett, and based on the Beacon Phonetic System. Others of the series will follow in rapid succession. The book is so graded as to assist the child to independent progress, and impart a taste for good literature early in life. Many of the lessons may be used for the purpose of dramatization, thus aiding oral composition as well as expression in reading. The hymns and illustrations are calculated to aid memory and imagination.

Recent Events.

France.

The reception given by the French people to President Wilson shows how close is the bond of sympathy now existing between the two countries. In the speeches of the President of the French Republic and of the President of the Municipal Council of Paris voicing the welcome of France, will be found not merely evidence of France's gratitude to this country for the assistance given her, but also the expression of the French mind as to the treatment to be accorded the enemy who has wrought such havoc in that country. It is hard to say which of the two, Clemenceau or Foch, is to be looked upon as the saviour of France from the catastrophe which impended. To both of them the hearts of the country have gone forth in gratitude. These two men were the agents, but they were only the agents of Divine Providence to save France and the world from the destruction which seemed so near. Nor must it be forgotten that to the prayers and Communions of children, Marshal Foch attributed his own success. Doubtless he would be the first to acknowledge his further debt to the Masses and prayers offered up by the priests who devoted themselves to the service of France in the ranks of the army and to the religious who ministered by the thousands to the sick and wounded. With military operations so happily closed, France is turning her attention to political questions. During the course of the War neither parliamentary nor municipal elections have taken place. Consequently it is now necessary to renew the Chamber of Deputies and that part of the Senate whose term of office has expired. An election to this end will take place as quickly as possible. A question agitating the country before the War broke out, was the adoption of the *scrutin de liste* instead of the method of election by which the present Chamber of Deputies was chosen. This is not to be revived at present, for it would take too long to arrive at a settlement of this question, and in M. Clemenceau's opinion, the Chamber of Deputies which has borne the heat and burden of the day, has the clear right to the honor of voting on the Peace Treaty. The Deputies who have been through the fire, literally and figuratively, may confidently present themselves before the citizens who elected them in 1914. In view of the attitude of many Socialists, and for fear of the propagation of Bolshevism in the country the Government has decided to retain martial law for the present.

Belgium.

The freeing of Belgium from the invader must not be passed over. Although the event is great and glorious it may be summed up in a few words. The King and Queen, acclaimed by the entire population, have entered successively the chief cities which have long suffered from the presence of the invader, and now Aix-la-Chapelle, within the border of Prussia, where thirty-two German emperors and kings have been crowned, is garrisoned by Belgian troops. Parliament has reassembled and the extension of the franchise to women, together with the abolition of educational, professional and other qualifications for votes which is promised, will place the country upon a more democratic basis than ever before.

A new Cabinet has been formed to replace the one which has been carrying on the Government in exile at Havre. The new Cabinet is to consist of six Catholics, three Socialists and three Liberals. The question has been raised, it is to be hoped not by any very influential section, of the annexation to Belgium of that part of Holland on the south side of the river Scheldt. Belgium, of course, to pay a purchase price. Others go farther and wish to annex the Dutch province of Limberg, which juts into Belgium on its eastern confines. Yet others seek to restore to Belgium the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. It is a pity that these questions should be raised while so many others remain to be settled. Holland, indeed, has remained neutral and has perhaps been somewhat too favorable to Germany, but, on the other hand, she has shown herself benevolent to the refugees from Belgium who have taken shelter within her border. Anything which would cause bad feeling between the two adjacent countries is to be deprecated.

Russia.

The new year, 1919, opens with a world made fairly safe for democracy, except in what is called the republic of Russia. In fact, not only is the rest of the world made safe, but appreciable progress in democratic institutions has been made or is being made. Of this, the adoption in our own country, by so many States, of woman suffrage is an evidence. Great Britain, notwithstanding the preöccupations of war has passed a franchise reform which practically gives manhood suffrage to every male inhabitant of the United Kingdom and, by shortening the period of registration, enables the workingmen to put a larger proportion of their number on the list of voters than ever before. Further, by giving a vote to women who have attained the age of thirty, some five millions have been added to the electorate. As a result, the

voters of the United Kingdom have been more than doubled, numbering some twenty millions in all. In Belgium, now so happily freed from the grasp of the Germans, an extension of the franchise is on the point of being made; fancy qualifications are to be removed and women voters included in the list. No change of such a sweeping character has been made or is contemplated, as far as we know, in any other country where constitutional government has been established. The disaster which has befallen autocracy in its effort to attain preëminence, will undoubtedly strengthen democratic institutions in all countries.

Within the Teutonic realms nothing very certain can be predicted about democratic progress. The present outlook indicates that throughout what was the German Empire and Austria-Hungary, the nations which are to spring from the ruins, will establish institutions of a strictly and even a highly developed democratic character. At the present moment, indeed, there are, provisionally, something like half a dozen republics and a kingdom founded on the fullest representation of the people. It may be noted how firmly the republican institutions of France have stood the test of the War, no sign, even in the darkest days, having shown itself of any royalist or Bonapartist attempt to restore the monarchy. Caillaux's project to establish a dictatorship failed utterly, leaving its author a prisoner. Perhaps the most autocratic of the Allied Powers is the empire of Japan which, indeed, has a constitution, but a constitution avowedly modeled on the lines of Germany. It, therefore, makes the emperor and his ministers irresponsible to parliament. A movement, however, to effect a change and to make the emperor's ministers responsible to the people, is growing and has acquired such strength that, on the last change of ministry, the principle of responsibility was almost openly recognized.

In Russia, however, the government of the Bolsheviki still survives, notwithstanding the many prophecies of its overthrow. Although nominally republican, its government is as absolute and as despotic as was the Tsar's in its worst days. Indeed, it makes no claim to be a constitutional government in any form or shape, until, at least, it shall have secured complete control by victory, or the extirpation of every other class. This purpose to exterminate every class of society possessed of any means of support except daily labor, is openly avowed. In the cities of Moscow and Petrograd no one is sure of his life. No trial is given to those who have been arrested merely on suspicion, and large numbers are executed every day without examination or defence. The excuse offered is that this method was only resorted to after the

Allies entered Russia to preserve the rights of man. A close examination of the dates will prove this excuse false. Murders have, indeed, become more numerous since then, but they began long before. They find their reason not merely in the natural opposition of the *bourgeoisie* to the confiscation of everything they possess, but to the philosophical doctrine which is at the base of Bolshevik activities. "Man is to be considered as the product of conditions; the social struggle is, therefore, to be carried on with the aim of attaining a radical improvement of conditions. But the mental armor of the Social Revolutionaries includes the principle that conditions are the product of personalities and that, therefore, in the first place responsible personalities must be exterminated."

When life is taken thus promiscuously it is not likely that property will be spared. Houses and furniture are requisitioned by the Government alike from poor and rich, and, at the Government's behest, their occupants are forced to leave their homes and find shelter for themselves as best they can. When what goes by the name of government, is practising murder and robbery, it is no wonder that the lawless classes throughout the country do likewise. So from one end of Soviet Russia to the other, the conditions of life have become almost intolerable. The prospect of starvation adds to the terror of the situation. Yet the power of Lenine and Trotzky does not seem to wane. Recent accounts, indeed, indicate quite the contrary.

Bolshevik troops have been making new attempts to invade Finland, while the Baltic Provinces now being evacuated by the Germans, notably Esthonia, are threatened with invasion and devastation, and are appealing to the Allies for help and protection. The British fleet is said to have arrived at Reval, doubtless for the purpose of giving the asked-for assistance. A later report, which seems incredible, is to the effect that the Bolshevik army is advancing along a front of four hundred miles stretching from the Gulf of Finland to the Dneiper River. It is reported to be destroying everything in its path, and to have been joined by many German soldiers who formerly occupied those districts. The Bolshevik Ambassador at Berlin has attempted the peaceful penetration of Germany since the Kaiser's abdication, but his efforts to extend the Bolshevik propaganda have been thwarted by the German Government.

So many small states have been formed out of Russia, in accordance with the Bolshevik doctrine of self-determination, that it is impossible to say accurately how much of the former empire is under the control of the Soviet Government. The military opera-

tions undertaken by this country in coöperation with Japan and the western Allies, have been so successful in Siberia that all the district east of Lake Baikal has been freed from Bolshevik domination. No word as to what has become of the Czecho-Slovaks who were operating in this district, and on the Volga, has reached this country. In Northern Russia, in the district south of Archangel, owing to the mildness of the winter, hostilities between the American and British forces and the Bolsheviki have continued. It would appear that success is not always with the Allies. This fact has rendered the call for more men imperative. Within the new states there are also internal troubles, and at least one revolution has taken place. The Government at Omsk, which aspires to bring unity to Russia and to be itself the all-Russian Government, has had a *coup-d'état*. The reins of power have been taken by Admiral Kolchak. It is said this was due to dangers menacing the safety of the state. While the change has met with the approbation of the Allies, it is opposed by General Semenoff who, in Eastern Siberia, has actively opposed the Bolsheviki for a long time. It is to be hoped, however, that these internal dissensions will not prevent the all-Russian Government from restoring order to Russia. On its success many hopes have been placed. Recent news from Russia, however, seems to regard any unassisted attempt to form a stable government there, as doomed to failure. Perhaps the most important question at the present time is whether or not such assistance shall be given by this country or by the Allies. Experts are divided on the question whether the principles of Bolshevism will spread into Germany. Evidence exists that they have widely permeated what was Austria-Hungary. The spread of these principles in Germany, while actively promoted by a small group of extreme Socialists, is being resisted by the great body of Social Democrats. So great, however, is the menace of Bolshevism in other countries, that men, like Mr. Taft, consider it necessary to stamp it out before the world can be made safe for democracy. The question is, how shall this be done? Bolshevism as it exists in Russia will, in the opinion of many, have to be put down by force. In our own country the true way of preventing its propaganda will be to remove all possible justification for the application of Bolshevik theories, by just and equitable laws. To this necessity, the best men of our country are fully alive, hence we need have no apprehension.

Of the other countries which have sprung from the former empire of Russia, little need be said. Finland has become a kingdom by electing a German prince as king. Since Germany's catastrophe, the question whether she still aspires to be ruled by one

of the class who have proved themselves so unfit, may be thought worthy of reconsideration. The change in government that has taken place, General Mannerheim having become premier, may already be an indication of a change of policy. Upon the evacuation by the Germans, Esthonia and Livonia and the Island of Oesel declared themselves one state. This example has been followed by Lithuania, which, by a vote of the National Council, declared itself a republic. Shortly before the abdication of the Kaiser, the nominally independent Poland was made really independent and has been evacuated by the German troops. The number of these troops on the eastern front is astonishingly large, being no less than five hundred thousand. There are military critics in Germany who are finding fault with the late government for not having concentrated all these forces on the western front. They think that thus the empire's disaster might have been averted. The Poles seem to have lost self-control and to have treated the troops, as they retreated through their country, with some degree of cruelty. Although such treatment had been provoked, it would have been more pleasing to the friends of Poland had they placed more restraint upon their feelings. Reports have reached this country that the people of Poland have acted harshly toward the Jews, also, even taking life. This has been denied by Poland's friends here. Our Government and that of Great Britain are taking steps to examine into the matter. Whatever may be the truth on this point, it is certain that the Poles in Galicia have entered into a conflict with the Ukrainians and that at Lemberg, the capital of the once Austrian province of Galicia, the Jews have suffered cruel treatment. In the Ukraine a party has been formed to effect reunion with Russia and to expel all Germans and pro-Germans from the country. It has been so far successful that the forces at its command defeated the governmental troops. The pro-German dictator at their head lost his life.

How the world has changed may be seen from the fact that Odessa has been occupied by French troops and Sebastopol cleared of Germans. The Black Sea Russian fleet has been turned over to the British and Allied fleets, which have entered the Black Sea after crossing through the Straits of the Dardanelles. On this occasion its forts were manned not by Turks but by British-Indian troops, and Constantinople was occupied by the French.

Germany.

The series of events which led to the fall of the Kaiser seems to have been somewhat as follows: When the military authorities saw that the German army was so decisively beaten that it could

no longer resist and that a military disaster was imminent, it was brought home to the Kaiser, chiefly through the action of the Social Democrats, headed by Philip Schiedemann, that his abdication was necessary to prevent a revolution. Instead, however, of abdicating at once, William II. sought to placate the forces ranged against him by accepting all the maxims of responsible government which he had hitherto most strenuously opposed. He declared himself the servant of the people and that his ministers should be no longer responsible to himself alone, but to the representatives of the people assembled in the Reichstag. This, however, was not satisfactory for everyone knew that what was received as his mere gift under duress, would be taken back when opportunity offered. A strike of all the workmen in Berlin was, therefore, called which would have produced most disastrous results. In view of this and to prevent it, the Kaiser abdicated, but not, as it appears, by any formal document signed and sealed. His formal abdication has been made since. It is confined to himself and does not involve any renunciation of his family's claims. The claims to which the Crown Prince fell heir have, on his part and on his alone, been formally renounced, but the door is still left open for other members of the Hohenzollern family to make pretensions to the Imperial Crown of Russia and to that of Germany, attached to it under the existing German constitution.

When the Kaiser had disappeared, the Chancellor for the time being, Prince Maximilian of Baden, became Regent and acting, presumably, according to what he considered the proper method for constituting a parliamentary government called upon a member of the largest party in the Reichstag to form a Cabinet. Herr Ebert was chosen for this task. He formed his government from the two groups of Social Democrats in the Assembly, and it assumed all executive powers—Prince Maximilian departed from the scene of action and he has not since reappeared. The first act of this new Cabinet was to confiscate all Prussian crown lands. A few days of considerable unrest followed and a state of siege was proclaimed, but matters calmed down. The National Liberals and Radicals decided to give their support to the Socialist Government that had been formed. The new Cabinet was strengthened by the accession of Herr Waldstein, Dr. Dernburg and Herr Mathias Erzberger, who are political moderates and of the *bourgeois* party. Whether the new Cabinet formed by Herr Ebert as Premier coalesced with that previously formed by him as Chancellor and comprising Conservatives, Centrists and Social Democrats, or whether they stood apart as distinct bodies is a point difficult to unravel. Certainly Dr. Solf continued to act as

Foreign Minister, and Herr Erzberger continued to perform official duties after the all-Socialist Cabinet had been made.

A proclamation offered amnesty to all those condemned for political offences, the labor insurances suspended during the War were restored, and an eight-hour day with guarantees against unemployment was promised. These measures were intended to have a tranquillizing effect upon the labor classes. This was most necessary, as the Executive Committee of the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council was making an effort similar to that made in Russia to rival the established government. These efforts were fostered chiefly by Dr. Karl Liebknecht whose imprisonment seems to have turned his brain. The political and economic reforms he wished to effect were almost identical with those of the Bolsheviki of Russia, and were receiving much support, not only in Berlin but in other parts of Germany. On more than one occasion force had to be used and blood was shed. The Government made it clear that, however socialistic it might be, its Socialism was of a different type than that of Lenine and Trotzky. Efforts made by the latter to bring about unity of action between Russian and German Bolsheviki were frustrated by the Government. Although it cannot be said that there is no danger of Russian propaganda in Germany, the danger of such a propaganda there does not appear serious. The Germans are too sedate, too well-educated, to follow the example set by the Russian disciples of Marx.

Within the Cabinet itself the two factions, of the Majority and Minority Socialists, were not in perfect agreement. The question at issue between them was the time to be fixed for calling together the National Assembly, to make a new constitution for Germany. The Minority Socialists desired to postpone calling the Assembly, in order to effect by decree a series of reforms agreed upon by both factions. The Majority thought this should be left to the representatives of the people themselves to decide. They were in the right and seem to have carried their point, for two of the members of the Minority Socialists, it has been announced, have resigned. If the Majority Socialists prevail, the new National Assembly will meet early in February. It is to be elected by universal suffrage both of men and of women. The course of events seems to indicate the triumph of the more Moderate Socialists over the Extremists. In the first weeks of the Revolution this seemed unlikely, for almost everywhere in Germany Workmen's and Soldiers' Councils, similar to those formed in Russia, had sprung up. It looked as if the German Revolution, like much other German work, was to be an imitation of what other countries have

done. The present prospect is that the Moderate Socialists will be powerful enough to resist the Extremists as well as the Reactionaries, and that the new Germany will receive its formation and take its shape under their auspices. The instant disappearance of the Reichstag, although elected by universal suffrage, is one of the remarkable features of the developments which have taken place. It has taken no part in the changes which have been made —even less than did the Russian Duma. This may, perhaps, be taken as indicative of the feeling of the German people towards all who in any way supported the War.

Revolutionary proceedings in Prussia, as distinguished from the German Empire, are very obscure. The provinces of that kingdom on the west bank of the Rhine, with Cologne as its chief city, are said to have declared themselves a republic. According to another report, there is a secret but strong movement for annexation to France. Bavaria is in the hands of a Socialist committee of which Kurt Eisner is the principal member. The steps he has taken would seem to indicate a desire to separate from Prussia and to establish a southern German confederation of which Bavaria will be the head. He denies, however, any desire to disrupt Germany, only wishing to free it from the domination of Berlin. He would go so far as to make some other city of Germany the capital. He has made a declaration of principles for the future government of Bavaria, if he and his associates have their way. Among these principles is the release of education from the control of the clergy. An election is about to take place by means of which the opinion of the people of Bavaria will be ascertained, and the form of government under which they are to live decided. We know nothing about the other larger states of Germany except that Saxony has dethroned its king, as also has Wurtemburg, while the Grand Duke of Baden has resigned. Many districts bordering on Switzerland and the Grand Duchy have, it is said, signified their wish to be annexed to Switzerland. Of the smaller Duchies and Grand-Duchies of Germany, in so many of which revolutions have taken place, space does not permit a full account.

The armistice which terminated on the sixteenth of last month has been prolonged to the seventeenth of the present. One change has been made: the Allied forces are to occupy not merely the west bank of the Rhine, from Cologne to Holland, but the neutral zone on the east bank likewise, if they so wish. The armistice will be further prolonged until the signing of the preliminary Peace Treaty, if such is the wish of the Allies. All of Germany west of the Rhine is now in the possession of the British, American and French armies of occupation as are also the cities of Cologne,

Coblenz, Mayence, and the bridgeheads which project thirty kilometres to the east of those cities across the Rhine. Alsace-Lorraine has been restored to France, French troops having been received by the inhabitants with every sign of joy and jubilation on account of their release from the thraldom of forty-seven years.

The submarines, the pest of the seas, are now in British possession while that German fleet, which was to have been the Kaiser's instrument in obtaining world dominion, has given itself up to his arch-enemy, many of the warships not having fired a shot. To add to the disgrace it is now learned that when, in a last desperate effort, the navy was ordered to go out to meet its foe, the sailors by whom it was manned, refused to obey this order and mutinied. This, indeed, is looked upon by many as the real beginning of the revolution which has overthrown the Kaiser and the military caste so long in control of Prussia. No clearer indication, indeed, can be given of the utter ruin of that caste.

Austria-Hungary. What once was Austria-Hungary is now divided into three republics—the Austro-German with its capital at Vienna, the Czecho-Slovak with its capital at Prague, and the Hungarian with its capital at Budapest, and one kingdom, that of Greater Serbia, with its capital at Belgrade, under the rule of the aged King Peter. Of the latter the Southern Slavs, comprising Croats, Slovenes and the Serbs dwelling in what was once Austria, form a part. These three republics and the kingdom just mentioned, cover all the territories which formerly constituted the Dual Monarchy, with the exception of those districts which were once a part of Poland. These districts do not yet seem to be organized although of course, they are claimed by the new Independent Poland as a part of its territory, and have in fact been entered by Polish troops.

The Czecho-Slovak Republic is the only one which can be said to be settled. Elections are in progress in both the Austro-German and the Hungarian Republics to decide their future form of government. In the Austro-German Republic there is still question as to whether it shall remain a distinct state or form a part of the New Germany which is in the process of being organized. Some claim that not five per cent of the Austro-Germans wish to throw in their lot with the New Germany, while others say that the union between the two is almost an accomplished fact. This union, if effected, would so strengthen the Germany which is to be, that it is possible the Allies may have something to say on the subject.

The Czecho-Slovak Republic seems to be definitely estab-

lished, with a president duly elected by a National Assembly and a regularly constituted government formed. Its first president is Professor Mazaryk. He has been a guest of this country for several months, and received the news of his election while at a banquet tendered to him in New York. The boundaries of the Republic are already matter of dispute and cause of conflict. Two-fifths of the population of Bohemia are Germans. The Czechs dwelling in the districts populated by Germans, have felt it necessary for their protection to send in Czech troops, and another Czech army has been sent to release the Slovaks who are looked upon as an integral part of the Czechs, from the subjection of Hungary. As a matter of fact the Hungarian Republic finds itself obliged to defend itself against invasion on three sides. On the north from the Czechs, as just mentioned, on the east from the Rumanians who have entered Transylvania for the purpose of effecting that union so long desired, and on the south from the Serbs who have crossed the Danube, with what particular object is not clear. A conflict also is going on in that part of Austria which once belonged to Poland, and in which there are both Poles and Ruthenians. The latter, in concert with the Ukrainians, took possession of Lemberg and were subsequently driven out by the Poles. Here there occurred that slaughter of the Jews which has been the occasion of much comment recently.

Nor is this the last of the conflicts arising out of the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Another, and perhaps a more serious one, is the clash between the Italians and the Jugo-Slavs. The latter accused the Italians of having taken possession of districts, especially in Dalmatia and Istria, which are almost completely Slav, and also of going beyond the limits described by the armistice. Riots have taken place in various parts, especially in Fiume, but no actual hostilities have broken out. As it had been thought that all these questions had been amicably settled some months ago by conferences held in London and Rome, the breaking out of these differences causes much disappointment to those friendly to both countries. There is, however, good hope that the Peace Conference will be able to settle all the differences that have arisen, but it will not be an easy task. Deplorable as this want of harmony may be, all who desire the well-being of the various peoples comprised in what was Austria-Hungary, feel that the breaking up of those dominions had become absolutely necessary. This conviction is the stronger since light has been thrown upon the methods of government practised by Austria-Hungary during the course of the late War. More than eleven thousand of Austro-Hungarian subjects were executed in order to keep them in sub-

jection, of these some two thousand five hundred were Czechs. To this must be added the large number who were thrown into prison and subjected to various other forms of punishment. It was time that this prison house should be broken open.

Portugal.

The recent assassination of Dr. Sidonio Paes has called attention to the affairs of Portugal of which so little has been heard since the War began. Not that there has been no political activity. There has been a great deal of that, but of so confused and unintelligible a kind that it is impossible for one outside to form any intelligent judgment of the questions involved. There were in Portugal as in Spain and in Italy, people who were for the German cause. These exercised a greater or less influence against the Allies. This did not prevent the Portuguese from sending the France a force of some eighty thousand men who fought alongside of the British and French, although they considerably hampered the efforts of the Government. It is not necessary here to mention all the changes that have taken place. They resulted, it may be said, in the late President's obtaining the presidency on December 9, 1917. This was the outcome of a revolution, which he led, to depose the government of Affonso Costa. During his presidency, Dr. Paes more actively supported the cause of the Allies than had the previous Government. This caused surprise to some, who thought he was more likely to favor the cause of Germany, on account of his antecedence. The leader of the Unionist group in the Portuguese Chamber of Deputies, Dr. Brito Camcho and Magalhaes Lima, leader of the Republican Party, have been arrested, in connection with the assassination of Dr. Paes. Indignation on account of the crime is felt throughout the whole country. Public authorities suspect it to have been planned by the League of Republican Youth.

December 17, 1918.

With Our Readers.

THE desire and expression of greater, fuller life is as necessary and as natural to the individual as is life itself. We grow, both physically and morally. Such growth is of necessity also bound to result in selfishness, even though the selfishness be unconscious, unless controlled and circumscribed by a power, a motive outside the individual—whether that individual be a single person or a nation. We say a power outside, beyond and independent of the individual and of the group, outside of the nation and of all nations united: outside, beyond and independent of humanity itself. All men will admit the principle as a necessary condition for saving humanity from selfishness and consequent disaster. But many have sought the power that will safeguard the principle, and the wisdom that will direct its application within the confines of humanity and of human experience.

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IT is well for us to think seriously and long upon the question, because by its solution is shaped the future of men and of nations. If that solution is to be found within humanity itself, then humanity and human experience is all-sufficient unto itself. It does not need and it does not know God. It is driven back for principles of conduct to what are called scientific ethics and sociological ethics. It would demand but little argument to show that both are not ethics: that both are sterile of ethics: that both are but inconclusive debates and arguments equally without sanction and without definiteness. But omitting such argument, our point is that many maintain such systems to be sufficient guidance for human conduct, both individual and national, and seek therein the light that will guide humanity to progress and to the fulfillment of its best ideals.

In such exposition and defence we are facing atheism, the denial of God's existence: of God's right to be consulted in the shaping of human conduct and human policy: of our dependence on and our personal responsibility to God.

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TO throw humankind back upon itself, is to plunge it into hopeless darkness so far as the higher and fuller development of its life is concerned. To make humanity its own god, is to make selfishness the law of its life—for the life of God is the perfect expression of Himself. It avails nothing to tell the individual human being that selfishness is wrong because you must look to

the group rather than to oneself: unless there is some living Power to which all of the group, as well as himself, are equally responsible. Altruism is an insubstantial seeming unless it bespeak the Living God. Without belief in God the individual will interpret that to be the common good which is his own particular good and not because it is the common good. The echoes of God in the universe are hollow, unless we believe in the Living Voice that gives them forth.

* * * *

NO secure or hopeful light for the reconstruction of the nations and the peace of the world can be found unless it is born of the truth of the existence of God and of our personal responsibility to Him. Upon that truth rests everything necessary for progress, order and peace. Without it family life; respect for one another; the dignity of marriage; respect for the law and the continuance of government are impossible. Without it will grow the suicidal principle that the right of government springs solely from the people: that government and law have no divine sanction which requires us to respect both: that God does not sanction and demand obedience to a people's choice. Without it representative government will disappear from the world, for representative government carries with it the postulate that all must obey the appointed ruler because he is placed by a people's rational choice as the interpreter and the executor of law—*and his authority comes from God.* That the people have a right to select their ruler: that they have a right, in given cases, to change him, that he should execute their will as legally expressed, does not mean that his right to rule begins and ends with the people. As well might we say that because the people change a law they also have changed the nature and obligation of law. Once a measure is enacted into law it possesses an authority that is independent of, that is above, the people. It commands the respect and obedience of all the people. All political parties, all political thinkers admit this, for they wish to have enacted into law those measures that they would like to see supreme. They recognize that law has of itself a power above and beyond humanity, that we are all in common bound to respect and obey it, because it bespeaks the voice of One Who will see to it that Justice is done and Who demands of every one of us obedience to His justice and to His law.

Government founded upon any other principle is futile: or it would be more accurate to say that government without such a principle is impossible. Unless law carries with it such a sanction, law is meaningless. And all who, because of the faults of rulers, would empty all rule of any and every divine

content, are but courting a worse disaster than any autocrat ever brought upon his country, and preaching a gospel which, though claiming to champion the people, really champions the loss of all stable and enduring popular rights. From the autocracy which has proved unworthy, they would hurl the world into the chaos that will prove hopeless.

* * * *

THE wider we extend human relationships, the more evident and necessary becomes the belief in the Power to Whom all human relations are subject. Strong must be the belief in such an overruling Power and our obligation thereto, when family relations are widened to national relations; stronger when national relations are stretched to international; and strongest of all when nations themselves seek to be not only inter-related but united in one common purpose, with one common international aim. A union of nations such as we have witnessed in this War, when an immediate paramount purpose is common to all, is possible—as the facts have shown. Victory over a common enemy was the common necessity and the common good of all because it was also the particular necessity and the particular good for each one of them. A union of nations such as this will endure to the making of peace. But the peace to be made, and its worth to the world, will depend upon the union, that is to be, of all nations. On its face such a union will demand fidelity, even at the cost of personal and national sacrifice, to a purpose greater and higher than any interest peculiar and special to the component nations—a purpose of principle and justice transcending purely national interest and welfare. Not, however, exclusive of national welfare and principles: but bringing into subjection in times of crisis and conflict the lower appetites of national selfishness and national greed. Unless there be such subordination the endurance of the union is impossible.

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FIDELITY to such a purpose will constitute a veritable life that is beyond the national life: that extends and deepens that life and makes us all integral parts of the family of nations. Such a life is the sole root of unity. A mere union of nations, unless it resolve itself into a unity of spiritual life, cannot suffice. When the reasons for the union have spent themselves, the union will disappear: but if there be unity in fidelity and faith to standards of justice, of honor, of fair and equitable dealing, of mutual toleration and concession, esteemed higher than national welfare, or rather the essential basis of true national honor and well-being, then the union or league of nations will endure.

But no such unity will be possible unless the nations consecrate themselves to a faith in spiritual things that bespeak, in turn, a belief in God as the administrator of justice and the supreme Ruler of nations.

It is worth while noticing that even those who profess no belief in a personal God, yet believe in a league of nations, are compelled to use the language of religion and dogmatic faith in speaking of that League. If one asks, in answer to their plea, why he should put such faith in men and accept the uncertainty of this League, he is told to make a bold "act of political faith." We do not say that such writers positively exclude belief in God and in the eternal principles of right and wrong, but we do say that they do not explicitly state them as absolute essentials for the creation and endurance of such a League. According to their expressions the League may exist without, independent of, belief in God: that such belief may help those who are religious, but that those who are not, may fare just as well without it. It is this indifference that gives an index of hopelessness to their writing. They endeavor to lift humanity to heights beyond humanity's own power, the attainment of which by humanity unaided has, historically, never been achieved; the attainment of which historically, even with all the aids of divine faith and divine inspiration, is known to be most difficult.

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IT is impossible to discuss of the League of Nations without using the terms of speech born of religious faith and indicative of its dogmatic truths. Thus we hear of "the eternal principles of right and wrong:" "the war of redemption:" "a lasting peace of justice and right which shall justify the sacrifices of this War:" "sacrifices that are the final processes of emancipation" and "the consciences of freemen."

The very use of these phrases indicates at least the universal desire on the part of mankind for the religious sanction which is the only sure and enduring sanction. Faith in a League of Nations bespeaks faith in ideals that transcend humanity and that, in turn, bespeak at least the hunger for, the approach to faith in God Who alone will reward those who are faithful to such ideals: Who alone knows the consciences of men: Who alone can adjust the scales of justice—too difficult and too delicate a task for any and for all human power: Who alone will preserve, as He has begotten, the spiritual truths that must inspire and sustain such a union. As Cardinal Bourne declared in his Thanksgiving Day sermon—"You (the United States) heard the cry of justice, the call of righteousness, the claim of the brother-

hood of mankind—in other words, the voice of God Himself from Whom all these motives spring—and you have given yourself without stint and without hesitation to the common cause."

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THE suffering and the loss which the nations have endured have taught us to estimate more highly the blessing of peace. That peace should endure, that every step be taken to prosper its reign, is the earnest prayer of every lover of Christ the Prince of Peace. Human ideals are not worked perfectly.

> No human hand could ever trace a faultless line:
> Our truest steps are human still,
> To walk unswerving more divine.

Even through error and insufficiency does God mercifully guide the plans of men. Human wisdom or the lack or it might lead them astray. The wisdom of God preserves them in ways that are the secret of His own infinite love.

That the League of Nations may with equity and justice be established and that it may insure for the future the peace of the world is devoutly to be wished. Its very formation will multiply the evidences of its need. And those evidences will promote that unity which alone can give it continued life. Religion alone can be its ultimate security. And as we desire it, so shall we the more desire its security—belief in God: belief in God's definite revelation to man through His Son, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and like Simeon faithfully keep this truth in evidence before men.

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AND because religion plays this essential and enduring rôle, we have felt, as we wrote in the preceding issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, that the Peace Conference falls short and the plans for a League of Nations is insufficient because our Holy Father the Pope has not been asked to sit with the one, nor consulted, as far as we know, with regard to the other. Christian history has never been written without him: and if the history now to be written will have permanent value, it must be Christian.

IT is peculiarly appropriate that at this time a special octave of prayer is asked of us, and is enriched by special indulgences through the favor of our Holy Father, Benedict XV. This is the octave of the Feast of St. Peter's Chair, extending from January 18th to the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul.

THE Peace Conference now sitting at Versailles will leave its mission unfulfilled unless it sees to it in no uncertain way that long-delayed justice be done to Ireland. Whatever difficulties the

execution of justice may entail, does not remove the responsibility. It is not too much to say that the peace of the world depends in great measure upon the settlement of the Irish question. We reprint here the forceful appeal made to President Wilson before his departure to Europe, by the Rector and Faculties of the Catholic University:

"Your Excellency:

"You are about to depart for Europe, to be at the Peace Conference what you were during the trying days of war, the spokesman and the interpreter of the lovers of liberty in every land. The burden now rests upon you of giving practical application to the principles of justice and fair dealing among nations which, as expounded in your many noble utterances, have made our country more than ever in its history the symbol of hope to all oppressed nations. Wherefore, we, the Rector and Faculties of the Catholic University of America, take this opportunity to address you and to ask respectfully that in this historic gathering you be the spokesman for the immemorial national rights of Ireland. Your influence will certainly go far toward a final acknowledgment of the rightful claims of Ireland to that place among the nations of the earth from which she has so long and so unjustly been excluded. We are convinced that any settlement of the great political issues now involved which does not satisfy the national claims of Ireland will not be conducive to a secure and lasting peace. You have said, 'No peace can last, or ought to last, which does not recognize and accept the principle that governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed.' Disregard of the rights of small nations has aroused a spirit of righteous indignation which can never be appeased as long as any nation holds another in subjection. Subjection and Democracy are incompatible. In the new order, 'national aspirations must be respected; peoples may now be dominated and governed only by their own consent. "Self-determination" is not a mere phrase.'

"In keeping with these words of truth, we hold that the right of Ireland to 'self-determination' is immeasurably stronger than that of any nation for which you have become the advocate. Moreover, Ireland's claims are a hundredfold reënforced by her centuries of brave, though unavailing, struggle against foreign domination, tyranny and autocracy. The manner in which the national rights of Ireland will be handled at the Peace Conference is a matter of deep concern to many millions of people throughout the world, and it is no exaggeration to say that the purpose of the United States in entering the War, namely, to secure a world-

wide and lasting peace, will surely be nullified if a large and influential body of protest remains everywhere as a potent source of national friction and animosity.

"That such unhappy feelings may not remain to hinder and embitter the work of the world's political, social and economic reconstruction, we ask you to use your great influence at the Peace Conference to the end that the people of Ireland be permitted to determine for themselves through a free and fair plebiscite the form of government under which they wish to live.

"With most cordial sentiments of respect and esteem, I remain,

"Very sincerely yours,

"THOMAS J. SHAHAN,

"Rector of the Catholic University of America."

* * * *

AT a meeting held in Madison Square Garden, New York, to ask President Wilson's intervention on behalf of Ireland, Cardinal O'Connell said:

"The doom of autocracy has already sounded. The silent millions of Russia, patient for centuries, have rushed madly into the vortex of revolution. Even in Germany, which seemed so content with itself, a new force is pushing out the older forms.

"Obviously, therefore, we are at the end of a period, and a new one is beginning. Is it strange that when Poland and Serbia and the Czechs and the Slovaks and the Serbs and the Ukrainians are clamoring for national rights and national recognition that Ireland, for full seven centuries dominated by a foreign rule acquired only by force and even today exercised by force, should now more than ever call upon the world, but most of all upon America, as the bountiful mother of true freedom, to help her regain the treasure stolen from her, and reinstate her in full possession of her complete liberty? . . . Ireland's position as a Nation is nothing new which the War has just succeeded in creating.

"But ever and always every method she adopted, every leader who spoke her cause, every victory won, every defeat suffered, every weapon used, every strategy designed, ever and ever the same ultimate purpose is clearly visible, and that purpose is the vindication of Ireland's right to government only by consent of the governed. . . . That is the principle which ultimately won America's freedom; and it is because America understands that principle that Ireland today relies upon America to echo it throughout the world for Ireland's liberty.

"Ireland is the oldest nation and the longest sufferer. If these principles are not applied in her case, no matter what else

may be done there will be no complete justice, no genuine sincerity believable, and the war, not bringing justice, will not bring peace."

WE have on two previous occasions called the attention of our readers to the estimates of Gibbon, the author of *The Decline and Fall,* contributed at irregular intervals by Hilaire Belloc to the Irish monthly, *Studies.*

In the September issue, Belloc resumes, treating this time particularly of Gibbon's discussion of the "Donation of Constantine" and the temporal power. Hatred on the part of an historian for the person or the institution which he treats need not prevent him from writing true history. But Gibbon did, as a matter of fact, allow his hatred of the Catholic Church to spoil him as an historian. Belloc considers the twentieth division of Gibbon's forty-ninth chapter: divides it into eight distinct statements and proceeds to show the falsity of every one of them.

* * * *

"IF it be asked why each falsehood was set down," Belloc concludes; "in other words, if we are asked to follow Gibbon's motive in telling these falsehoods—some of which are so lamentably perpetuated even in Catholic scholarship to this day—the answer is easy enough to give.

"Once call the Donation a forgery, instead of what it was, a legend, and you have an accusation against somebody. That criminal somebody must be, of course, for Gibbon, some one of the clergy; and specifically the Pope. It is necessary to say that the document, as we have it, was earlier than the year 800, because it was necessary for Gibbon to drag in Adrian the First and his negotiation with Charlemagne in 778. Therefore, the statement that the document was earlier than 800 is given without proof—for of proof there is none. Gibbon had to call the Donation the support or pillar of the temporal power (which it was not and could not have been, seeing the way in which the temporal power arose centuries before the Donation was ever used) in order to cast odium upon that political institution. Having fraudulently dragged in Adrian the First, as quoting the document (though he never quoted it), Gibbon can easily take the next step of inventing entirely out of his own head the idea that the document furnished a plea of moderation in the Pope's supposedly extravagant demands.

"As for Laurentius Valla, he is chosen for special commendation because he was specially scurrilous in his attack upon a particular Pope.

"I may be told that in all this indictment of mine against Gibbon I do not sufficiently allow for things which Gibbon did not know . . . Gibbon may, in a word, have been ignorant of the essentials of his subject. Perhaps he was. But that is a poor excuse for an historian; and in certain specific points, notably the matter of dates and the allusion to Adrian, you have obviously to deal with something worse in an historian even than ignorance."

THE German plan that was to crown their drive of last spring and summer with success, was first to capture Rheims; secondly, to cut off Paris from the armies of the East, thirdly, to march on Paris by the valleys of the Marne and the Seine. Their success depended on breaking through the lines held by General Gouraud. We know they did not break through: we know the assault was turned back, the Germans smashed and the road opened for the Allies' victory. To meet the great assault General Gouraud "camouflaged his first line." A few brave volunteers were left there, but the great body of his troops were withdrawn to a line further back. The hurricane of German shells fell upon practically empty trenches. Then, as the German troops swept forward, they were caught in front and flank by artillery and machine guns and cut to pieces. Gouraud broke the left wing of the German armies.

* * * *

THE strong Catholic faith of this brave defender of Rheims is well brought out by Charles Baussan in an article in the September *Studies*. Wounded in the attack at the Dardanelles, Gouraud was carried on board the *Tchad*. He at once gave orders to have an altar erected on board: assisted at Mass and communicated. Later he made his first attempt to walk in order to receive Holy Communion in the hospital to which he had been sent. "He is a Christian knight, in the fullest sense of the word. He has the generosity, the loyalty, the sincerity, the deep faith of a true knight. He is a fervent Catholic in public as in private life. We have seen him carry the *Imitation of Christ* to the Sudan. At the Georges Bizet hospital he used to recite the Angelus and make the morning meditation with the nuns. He took the greatest delight in listening to their hymns, and has not forgotten them. In his sick room he had an altar in honor of Jeanne d'Arc, which the great officials of the State—the President, the Prime Minister, and others—could not fail to notice on the occasion of their visits."

* * * *

HE is the same at the front. A chaplain writes in the *Bulletin paroissial de Brigueil:* "At Clermont-en-Argonne I went, at the request of the Mother Superior of the hospital, to inform Gen-

eral Gouraud that, on the following day, Sunday, there would be a military Mass at 10 A.M. in the hospital and other Masses at an earlier hour. The General was engaged with his Staff. He thanked me, and turning to his secretary, said: 'Put it in orders that there will be Masses tomorrow from 6 to 10 A.M. and a military Mass at 10 A.M.' The following day he himself assisted piously at the Mass said for our armies.

"General Gouraud does not conceal his faith. At Paris, in the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, near the altar, on the Gospel side, plainly visible to the kneeling faithful, is this *ex-voto* in white:

"'*A Notre Dame Des Victories, En Reconnaissance Du 30 Juin, 1915.*—GÉNÉRAL GOURAUD.'"

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THE

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THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE WAR.

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A WINDLE, SCD., F.R.S.

DISCUSSING the question of the phenomenon of religion in a recent work, an Italian writer[1] adopts a somewhat patronizing attitude. His view is that whilst religion is useful, perhaps even desirable, in times and on occasions of stress, it may, during the easier reaches of life, be very well dispensed with except perhaps by those whom he calls "the mystical élite" who will "transmit in the ages to come from one generation to another the sacred torch of religion, as long as human life shall endure." This attitude towards the subject of religion can hardly fail to remind us of the ancient rhyme of the devil sick and the devil convalescent. However, it is not for the purpose of refuting or even discussing these views that we refer to the book in question but with the object of pointing out that its author, in common with Buckle and other writers, strongly insists that times of warfare have often, he thinks commonly, been also times of great religious fervor, for that thesis is germane to the question with which we are here concerned. With his explanation of the connection we have nothing to do save to say that we find it most unconvincing. It is with the *fact* that we have to do; and we may commence by asking whether it be a genuine fact, and, if so, what manifestations of it can be observed in connection with the terrific struggle in which the whole world has been engaged.

Since competent historians have agreed that the connec-

[1] Rignano, *Essays in Scientific Synthesis*, 1917.

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tion is a genuine one, we need not delay over that part of the question but may turn to the more practical and immediate question as to what, if any, are the manifestations which are observable today. To do this, with any success, one must glance briefly at the period previous to the War, let us say for the century before, from the close of the great Napoleonic struggles, for during this time the ground was slowly but surely being prepared for the events of today. We may, I think, divide this era into four stages, each with its influence upon that which succeeded it; the fourth being that with which we are face to face today. With the premise that the phenomena dealt with belongs to England, we may plunge into the first stage, that of Evangelicanism.

It cannot be denied that the fervor of this movement did a great deal to awaken a land which had long lain in the torpor of eighteenth century churchmanship—religion it can hardly be called. Here let me say that perhaps the most useful documents for the study of the social phenomena of this and the later periods with which we are concerned are the novels of the different dates; for the novelists then and now, and not the players, are "the abstract and brief chronicles of the times." No one need necessarily believe that the remarks of their characters express the authors' real sentiments, yet it must certainly be supposed that, at least in the case of writers of real significance, those remarks will not be grossly out of joint with their times. But it is more to the point to take into consideration the things which are assumed as the norm of the day; the atmosphere with which readers were familiar.

Consider the Georgian parson from this point of view and what a picture rises before our eyes of the man, his position and also of the esteem felt for the message he had to deliver. Look at *Esmond* and the parsons therein described. There is only one minister of religion of even decent consideration and he is a Jesuit—rather the stage Jesuit of course, but still a man for whom one can feel some measure of esteem, even regard. But, you will say, Thackeray was not of that period and had to project himself into it. I agree, but anyone who has made a real study of the literature of the eighteenth century will hardly need to be told that Thackeray had saturated himself with it, nor will he require to be convinced that his study of the life of the period is a faithful picture.

But let us go to the novelists of the day. What about religion and ministers of religion (in spite of Parson Adams) in Fielding's novels? Or if you wish to argue that Fielding was not a religious man, what about the picture painted by Richardson who certainly was not irreligious. Take up *Pamela* and consider the character and position of Mr. Williams, the curate whose assistance the heroine claims in the hour of her need. This gentleman was not without religious sentiments and generous desires, but his position was somewhat lower than that occupied by a steward, even a butler.

We need not labor the question; it will be admitted that religion could hardly have been at a lower ebb in England than it was when the Evangelical movement came to trouble its placid, if turbid, pool. There can be no doubt that there was a reality in this movement, although, in my opinion, it was the parent of most of the evils which followed in later times. There was real fervor, real devotion, an intense desire to know and do God's will; but at the same time there was the most distorted idea of what that meant. As though there were not sins enough for man to commit, all sorts of innocent things were so dislocated as to appear iniquities, and thus children were brought up to look upon God as a being Who desired them to be miserable and Who was far more likely to damn than to save them. I have recently sketched some of the opinions of this school in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD and need not therefore do more than allude to the perfectly accurate picture drawn in *Father and Son*;[2] a picture which to many of my age is one only too painfully true.

Further this school of thought developed directors of conscience before whose actual doings the fabled activities of the Jesuits and Dominicans of romance positively pale to nothing. Let anyone who doubts this glance through Southey's Life of Cowper[3] and extract the parts relating to the Rev. John Newton.[4] A scrutiny of his portrait as given in Bohn's edition is not without interest, since it seems to reveal to

[2] By Edmund Gosse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[3] As Cowper died in 1800 he falls a little outside the date which I have selected as the commencement of the period with which I am dealing but the instance is too pertinent to be passed over.

[4] It is a curious point in what we may call spiritual genealogy that Newton was the person chiefly concerned in turning the mind of the Rev. Thomas Scott to Evangelicanism, and Newman tells us that Scott was "the writer who made a deeper impression on my mind than any other, and to whom (humanly speaking), I almost owe my soul."

us, as, indeed, do his letters, that here was a man who had no sort of doubt as to his right to deal with human souls or of his profound knowledge of how they should be dealt with. Yet it should be borne in mind that whilst the Catholic priest receives a prolonged training in how to deal with the soul, ministers of this kind attempted that task—that perilous task—by the light of nature and without training of any kind. With what result? Well, look at the life of poor half—or whole—mad Cowper, harried by Newton on all occasions: because kind Mrs. Unwin, a woman much older than himself, against whose character there is no word of reproach, lived in the house with him, to nurse him and save him from himself: because his labors in translating Homer were to be thought of as a sin, since they did not bear upon religion.

Southey hated the Catholic Church, of which he knew next to nothing, but he had some sobriety of thought and he did not approve of the Rev. John Newton and his ways. Need one wonder when the reverend gentleman himself admits that his preaching had the reputation of driving people into lunacy? In a letter asking that steps may be taken to remove one victim to an asylum he says: "I hope the poor girl is not without some concern about her soul; and, indeed, I believe a concern of this kind was the beginning of her disorder. I believe my name is up about the county for preaching people mad . . . whatever may be the immediate cause, I suppose we have near a dozen, in different degrees disordered in their heads, and most of them I believe truly gracious people." Is it any wonder that under such influences a generation grew up which hated religion, and was glad to be allowed to think that there was no such being as a God if that God were the kind pictured by the wilder and more prominent exponents of Calvinism?

The coming Materialism had its seeds in the excesses of Evangelicanism, and founded largely, as the latter was, on assertion and on sentiment and not on proof, it could make no headway against the logic of the mid-Victorian scientific school. It required a more skilled rapier to meet that blade. But before we touch upon that school, we must not pass by the Oxford Movement without notice, for that is the second of our stages. So far as our purpose goes, however, this movement is of comparatively little importance, for in its inception, and, indeed, until the comparatively more recent manifestations

of what, for want of a better name, we must call Ritualism, it was a purely, or almost purely, clerical movement. Ritualism —if the term be permitted—in places has got hold of the masses in a way in which no other form of Protestantism has, but it has done so only in so far as it agrees with, conforms to, or copies Catholicism. But the Oxford Movement in its earlier years—indeed, as long as it was the Oxford Movement—was a clerical movement and only affected a minority of the laity and those the clerically minded. Look at the characteristic novel of that movement—if it is fair to call it a novel—Newman's *Loss and Gain.* I do not think there is a single character in it of the male sex who is not in Holy Orders or on the way thereto. This movement for the time being did little if anything to arrest the transition from Evangelicanism to Materialism with which we have next to deal.

Here again I am going to appeal to the evidence of a novel, in my opinion the characteristic novel of the period, *The Way of All Flesh,* by that very remarkable and very insufficiently recognized genius, Samuel Butler, who sums up in himself, as he does in this book, all the characteristics of the mid-Victorian period as far as they relate to religion and science. In his book he points out that "the year 1858 was the last of a term during which the peace of the Church of England was singularly unbroken." [5] Again: "The Evangelical movement . . . had become almost a matter of ancient history. Tractarianism had subsided into a tenth day's wonder; it was at work, but it was not noisy." Then the calm was broken by the publication of three books: *Essays and Reviews, The Origin of Species* and Colenso's *Criticisms on the Pentateuch.*

Without delaying longer over the causes, it may at once be said that the effect of these and other influences, as accurately depicted in this book, was a state of mind which led its possessor to believe that religion—belief in anything which could not be fully understood—was impossible for anyone who really thought about the matter. Those who did not really look into such questions, might go on thinking they believed in revelation, but the moment that a man seriously tackled the subject, his religion was bound to go, as did that of the hero of the book in question after a five minutes conversation with an atheistic tinker. Agnosticism and Materialism were in the air and remained the dominant features for quite a number of years.

[5] Miss Austen's numerous parsons may serve as the examples of this time. Pleasant or unpleasant, not one of them betrays the slightest symptom of spirituality.

There were those who deplored the loss of their faith such as it had been. Huxley, obviously, did; and so, openly, did Romanes, who afterwards returned to the Church of England. But they honestly found themselves unable to believe and they scorned to pretend to do so, which surely should be counted to them for righteousness. This kind of attitude of cocksuredness that there were no things in heaven and earth which were beyond human philosophy, was not one which could or did persist, and it has been followed, as Sir Oliver Lodge told us before the War, by one—so far as science is concerned—of skepticism and doubt. What has followed on the religious side? That is the question which we have now to discuss.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, best known as the creator of *Sherlock Holmes,* tells us in a recent book from which I shall have further to quote:[6] "When I had finished my medical education in 1882, I found myself, like many young medical men, a convinced materialist as regards our personal destiny." We learn from *Who's Who* that the writer was educated at Stonyhurst, so that he was under Catholic influences during the early years of his life. They proved insufficient in his case to resist the corrosive influence of the Materialism of the day. I can corroborate, however, his statement as to the young medical men of the time in question. At just about that time I completed my own medical course and entered upon practice, like scores of my contemporaries, with an absence of religious belief as complete as that of Sir Arthur himself.

We start then with a generation more or less impregnated with Materialism and to an equal extent destitute of religious belief; what was to become of them? The first thing that happened was the not very wonderful discovery that science could not explain everything (men of science today seem rather inclined to the view that they cannot explain anything but the simpler problems). This discovery began gradually to sap the foundations of Materialism, a process which has been steadily going on ever since and is still in progress.

For a number of years I lived in the vicinity of the Oratory in Birmingham and enjoyed the intimate friendship of its then Provost, the late Father Ignatius Ryder. His very remarkable mind and abilities have never been sufficiently recognized by the Catholic world at large, in spite of the posthumous publication of his essays undertaken by the filial piety of his brother

[6] *The New Revelation.* New York: Hodder & Stoughton. 1918.

Oratorian, Father Bacchus. We used to meet nearly every Sunday for tobacco and talk, and I learned many things from him in our prolonged conversations. I suppose it must be now some five and twenty years ago that he remarked to me one day that Materialism had shot its bolt. I own that the statement took me by surprise. When I came to think about it, it was clear to me that—to change the metaphor—the tide was lower than it had been. I asked him what he thought was going to be the next phase when—also to my surprise—he replied that Spiritualism was the next enemy which the Church had to confront. I asked him what led him to think so, and by way of reply he told me to examine the second-hand book catalogues—a form of literature to which we were both very much addicted—and to note how immensely more numerous were the works under the caption "Occult" than had been the case in previous years. My old friend was quite right; Materialism having failed to satisfy the world, its people were looking out for something to believe in, and many were blundering into the old highway of Spiritualism.

During the period before the War a number of things illustrated this statement. I will take a few which first come to mind. First of all, to show the dissatisfaction which existed with things as they were, I will quote from one of the most delightful books of that delightful writer, Mr. E. V. Lucas, *Over Bemerton's*. "Mr. Dabney," his critic of the period, denounces the manner of life of the day;[7] he deplores the loss of the seriousness of the Victorian era and declares that "we believe only in pleasure and success; our one ideal is getting wealth." Parenthetically it may be remarked that such an ideal is exactly that which must necessarily follow upon Materialism. If we are *really* to die, in the name of Matter—one cannot say of Heaven for, *ex hypothesi*, there is none—let us eat and drink and do whatsoever is good and pleasing in our own eyes! I do not know that I have ever read a more astounding or a more absurd remark than one in the book by Rignano from which I have already quoted, where he says: "We are certain of one fact, that the only organ actually brought into play to fight immorality, is the organ of the collective conscience and not the religious organ." What, one asks with astonishment, stirs up the "collective conscience?" for Professor Hemslow's question[8] still remains unanswered: "If you have no taste for vir-

[7] The book was first published in 1908.
[8] In *Present Day Rationalism Critically Examined.*

tue why be virtuous at all, so long as you do not violate the laws of the land?" However, to return to Mr. Lucas. That charming writer does not betray in any works of his known to me any special leanings towards religion, and his remedy for the state of affairs has just been drastically applied, for, by a somewhat remarkable prophecy, "Mr. Dabney," when asked what his remedy was, replied: "'War, nothing more or less. A bloody war—not a punitive expedition or "a sort of a war" (he quoted these words with white fury). That might get us right again.'

"'At great cost,' I said.

"'A surgical operation,' he replied, 'if the only means of saving life, cannot be called expensive.'"

So far for general discontent with things as they were.

I turn next to an example of an attempt to find a substitute for anything like religion. Mr. Masefield wrote and published a few years before the War a very interesting book, *Multitude and Solitude,* narrating the adventures of two young Englishmen in search of the cause of sleeping sickness and brought face to face—in the story of course—with the most terrible emergency. It does not seem to have occurred to Roger, the hero of the book, that he might have called upon God in his extremity, but, after everything is over—for of course the hero and his companion recovered and returned to England—it does seem to have occurred to him that man cannot live by bread alone, and he propounds to his friend the remarkable view that "the world is just coming to see that science is not a substitute for religion (which is one of the points insisted upon in this paper) . . . but religion of a very deep and austere kind." "*Inveni et aram in quâ scriptum erat Ignoto Deo*—I found an altar also, on which was written: To the Unknown God." It is a curious choice of an "unknown God," perhaps even more curious than the worship of humanity, for poor miserable humanity, so pitiable an object for worship, was at least made in the image of God.

Lastly one may remind the novel-reader that Mr. Wells, who would not at one time have been suspected or probably have wished to have been suspected of any leanings towards the supernatural, yet—also in a pre-war novel, *Marriage*—brings his hero face to face with the great realities and makes him exclaim that he may "die a Christian yet," and urge upon

his wife the need for prayer if only prayer "out into the darkness." Of course, as all the reading world knows, since the War Mr. Wells has set up his own altar *Ignoto Deo*—not a very much more satisfying one than that of Mr. Masefield. It will be observed that these religious emotions are represented to have been aroused by the impulse of great emergencies. In fact they fall in with what has been said as to this relationship in an earlier part of this article.

It is not wonderful that the terrible War which has raged, with Europe as the cockpit but with all the nations of the world as participants, should turn the minds of those who are in the fighting line towards thoughts which in times of peace might never have found entrance there. From all sides one hears that this is the case, yet here again it is too often an "unknown God" that is being sought. In a recently published memoir of one of the many splendid young fellows—university graduates full of promise for the future—whose loss to the world seems not only irreparable but mysterious beyond explanation, there is this moving passage: "I know that many hearts are turning towards *something* but cannot find satisfaction in what the Christian sects offer. And many, failing to find what they need, fall back sadly into vague uncertainties and disbelief, as I often do myself." Where is the St. Paul who will announce to these and other anxious hearts the message: "*Quod ergo ignorantes colitis, hoc ego annuntio vobis?* —What therefore you worship, without knowing it, that I preach to you?"

However it is much more with those who only "stand and wait" than with those who were actually in the trenches that we are concerned: what about the lamentable army of wives and widows, mothers bereft of their sons, or rising morning after morning in dread of the news which they might receive: what about these from the point of view of this article?

That many such have turned to some form of genuine religion, where they had it not before the War, is fortunately undoubtedly true, but it is unquestionably also true that thousands have turned aside to the attractions of Spiritualism. A recent article in the Educational Supplement of the London *Times* commences with the statement that "among the strange, dismaying things cast up by the tide of war are those traces of primitive fatalism, primitive magic, and equivocal divination

which are within general knowledge." The writer of the article thinks that, as we have taken a huge and lamentable step backwards in civilization, we need not be surprised that we should also have receded in the direction of those primitive instincts to which he calls attention. However that may be, the fact remains that the return has taken place. A thousand pieces of evidence prove it. Look, for example, at the enormous sale and wide popularity of *Raymond*, a book as to which I say nothing out of personal regard for its writer and sincere respect for his honesty and fearlessness. Sir Arthur Doyle tells us in his book that he is "in touch with thirteen mothers who are in correspondence with their dead sons," and adds that in only one of these cases was the individual in touch with psychic matters before the War.

Further he explains that it was the War which induced him to take an active interest in a subject which before had been one of no more than passing curiosity. "In the presence of an agonized world," he writes, "hearing every day of the deaths of the flower of our race in the first promise of their unfulfilled youth, seeing around one the wives and mothers who had no clear conception whither their loved one had gone to, I seemed suddenly to see that this subject with which I had so long dallied was not merely a study of a force outside the rules of science, but that it was really something tremendous, a breaking down of the walls between two worlds, a direct undeniable message from beyond, a call of hope and of guidance to the human race at the time of its deepest affliction."

Perhaps it is not wonderful that Spiritualism should have produced this effect for it offers a good deal to those who can believe in it. It offers definite intercourse with the departed, positive knowledge as to the existence of a future state and even as to its nature—the last-mentioned intelligence not always very attractive. It requires no particular creed and no special code of morals; for one of its teachings, I gather, is that it does not greatly matter what a man thinks or even does, so far as his future welfare is concerned. Sir A. Doyle's book is the least convincing exposition of Spiritualism which I have read—and I have read a good many—but it may be taken to include the latest views on the subject. Amongst the revelations which he gives there is one purporting to come from a spirit who "had been a Catholic and was still a Catholic, but had

not fared better than the Protestants; there were Buddhists and Mohammedans in her sphere, but all fared alike." Another stated that he had been a freethinker "but had not suffered in the next life for that reason."

This is not the occasion nor am I the man to deal with the subject of Spiritualism, but this at least may be said that the person who argues that it is all fraud and deception does not know what he is talking about. Look at the history of the world —*quod semper, quod ubique,* if not absolutely *quod ab omnibus!* The records of the early missionaries, especially of the Jesuits, teem with accounts of the same kind of phenomena as we read of in connection with séances of today, occurring in all sorts of places and amongst widely separated races of mankind. We have it in the *Odyssey,* we have it in Cicero and in Pliny; we have it in the Bible. It is everywhere. All this is not mere imposition.

In a rather remarkable book, *Some Revelations As To "Raymond,"*[9] to which some attention may now be devoted, the writer who is himself a firm believer in Spiritualism and one obviously in a position to write about it, points out that the old term "magic" has been relegated to the performances of conjurers, and the terminology so altered as to make Spiritualism appear to be a new gospel, whereas the contrary is the case. "The impression prevailed that civilized people were in presence of a new order of phenomena and were acquiring a new outlook into the regions of the Unknown; whereas the truth was that they were merely repeating, under new social conditions and in a new environment, the same experiences that had happened to their ancestors during some thousands of years."

As far as my knowledge goes no spirit has ever had anything good to say about the Catholic Church, and what the Church thinks about Spiritualism has recently—though not for the first time—been made clear. That is probably enough for all Catholic readers, but let me repeat, the man—and there are such—who brushes the whole thing aside as imposture, does not know what he is talking about.

Before leaving the "Plain Citizen" one should mention one theory of his, the more convincing since the writer is declaredly in sympathy with Spiritualism. He lays down as a

[9] *By a Plain Citizen.* London: Kegan Paul.

working hypothesis the following: Spiritualism cannot exist without mediums and mediums for the most part have to make their living by their operations. They will not be averse from making those incomes as large as possible. For the purpose of acquiring information, they have a system of an almost Free-Masonic character by which intelligence as to all sorts of prominent persons is distributed amongst the members of the association. This he positively asserts. Any far-seeing person would judge that the War must have offered a splendid harvest to mediums and this without reference to the reality or non-reality of their claims. What they wanted above all things was someone of undoubted position who would "boom the movement," in the slang of the day. They got their man in the author of *Raymond*. According to the "Plain Citizen" they laid their plans to get him, and succeeded.

I have endeavored to show the kind of effect which the War has exercised upon the minds of men in one, and that a very important, direction. There is one agency and one alone which can proclaim the Unknown God for Whom these afflicted persons are looking, and that is the Catholic Church. She has a great opportunity now: let us hope that she may be so guided as to take the best advantage of it.

She finds herself confronted at the moment by a people who have lost all knowledge of real religion, religious peace, religious happiness as the result of the Reformation and its devastations; who, in later days, outraged by what was placed before them as the only true religion, lost what little they had and fell victims to the narrow arguments of Materialism; who now, face to face with terrible events, have come to see that man cannot live by bread alone and are hungering for food for their souls. At once arise "false Christs and false prophets"—"Lo, here! Lo, there!" so that many are led astray. It is the Church only which has the food which can satisfy these cravings, and it must be her task to press her claims upon the hungering multitude.

PROGRESS.

BY MARCO FIDEL SUÁREZ.[1]

AMONG the theories devised to explain the laws of nature, there is one which, for its simplicity and clearness, as well as on account of the support it derives from the continued development of experimental science, seems to approach the character of undoubted and well-defined truth. There is no exaggeration in describing as sublime a theory which, reducing to the action of one single agent all the varied aspects and wonders of creation, sums them up in a majestic all-embracing synthesis.

According to this hypothesis, gravitation, sound, heat, magnetism, light—all properties of matter—are manifestations of but one principle. Motion is the agent that underlies all forms and phenomena—the hue of the flower as well as the light of the star; the circulation of the sap in the plant and of the blood in the animal as well as the revolutions of the planets; molecular attraction and chemical affinity as well as the ebb and flow of the tides. Motion is life. The breath of God that was borne upon the face of the primeval waters still flows onward, bringing forth the varied forms of good and beauty as it flows.

This hypothesis, which, once admitted, is in itself sufficient proof of the existence of a First and Simple Cause that puts life into inert matter, finds activity even in those accidents that seem most opposite to one another: light and darkness, fluidity and hardness, ice and fire are all but gradations of motion, present everywhere though often hidden. In the great multitude of created beings there is unceasing transformation; every phenomenon is a change, and every change is motion; and so even destruction itself is the work of that wonderful agent.

Motion is the immediate cause not only of phenomena belonging to the domain of space; it is also the cause of those that constitute time. In reality, time is but a series of changes. To

[1] Translated by Antonio Llano. Señor Don Marco Fidel Suárez was inaugurated President of the Republic of Columbia, August 5, 1918. He is one of the most prominent men of Latin America.

imagine absolute rest, is to annihilate all sequence and therewith all possible measure of time, and time itself; for this mysterious quantity is coëxtensive with its measure, and vanishes when its measure vanishes.

The idea of motion, far from implying absolute perfection, implies imperfection. That progressive activity which in the creature is life, in the Creator would be mutability and limitation; just as the flow that makes the stream would belittle the ocean. This characteristic imperfection of motion explains why the physical sciences, whose subject matter it forms, lack the unchangeableness distinguishing the exact sciences, which deal with necessary truths. While the physical sciences would disappear if motion and the consequent phenomena should cease, the mathematical and the ontological sciences would subsist, for their elements, being necessary, are indestructible.

Motion presupposes a beginning as well as an aim, for the relative requires the absolute, and it is impossible to conceive direction with neither bearing nor goal. The ever-present interdependence exhibited by all created objects, and the order governing their mutual actions, are like a yearning for the Absolute, just as lower things are subordinate to higher things, and the larger attract the smaller. There must be one centre of all those attractions; nor can that centre be other than the ineffable Cause revealed to Newton by the geometric laws that rule the universe.

When we pass from things sensible to our consciousness, we find in it an activity even more marvelous than the activity of matter. Here we meet numberless phenomena, which challenge all measure, succeeding one another with perplexing rapidity, and the contemplation of which makes us realize the universal principle of activity in the depths of our being.

There is far greater activity in the work of the soul, its feelings, its volitions and ideas than in the endless agitation of the battling ocean. Every soul is endowed with that activity; for every soul perceives, reasons, compares, loves and wills. That healthful torment, that divine restlessness are not the privilege of the select few; for although only these can rise to the discovery and contemplation of the highest truths, all men were endowed with that quickening principle which stirs and touches the spirit. Well did the old Teutons picture the soul as a sea within the breast surging and subsiding with

every throb of the heart and with eyes to mirror the heavens and the earth.

Activity is the essential feature of the mind. Christian philosophy, among its profound theories, contains one that holds the adherence of many illustrious thinkers; namely, that the human understanding is more rational than intuitive, for it acts not by intuition, but by reasoning. In the spiritual world, reasoning becomes less and intuition grows as the scale rises; ideas become fewer but richer and vaster, till the Infinite Intelligence is reached, which has no other idea than its own Word.

This characteristic of human thought seems to be the correlative of physical activity. Mental activity, too, implies imperfection, and varies inversely as mental development. The chain of ideas forming that activity makes it plain that the soul must tend to an end different from itself: to the possession of the truth real. Ideas, like the motions of material things, must derive from a prime mover; for, as each flows from another, the first must have flowed from a loftier source.

Volition also is a form of activity. Affected by the manifold impressions it receives from external objects, the soul reacts upon them and constantly tends towards them. This voluntary tendency prompts the other mental powers, all of which follow the impulse imparted to them by the will. A common aspect of our mysterious inner existence, is the strife between opposite propensities. From that constant struggle of the will, which is not confined within the bounds of the moral world; from that constant clash of appetites and longings which in an instant makes us experience the most varied emotions, arises a new phase of our mental activity; a state which is the higher and purer in proportion to the stimuli creating it.

Activity is then the law of all beings. So obvious is this fact that the very word *being* meant in its remote origin whatever breathes or is active; and the ancients called things by the name *causes*, or beings that act. Universal activity is no less manifest in the human understanding and will than in the attractions and motions of matter. Man longs for a destiny and pursues an ideal which neither his falls nor his setbacks can obscure; whether conquered or victor, he is ever under the influence of something that draws him, and, like a pre-

destined hero, seeks to reach new kingdoms in his storm-beaten craft.

What is the kingdom of his conquest, the goal of his activity and aspiration? Are, perchance, the laws of that inner motion as necessary as those ruling material activity? Such questions are equivalent to these: What is progress? What is the law of progress?

Etymologically, the word *progress* means forward motion, and is applicable to whatever fulfills that condition, more or less modified—to all forms of growth, development and expansion; and so we say those things progress which increase, rise or gain momentum. The word, taken in so broad a sense, cannot be narrowed within the boundaries of special classes of objects or ideas; for it applies with equal propriety to opposite things and ideas, so that what from one point of view is progress, from another point of view is retrogression. Thus, the rise of good necessarily implies the decline of evil, and the unfolding of truth is the curtailment of error. In the mental as in the physical world, the progress of everything is an inverse function of the progress of the opposite thing.

Therefore in its widest sense, the term has but an indefinite meaning, somewhat like the motions of the stars, in which, there being no fixed points of reference, there is neither absolute ascent nor absolute descent. It is an error of ordinary language to use a word so vague in a restricted sense that in reality does not attach to it. The word ought never to be used without qualifying words to make it determinate. When we say *progress,* we convey no idea as to what moves forward nor even what is to be understood by forward motion, just as the term *motion* by itself leaves us in the dark as to what moves and in what direction it moves.

In its restricted acceptation, *progress* means that form of human activity which aims at perfection. But even here the sense of the term is vague; so much so, that the same word is applied to incompatible things and theories. All men seek and invoke progress, as the foundation of every system and aspiration; and yet, the progress that one school conceives is the reverse of the progress another school exalts. This is due to the fact that the word spoken by all is not by all associated with the same idea. To some, progress lies in the advance of mankind towards that form of happiness which consists in the

possession of all pleasures; to others, in marching towards unlimited social freedom and absolute equality among men; there are those for whom the goal of all progress must be universal knowledge, which, shedding its light on all men, shall dispel the darkness that still obscures our vision; while others hold that, through a continuous ascending process, humankind will some day reach a lofty summit, where, its very nature being transmuted, the mysteries that now puzzle reason and the passions that now disturb the soul, will cease to exist. This is all expressed by an indefinite vocabulary, often mingled with much flattery of the people, much praise of absolute liberty, much disparagement of authority and tradition, and an infinite deal of blind and furious enthusiasm.

As we have said, progress cannot be defined without defining its end or object. The current definitions of progress involve an idea common to all of them: the idea of activity. But, as activity may tend toward opposite ends, it does not suffice to characterize progress. Progress must be a rational, well planned and directed movement toward a fixed goal; it must be a fruitful and unbroken march, not a vortex of clashing and divergent currents.

The absurdity that progress is not directed towards a fixed end can be admitted only by admitting that man is ruled by necessity; for if man is free, his very freedom is proof that he himself and not an extraneous force must direct his steps towards perfection. If man is gifted with freedom to choose, the purpose of that freedom must be to incline and guide his will towards a determinate end. Human freedom, then, shows that progress has a definite goal. So true is this, that the school which holds the opposite view, although at first an advocate of exaggerated freedom, has adhered, in its subsequent development, to doctrines that are in reality antagonistic to freedom. We should be careful not to infer, from the monotonous iteration of the word freedom by the advocates of that school, that they use it in its true acceptance. With many men whose pet ambition is reform, language often degenerates into a jargon which, like that of the gypsies, mocks in its words the things that the words mean. The men, who would revolutionize all, upset and confuse all—things, ideas and speech itself.

The end of progress can be no other than the perfection of

man and mankind, for the strong and persistent tendency manifest both in the individual and the community can have no other goal. Therefore, before a complete definition of progress can be given, we must ascertain what is to be understood by human perfection.

At the outset let us dispel the notion, upheld by some advocates of indefinite progress, that human perfection consists in a change of nature. To say that progress transmutes the being that progresses is to introduce an infinite series of changes, which precludes the attainment of the desired end. Besides, history refutes the theory; for, while man is today richer in knowledge, virtue and happiness than in former times, he is today, as in former times, subject to error, vice and misery. Those who assume that progress must produce essential changes in the human race, shift the golden age, recorded by all traditions, from past to future times, just as the victim of deceptive mirages mistakes for placid waters awaiting him in the distance, the lakes he has left far behind. No less illusory is that indefinite progress of which enthusiasm dreams, but reason fails to discover.

If we admit indefinite progress, we must admit that it is not mankind that progresses, but a universal being, unknown and impersonal, which in its eternal evolution assumes all possible forms. We thus arrive at an arrogant and melancholy pantheism which, denying the end assigned to human progress by man's Maker, deprives the Creator of that free activity charactertistic of a Being Who is Master of His own destiny, and not a slave of fate. Such a doctrine is thoroughly skeptical and immoral; for if, as cannot be denied, good and truth form the stages of the infinite ascending scale, their constant changes take away from them the character of being absolute. A truth that changes is no truth, and a mutable good is not *the* good.

Besides, where is the proof? It is claimed that mutability is the necessary consequence of universal activity, and that the unceasing changes of the physical world point to a law of transmutation ruling all things. But such assertions, even if clothed in the garments of science, are still far from being demonstrated propositions. Natural history has proved the persistence of species; anthropology has proved that man always comes from man; and language, beneath whose forms are preserved so many profound truths, has the cognate words

generation, to express the production of living organisms, and *genera,* to denote the persistent groups formed by those organisms.

Since progress is not a fatalistic succession of substantial changes, it must be a continuous betterment of the human faculties, embracing all that in man's soul is susceptible of improvement. Hence it is also an error, perhaps as pernicious as that above considered, to assume that progress may consist in the exclusive development of one faculty or condition; as in the advance of learning, in moral perfection or in bodily comfort. This is to ignore the fact that man, just because he is endowed with powers of great complexity, cannot truly progress unless all those powers rise to higher levels.

Reason, freedom, feeling—such are the mental factors the betterment of which constitutes progress that is real, not utopic; determinate, not indefinite. The acquisition of truth through science; the attainment of the good through moral freedom, and the satisfaction of feeling and bodily wants through art and industry—such must be the ends of individual and social progress, which may be thus defined; human activity aiming at civilization.

Progress is impossible if truth is not at once its guide and purpose, for without truth there can be neither well coördinated activity nor perfection. Even in primitive times, man had some acquaintance with the main laws of nature and a sufficient knowledge of his relations to the external world to seek in it and obtain from it, the objects wherewith to satisfy his wants; nor could he lack certain moral principles without which no social order, however rudimentary, is possible. Mankind has needed in all ages the powerful aid of truth and science, not only to move forward, but even to preserve itself.

Mental activity requires a knowledge of certain truths as the ultimate basis of all thought and the very source of its progress. Before the mind can enter the world of reasoning, it must possess those basic truths that form the starting point of all reasoning. The unfortunate beings on whom, owing to mental derangement, truth has no influence, have lost the essential characteristic of humankind, and are deprived of the power to advance.

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the benefit accruing alike to the individual and the community from intellectual

culture, whether considered as a safeguard of liberty, as a concomitant of morality, or as a cause of artistic and industrial progress. Ignorance, which the noble instincts and aspirations of the soul repudiate, not only deprives man of ineffable joys, but makes of him a degraded creature, which is the antithesis of progress. When reason is absent, imagination tends to take its place; whence it results that the ignorant man, in the presence of facts that he must interpret, is not content to remain in ignorance, and rushes into the field of error.

Mythology has been justly called a disease of language because, from a right examination of its vocabulary, it appears that the greater part of the names of gods were originally common words expressing natural forces and devoid therefore of that mysterious prestige bestowed on them in later ages, when ignorance made persons of these forces. Mythology is besides a usurpation of the functions of reason by erratic fancy, which, incapable of seeing even the immediate causes of things sensible, lacks the power to ascend from general laws to a first cause. Hence, in pagan times, geography, physics, history, astronomy had rather a mystical than a scientific character. Atmospheric currents were personified in Æolus, and the motions of the sea in Neptune; electricity was identified with the lord of the gods, and the woods and rivers were peopled with fauns and naiads. What was judicial astrology, that veritable calamity which weighed so heavily upon mankind for centuries, but disregard of the laws that rule the heavens? And what but ignorance of history is all that phantasmagoria of semigods with which Greek and Oriental imagination filled primitive times? Even now the peoples who inherit the favored soil of India, squander their mental wealth on a geography that finds in seas of milk the foundation of the earth, and on a chronology that becomes lost in eons. All the superstitious and otherwise harmful systems know as occult sciences, which in the past played a part so great and so pernicious as the instruments or the cloak of oppression and crime, arose from ignorance of scientific principles. We see in all this how well founded is the doctrine that good and truth cannot be divorced one from the other.

Intellectual poverty brings with it the lowering of character; for when man believes that he lives under the inexorable rule of invincible forces, he regards himself as a slave of na-

ture, and this attitude fosters abject submission to oppression. Where philosophic systems and religious doctrines are the stays of error, despotism becomes the natural form of government, and idolatry that of worship; customs are invaded by license, and art by depravity.

Every step that mankind takes in the path of progress is the acquisition of a truth. Truth is the powerful auxiliary in the conquests of knowledge, morality, liberty and all other forms of well-being. Redemption, the highest progress ever granted to man, since it is beyond his natural powers, was the revelation of Eternal Truth, Who bequeathed it as the heritage of salvation to all who coöperate with it.

As the field of knowledge broadens, general culture, social order and happiness increase, and there is a consequent decrease of injustice and suffering. The discovery of a new continent opens a new epoch to history. The invention of a machine capable of multiplying writing in a few moments, makes it possible for truth, after centuries of stagnation, to offer new or easier channels to man's activity. So abstract a conception as that of the existence of thought, acted as a powerful agent in the reconstruction of scientific methods and in the intellectual progress of modern times. How wonderful is this power of science, which reads in the layers of the earth's crust a revelation of the successive stages of creation; which, questioning subtle light, puts before our eyes the composition of the nebulæ, and which finds in word roots the existence and even the customs of peoples who left no other footprints upon the road!

Intellectual progress is a slow but certain nearing to God. Knowledge, as it advances, tends towards unification, just as rays of light grow closer as they approach their source. Every scientific step forward is the invention of a law, and a law is a synthesis of several phenomena or of several other laws. The mathematician, the naturalist, the philosopher, in their contributions to intellectual progress, reduce multiplicity to oneness and thus advance towards supreme truth. Hence arises the indisputable superiority that man owes to knowledge, and the involuntary homage rendered to intelligence as the dispeller of ignorance. This led the descendants of Japheth, who excelled in genius, to worship man, as those of Shem worshipped the stars beneath the clear skies of the Orient, and those of Ham, the gigantic productions of the African soil.

As knowledge is one of the objects of general progress, it must be studied from the point of view of its general features, not of those exceptional features it exhibits in favored individuals. Neither intellectual conditions, nor economic resources, nor that social equilibrium which, despite fanciful systems, must ever and everywhere be the necessary result of the inequalities established by nature, permit even the greater part of the race to attain the highest stages of knowledge. The conditions of individuals and communities, limit the scope of progress in this field to a dissemination of the most necessary and useful elements of knowledge.

Nor should it be forgotten that, the highest sciences being by their very nature speculative, it would be fruitful of pernicious consequences and most unnatural, to give them the preference in popular education, thus making popular education more abstract than concrete, and subordinating practice to theory. Let higher knowledge be pursued by those who can turn it to good, but do not stultify and pervert the mind by cramming into it abstractions that in practice bear no fruit, or may bear a baneful fruit. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the boldness, silliness and haughtiness produced by indigestible doses of crude and noxious would-be science, is a serious menace to future generations. The bad effect of a shallow knowledge of religious things which Bacon saw, is much extended today; it has spread to other fields, and saps the social structure.

It would be a sin against humanity to disparage popular education, which is one of the glories of our time. Popular education is a good of the highest order, and therefore one of the main objects of progress. But to realize it, we should guard against attempting the impossible. It is necessary to make a sober study of the end to be attained and of the means adequate to that end. General education is a great good because it is a necessary condition of the civil and political liberty to which society aspires, and because in the happy and effective movement towards representative government, majorities will be called more and more to exercise noble rights where ignorance would be a hindrance. Besides, the marvelous development of industry in civilized communities demands the spreading of the knowledge which keeps and fosters it.

But, although education in its general character must be

practical, it by no means follows, as some extremists hold, that progress repudiates whatever cannot be stated in a formula, or materialized in the form of a machine, or turned to economic profit. This pernicious exaggeration degrades the sublimity of science. Such was not the tendency of ancient learning. Plato, the idealist, was the only sage who won the distinction of being called divine, and Archimedes deemed several of his inventions unworthy of history. If speculative science exerts no immediate influence, it does exert indirect influence in a very high degree, for its bearing on morality is indisputable. Even if we are to accept the claims of positivism, is it not to certain doctrines of the most abstract nature, such as those set forth by Bacon and Descartes, that we must ascribe the wonderful development of modern science?

This development has misled the new learning, puffed up by its triumphs and filled with over-confidence, into believing itself all powerful, and the field of progress unlimited. As, however, there are certain problems that the unaided soul cannot solve, some minds fall into the despair of hopeless impotence, a feeling that extends even to lower spheres of mental activity and begets what is now called universal doubt. This state of doubt, in such as really experience it, arises from the fact that knowledge, not satisfied with the light that shines on the world, has sought to look into the very depths of the sun whence it flows, forgetful that truth, like that mighty sphere, holds in her bosom the darkness of mystery. Men have not only inquired into the causes of things, but attempted to lay bare their ultimate essence and reason, as if a limited understanding could reach so far; the unavoidable failure has produced a "rash and ravaging" despair that threatens to overspread the world.

Is this state a mark of progress, or rather of decline? Aside from the evil it works in the centric field of ethics by undermining duty and the whole moral law, skepticism is not a step forward or upward, but a retrogression and fall due to discouraged exhaustion. It extinguishes the hope that prompts to progress, and overthrows science itself. Judged by the results thus far attained, reason can shed no light upon the higher truths relating to the origin of man, his ultimate destiny and his relations with his Divine Maker. These form

the bed wherein flows the stream of human knowledge; they are the supporting rock that endures even when the structure above is torn down, and, like the foundations of the temple of Jerusalem, they envelop in devouring flames whoever attempts to remove them.

Without these truths, which afford shelter to the conscience and peace to the heart, neither the learned nor the ignorant man can work out his destiny. Man's faculties are limited. To achieve progress, he needs the guidance not only of the light he can analyze and understand, but of other lights that illumine his path and whose origin he cannot fathom. These truths are like the nebulæ that light the vault of heaven but are themselves beyond the range of the human eye.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE PROMISE.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

To you and you it shall be given
As unto Mary her lost Heaven.
Her Son, and your son come
Alive out of the grave and gloom.

Like hers your bliss is preördained
To see the wounds healed and unstained.
Yea, you shall kiss with her
The side that hath no mark o' the spear.

They shall come in warm to your cold
Dropped arms that found naught to enfold,
And on your heart be laid
The young, the beloved, thorn-crowned head.

Sudden some dawning or some eve
Your dead son shall come in alive,
As once came Mary's Son;
The lost, the incredible Heaven be won.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, LITT.D.

THE most complex period in all history is that of the Italian Renaissance. It is misinterpreted because it is complex. In dealing with its origin and development, writers forget that the seeds of the Italian Renaissance had been cast into the soil long centuries before these seeds blossomed into Renaissance flower and fruitage.

Speaking in general terms, we may regard the Renaissance as denoting that transition from the mediæval to the modern world which took place during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but which, in different countries, began to make itself felt at different dates and under different aspects determined by differences either of race or geographical position or the existing state of civilization.

One thing the student must note, and that is that "the growth of civilization is as gradual and imperceptible as that of an oak tree: it does not suddenly pass from night to day, nor even from bright to twilight. Even in these latter days of the nineteenth century, separated as we are from what is called the Renaissance not only by three centuries but by the great upheaval of the French Revolution, we are in some things still in mid-Renaissance; can it even be said that we have wholly put off mediævalism? It is not many years ago since Matthew Arnold spoke of Oxford as the last stronghold of mediævalism."

It is well to bear in mind, too, that a series of world events of greatest import to civilization mark the period of the Italian Renaissance. These are: The Invention of Printing, 1440; Fall of Constantinople, 1453; Conquest of Grenada, 1492; Discovery of America, 1492; Invasion of Italy by Charles VIII., 1494, and the Diet of Worms, 1494.

Here let me warn the student against the generally accepted opinion that the movement known as the Renaissance in Italy—the literary manifestation of which is Humanism—was entirely hostile to Rome and that the attitude of the Popes was at all times unfriendly to the Humanists. On the contrary,

the Italian Renaissance in its origin and scope was not directed against the Church nor were the Popes unfriendly or hostile to those who represented the Humanistic movement. Let us not forget, in support of this contention, that Boccaccio was three times ambassador from the Florentine Court to the Papal Court and was always well received there. All Popes from Benedict XII. to Gregory XI. showed Petrarch great favor, and Clement VI. delivered the great poet from pecuniary embarrassment.

It is true that the Popes differed in their attitude towards the Renaissance and its promoters, yet it is surely an attempt to prove too much to charge the Popes with condoning every form of literary immorality on the part of the Humanists, and at the same time condemning the books of the Humanists to be burned publicly, as *contra bonos mores* as George Havens Putnam has done in *the Making of Books in the Middle Ages.*

Again, there were factors at work, bringing about the Italian Renaissance, of which little note is made by the ordinary historian of this period. There are also two phases of the Italian Renaissance which must not be confused: The Revival of Learning and The Development of Art.

It is quite correct, it is true to credit to the Greek world of thought and the influence of Greek art and literature the marvelous impulse given to Renaissance scholarship and art in Italy during the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But we should remember that the Fall of Constantinople in 1453, while giving a fresh impetus to the work of collecting Greek manuscripts and bringing a fresh supply of scholars to Italy, was by no means the primary cause of the Italian Renaissance.

The true cause of the Italian Renaissance lay much deeper than all this. It had been growing through the preceding centuries and gathering force. Nor can any historian very well put his finger on any one fact, factor or event and say: "This was the real cause of the Italian Renaissance." The world of thought and free inquiry had extended its boundaries. This came with the broadening process of the mind. This spirit of free inquiry existed, not despite Scholasticism, but largely because of it. Indeed, it existed before Scholasticism found full concrete form in the *Summa* of St. Thomas Aquinas. The Church never formally condemned free inquiry

either in the world of philosophy or science. What the Church did, was to condemn what she, as the deposit of divine truth, regarded as false in the world of moral teaching. In fulfilling her divine commission, the Church does the very same thing today.

As a proof that free inquiry existed long before the period set down as the full-ripening of the Italian Renaissance—that is between 1450 and 1525—we have but to refer to Abelard, Roger Bacon, Dante and Petrarch. In these four, representing four distinct periods of scholarship and thought, we find the spirit of free inquiry. But it may be objected, the first of these, Abelard, incurred the condemnation of Rome. This is true. After being confronted at the Council of Sens, by St. Bernard, the teaching of Abelard was condemned, though, through the good offices of the Abbot of Cluny, Abelard became reconciled to St. Bernard and died, we understand, in the bosom of the Church.

It should not be forgotten here that the right of free inquiry and the right to uphold what is morally false are two distinct things. The Church, too, permits the very fullest criticism. What critic could be more scathing in his denunciation of Papal abuses or what he regarded as abuses, than the poet Dante? Yet his sublime trilogy, the *Divine Comedy,* in which Pope and prelate, *personæ non gratæ* to this terrible mediæval hater and singer of the most inspired and divine song of the world, are lashed and consigned to the Circles of Hell, was never put on the *Index.*

Touching the question of free inquiry and criticism in the Middle Ages, Dean Church, the well-known Anglican divine and Dantean scholar, writes: "It is confusing the feelings of the Middle Ages with our own, to convert every fierce attack on the Popes into an anticipation of Luther. Strong language of this sort was far too commonplace to be so significant. When the Middle Ages complained, they did so with a full voiced and clamorous rhetoric which greedily seized on every topic of vilification within its reach. It was far less singular and far less bold to criticize ecclesiastical authorities than is often supposed: but it by no means implied unsettled faith or a revolutionary design."

In a similar strain, James Russell Lowell, the well-known American poet and critic, writes: "We protest against the

parochial criticism which would deprave Dante to a mere partisan, which sees in him a Luther before his time and would clap the *bonnet rouge* upon his heavenly muse."

Let us add to these the opinion of the late Dr. Moore, the eminent Dantean scholar of Oxford. Dr. Moore says: "It may be declared at once that there is not the very smallest ground for claiming Dante as a 'Reformer before the Reformation.' There is no trace in his writings of doubt or dissatisfaction respecting any part of the teaching of the Church in matters of doctrines authoritatively laid down. He would have probably considered any such feeling as most presumptuous and, indeed, as little short of blasphemous. A great deal has been written about his supposed defence of the right of private judgment, of his alleged sympathy with free thinking or with philosophic doubt. Of this also it appears to me that no evidence can be found. There seems, on the contrary, every reason to believe him to have been a firm, faithful and devoted son of the Church without any misgiving as to her teaching or as to her indefeasible right to teach."

Yet despite these eminent witnesses to fact and truth, a Rev. Mr. Owen, an Anglican divine, has published a book bearing the title *Skeptics of the Italian Renaissance,* in which he includes with Machiavelli, Boccaccio and others, the names of Dante and Petrarch.

Now when we turn to the *Standard Dictionary,* we find "skeptic" defined as agnostic, atheist, deist, disbeliever, freethinker and infidel and its antonym believer and Christian. No further comment is needed here.

The fact is, as Ozanam has justly remarked, Protestantism had felt the need of creating for itself some sort of genealogy which would link it with the age of the Apostles. For this purpose its promoters went about stirring up the drybones of every cemetery and of every ruin; interrogating the dead and the institutions that had fallen; making for themselves a family of the heretics of every age; seeking out the most audacious innovators of the Middle Ages in order to claim their paternity. It was enough that a few bitter words should have fallen from the pen of a celebrated man on the abuses of his contemporaries, to secure him admission into the catalogue of those so-called witnesses of the truth.

But what we are particularly concerned with here, is the

relation of the Catholic Church to the Renaissance movement in Italy and a consideration of the conditions which made possible its advancement on the pagan and immoral side.

First, let me say with W. S. Lilly in his *Renaissance Types*, that "the victory of Christianity over paganism in Italy was superficial. Great saints, great doctors, great Popes arose in that country. But Christianity never so thoroughly penetrated the masses and the common life as it did in regions which it won from barbarism. It is not too much to say that Italy was the least distinctively Christian part of Christendom. The old deities were never quite superseded there; a popular cultus was still paid to them." This opinion of Lilly is supported by so able a critic as Ozanam who in his study of Dante and Scholastic philosophy has this to say: "Dante has been reproached for his mythology of the *Inferno*. But Dante followed the spirit, the taste, the preöccupations of the men of his time. So far from being pedantic in this respect, he is popular. He obeys a people which still believes in all these things: in the secret virtue hidden in the statue of Mars, in the geese of the Capitol, in the *ancilia*. The ancient gods have merely changed form. They have become demons, fallen angels, but they are always there; and the poet mentions them because he believes in them. The Middle Ages are full of the remains of paganism.

So much for the character of the soil into which the seed of the Italian Renaissance had been cast. And here the question arises: Why men who had been face to face with a classical Renaissance in the ninth and twelfth centuries had not then been paganized or made skeptics? The reply is obvious. In the first place, political and social conditions in Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries produced, at least among Italians of the higher classes, a psychological and moral state singularly appropriate to the comprehension and reception of the lessons of antiquity. Secondly, at the beginning of the fourteenth century all connection was broken between the two great universal powers of the Middle Ages—the Empire and the Papacy. The Empire fell in 1250 and the Papacy went into exile in 1305.

Furthermore, in the Italy of the fourteenth century there was not a single legitimate power. Take, for instance, the types of the tyrants in Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth

centuries—the Viscontis, the Sforzas and the Medicis. Not one of them possessed a legitimate title to sovereignty. As a consequence of this, the Christian land fell into contempt. After trampling the Church under foot all their lives, as a writer tells us, most of these triumphant adventurers died laughing at her excommunications.

Then again, we know that the prestige of the Church had been weakened by nearly two hundred years of exile and schism, though it is far from the truth to say that the Church bore no spiritual fruit during her seventy years of Babylonish Captivity. Historians who hold that the Church was but a mere appanage of the French crown during these seventy years, are the very ones who severely attack a Pope Hildebrand, because, in his desire to purify and restore the Church to its proper place in Germany, that great Pontiff forced the Emperor of Germany to go to Canossa. The truth of the matter is that the great mission work of the Church was carried on vigorously a great part of the time that the Popes were in exile at Avignon.

More than that, one of the greatest factors in creating a need and taste for the study of Greek was the efforts put forth by the Popes of Avignon to unite the Eastern and Western Churches. Because of this there was frequent exchange of Greek manuscripts between Avignon and Constantinople. This too was long before Chrysoloras occupied a chair of Greek at Florence, or the fall of Constantinople directed the minds and footsteps of Greek scholars towards the shores of Italy.

It is true, as Baudrillart, Rector of the Catholic Institute at Paris and member of the French Academy, says: "The long exile of the Popes at Avignon had led, almost fatally, to the Great Schism with its scandalous rivalry of Popes, to withdrawals of obedience and the tendency of the national Churches to rule themselves under the jealous supervision of the heads of states, to the enfeebling and disorganizing of the hierarchy; the Papacy being in dispute, was terribly undermined, and the general disorder of Christendom was further aggravated by war and public calamities."

Monsignor Baudrillart discusses in what particulars the Renaissance is opposed to Christianity, and asks: "Is it in the return to classical letters? No. Is it in the return to the cult

of form and beauty? Again, No. Is it in the return to nature? No, not even in that. It was in the return to the spirit of pagan antiquity."

The two besetting sins of the Humanists were pride and vainglory and the monks, rather than the secular clergy, were the special object of their attacks, for the monks represented in their lives humility and voluntary abasement. The Humanists glorified riches; the monks took a vow of poverty. The Humanists, in fine, justified sensual pleasure, while the monks mortified their flesh with penance and charity. Yet it is frequently these Humanists whose judgments are cited by our modern historians as to the character of the mediæval cloister.

Because of their knowledge and talent, these Humanists of the Italian Renaissance enjoyed many privileges. Although laymen and married, they spoke in the churches. They would pronounce the panegyric of a saint or the funeral oration of some distinguished person; they would even deliver a marriage sermon and sometimes preach at the first Mass of some ecclesiastical friend. It may readily be understood, then, what a large place the Renaissance scholar filled even in the economy and life of the Church. He became, too, the teacher of princes and lords, and of the most eminent citizens of the different towns, and thus, as Monsignor Baudrillart points out, there was formed a new and particularly powerful class of disciples of the ancient culture.

Nor must we forget the place which Humanists filled as Papal Secretaries. Of these, the two Secretaries of Pope Leo X., Pietro Bembo and Giacomo Sadolet, became perhaps the most illustrious among their fellows.

It now remains for us to consider the attitude of the Church towards the Renaissance movement. It is but a truism, known to every impartial and honest historian, that from the very earliest centuries the Church has been the generous patron of learning. Not only has she at all times held aloft the torch of learning, but she has been the founder through the centuries of the chief mediæval seats of learning, granting them Pontifical charters of recognition, and bestowing recognition and honor upon their most illustrious scholars.

The Church has ever recognized that every genuine advance of knowledge is itself an advantage to religion, inasmuch as Truth, Science and Art are alike daughters of heaven. Be-

cause of this, the attitude of the Church has been ever sympathetic and coöperative with every intellectual movement. Because of this the movement in Italy known as the Renaissance, as long as it was not injurious to faith and morals, received the support of the Church. Indeed, some of the Popes, such as Nicholas V., became its ardent and powerful protectors.

Yet, as Pastor says: "To make the promotion of the Renaissance by the Holy See a matter of indiscriminate reproach, betrays total ignorance of the subject. For deep and widespread as was the intellectual movement excited by the resuscitation of the antique, it involved no serious danger to Christian civilization but rather was an accession of new activity and energy, as long as the unity and purity of the Christian faith was maintained unimpaired under the authority of the Church and her head. If in later days, in consequence of the undue influence obtained by the heathen Renaissance, a very different development ensued, if the intellectual wealth won by the revived study of the past was turned to evil purpose, Nicholas V., whose motives were of the highest and purest, cannot be held responsible. On the contrary, it is to the glory of the Papacy that, even in regard to the great Renaissance movement, it manifested that magnanimous and all-embracing comprehensiveness which is a portion of its inheritance. As long as dogma was untouched, Nicholas V. and his like-minded successors allowed the movement the most ample scope; the founder of the Vatican Library had no foreboding of the mischief which the satire of the Humanists was preparing. The whole tenor of his pure life testifies that his words proceeded from an upright heart when he earnestly exhorted the Cardinals assembled around his deathbed to follow the path he had chosen in laboring for the welfare of the Church—the Bark of Peter which by the wonderful guidance of God has ever been delivered out of all storms."

It must be said that as regards the relation of the Popes to the Italian Renaissance most confused and false ideas obtain. There is no doubt that some of the Popes extended too much indulgence to the men of the Renaissance movement, but had the Church crushed out the Humanistic movement, what a chapter would have been written by the very same pens that now criticize the Popes for their undue leaning and

leniency to these Humanists, charging the Church with the old calumny of crushing and strangling every intellectual movement among the people.

There is no doubt that there were worldly and political Popes in those days of the Renaissance but, because of this, there is no need on the part of historians to misrepresent facts and give no credit to the successors of St. Peter who, wearing the tiara in stormy and difficult times when political and moral confusion reigned in well-nigh every quarter of Europe, directed the ark of Peter 'neath the darkest skies till it, at last, found a haven of shelter on the shores of better and happier and more peaceful days. Many historians of the Italian Renaissance go so far as to claim that the paganism of the Renaissance under Pope Leo X. reached the Papal Chair itself, and that this Pope was a Christian neither in morals nor doctrine. Nothing could be further from the truth. Leo X. was of unimpeachable morality. Nor are there any grounds for saying that he lacked faith.

As Monsignor Baudrillart maintains, it is the historian's first duty to distinguish periods and to avoid confusing epochs. For instance, in the first half of the fifteenth century, from Innocent VIII. to Nicholas V., Humanism had as yet borne no fruit; there was merely the revival of letters. Though certain individuals were, from the beginning, of almost pagan morals and intellectual leanings, there were, on the other hand, many Christian Humanists, therefore Humanism in itself cannot be blamed for the utter demoralization of certain of its followers. The Popes of this epoch can be reproached only with having shown undue indulgence towards men who, outside their literary talent, deserved no esteem. They, perhaps, would have done better had they been more scrupulous.

Yet was it not Pope Leo X., the very incarnation of the Renaissance, who at the Council of Lateran, in 1513, energetically condemned all the false teaching that had crept into men's minds concerning the soul, its nature and immortality?

Unfortunately there is a common impression that the dangerous tendencies of the Renaissance were not recognized by the Church. This is entirely erroneous. There were ever men in the Church who raised their voices against the deadly poison of the false Humanism. The great Dominican preacher Giovanni Dominici, who enjoyed the favor of Pope Innocent

VII. and was raised to the purple by Gregory XIII., in his celebrated *Treatise on the Order and Discipline of Family Life*, written very early in the fifteenth century, denounces, with all the energy of his ardent nature, "the system which lets youth and even childhood become heathen rather than Christian; which teaches the name of Jupiter and Saturn, of Venus and Cybele rather than those of God the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost; which poisons minds that are still tender and powerless by sacrifice to the false gods and brings up wayward nature in the lap of unbelief."

What, then, is our judgment as to what was the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the Italian Renaissance? It is simply this: The Church, with Clement of Alexandria, looked upon the learning of the ancients, as far as it contains good, as not to be considered heathen but a gift of God, and she showed herself to be in the Middle Ages, as she shows herself to be today, the patroness of all intellectual progress, the protectress of all true culture and civilization. Sometimes, it is true, the Popes, in their enthusiasm for the New Learning and art, overlooked or underestimated the perils which threatened the interests of religion from the side of the heathen and revolutionary Renaissance. Nor did all the Popes of the Renaissance regard this great movement in the same light or with the same mind. Human vision has its degrees of certainty and judgment. In temporal matters, neither the Popes of the Middle Ages nor the Popes of modern times have claimed infallibility. The Italian Renaissance was of the world. Only when it threatened to destroy souls, did it, or could it, become essentially an affair of the Church.

THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

Letters from France of a Knight of Columbus Chaplain.

EDITED BY I. T. MARTIN.

The Western Front.

SINCE may last letter to you, we have been in the thick of the fight, are still in it, and don't know when we will come out. I have been sleeping anywhere I could find a place to lay my head—in torrents of rain and in the cold. I got separated from my baggage at the start, and have not been out of my uniform for ten days.

The morning the big drive started I was in a little tent just back of No Man's Land. I had walked fourteen miles, in rain and mud, trying to locate my organization. I was " all in," wet to the skin, foot-sore and no hope of a change of clothing. I fell into a fitful slumber, when all of a sudden a terrific noise shook my tent. The high-powered guns seemed to have gone mad.

The next morning it was still raining. I walked to the next town. Never before have I seen so much traffic on one muddy road, nor have I ever seen the efficiency of the United States Government better demonstrated than it has been during the past ten days. I reached the town in time to see the German prisoners come in. They came in squads, varying from thirty to one hundred and fifty men. Their faces showed plainly that they felt relieved—glad to be alive—and they expressed it in word and gesture.

As we marched, we passed through several towns, and each told an eloquent story of German destructiveness. Not a building stood intact, and it was pitiful to see the deserted dwellings that once had housed happy families. God only knows where the children are that laughed and sang around the now demolished firesides. As we left the last town up this way, we met a group of French civilians who had been held prisoners for four long years. Their faces were careworn and wrinkled, and the fire had gone out of their eyes. When they

smiled, they smiled only with their lips—they had been four years in a literal hell.

To make a long story short, we completed the drive, and we kept the enemy running towards Germany faster than they ever ran before. Oh, it is great, and this view makes up for long waiting, sacrifice and hardship. The French now realize the wonderful fighting qualities of the American soldier, and the Germans feel it.

My tent is pitched beside a wood. There are thousands of men and horses scattered here and there, and ever a roar, as of nearby thunder, in my ears. From above come the detestable aërial bombs. Last night one dropped within one hundred feet of my tent, and made a hole five feet deep and six feet wide. I have seen many battles in the air. Our long range guns roar all night long, and every shot means destruction to the enemy lines.

The other night was a bright one for the boys here. I had the good fortune to receive a consignment of goods from the Knights of Columbus. It consisted of cigarettes, chewing tobacco, smoking tobacco, writing paper, envelopes, pencils and last but not least, good old American chocolates. I lined the boys up and played the rôle of Santa Claus, and you may be sure they expressed their gratitude for the luxuries. Within the next few days, I am going again to the nearest K. of C. headquarters—I'll manage to get there, somehow—and will try to get some more luxuries, so that the boys all over the brigade may share in the treat.

I am living the life of a soldier, eating their food, sleeping in their quarters, and trying to be all things to all men. There are hardships to bear, of course, but I have learned to forget them, and to look forward to the happy *dénouement* when the boys will proudly march into Berlin. I want to be right there at the finish, when the Stars and Stripes are raised in victory, at the dawn of a victorious peace.

For the past two nights I have been dodging shells and getting back to the old practice of sliding the bases. Early Sunday morning I was sleeping in my tent when a shell dropped about five yards away. There must have been many fervent prayers said for me that night, for the shell did not explode. It was what we call a " dud "—a shell with a defective fuse.

Being under shell fire is the most terrible ordeal any man can ever go through. The shell comes whistling through the air with the most menacing and blood-curdling music that mortal ear can hear, and then, heaven help you if it bursts near you. The men fall on their faces when under shell fire, because when the shell bursts the fragments have less chance of getting you. I think we fell flat forty times while seeking shelter. It was three o'clock in the morning when we left the battery camp, and six when we returned. One man was dead and another mortally wounded. It was a terrible night, but, notwithstanding, I offered Mass in the woods, as planned, at ten the next morning. In the heart of the woods, where we were shelled during the night, the carpenter built an altar beside a great tree, and I offered the Mass with the most attentive and devout congregation of my life. The trees came together overhead, making an arch like that of a great cathedral.

When Mass was over, we had burial services for our fallen companions, and in the little cemetery close by we laid them to rest in the sheltered corner where the children of France lie sleeping: Just the same sad music, the long, tearful notes in the music of "Taps," the firing of the volley; the salute to their dead comrades—and all is over!

The boys felt the leave-taking of their comrades, and in their hearts I am sure they echoed my prayer:

"Not all who heard the clarion call at morn are with us now, for many a fellow man-at-arms has fought this day his 'last, dim, wierd battle of the west.' God rest their soldier hearts.

"O Jesus, our hearts are full, for the War is hard and short rest comes with the quiet of the night. Here, Lord, we kneel beneath the flickering rays of the tiny altar light and cast ourselves before You, as soldiers bivouacking for the night. 'Taps' has sounded, Christ my Captain, and on bended knee Your soldier, wearied with the warfare of the day, asks pardon for the many times he has fallen since reveille. Lord Jesus, at times we have lowered our banner; at times we have failed to front the foe, but ah! thanks to You, we have never lost our flag, never suffered it to be trampled in the dust. And now evening is come. Tarry hard by us, dear Lord, like the valiant General guard Your sleeping host, 'for the night cometh when

no man can work.' Guard us until another morrow lights us to new battle for Your sacred Name:

> 'When the sun ascends each day—
> When it sinks, and day is o'er—
> Stay with me, good Jesus, stay—
> Dwell with me forevermore.' "

We have been hiking now for two whole nights, from dark to dawn and having irregular meals, sometimes, owing to unavoidable circumstances, none at all. But the spirit of the lads is high, and that never-say-die spirit will not down. Imagine putting one foot ahead of the other in the dark, for thirty-five kilometers, and then going to sleep on an empty stomach. But these clouds blow away, and when mess call is sounded, the soldier is standing in line, with his mess kit, wearing a smile that won't come off—eager for another plunge at the enemy. This division, I believe, is the hardest worked and the greatest division in the American Expeditionary Forces. It has never had a rest, and now that the end is in sight, the men do not desire it. They have been in every scrap from the beginning, and now none of us want to be relieved, with the end in sight.

It is a great division of wonderful soldiers, and how the French love the "Rainbow." I have been with the men, in their tents and in their dug-outs and sheds, and have learned to sleep anywhere, in all kinds of places, under all sorts of conditions. I generally locate a creek somewhere nearby, where I can enjoy the luxury of a bath, and the rest matters little.

This morning it is raining and everything is soggy and muddy. The sun is trying to work its way through the clouds but, thus far, the effort has been in vain. I offered Mass this morning for the 149th Field Artillery, an Illinois organization, and was delighted with the work of the morning. The camp is situated about three kilometers from ours, and as they have no Catholic Chaplain, I am also attending the regiment. I celebrated Mass in an old building that was used as a sort of a recreation hall by the Germans, during the days when they were masters here. I hadn't given the boys much notice, but the way they responded was one of the most consoling of my many consoling experiences on the western front. I heard

confessions for two hours before Mass, and when Mass began, the hall was crowded to the doors, every man there receiving Holy Communion. I had to return here as soon as Mass was over, because my own regiment was expecting Mass at ten-thirty.

This is one of the things most noticeable on the western front—that religion, in the face of danger, is absolutely necessary, and that men who have none and are desirous of finding something to which they can cling, invariably turn to the Catholic Church for spiritual comfort.

The Daring Rider of the Air.

We have been constantly on the move, since I wrote to you a few days ago, and the weather has been bitterly cold at night and in the early morning. In my wanderings I have traveled through some of the most desolate country that the eye of man has ever seen, desolate not by nature, but by the fire of artillery and the fumes of gas. I know a forest that is absolutely shorn, not a tree standing with its own foliage: acres of green, stark woods—where skeletons raise their naked arms to heaven as if in protest to the Author of nature and beauty. I have seen towns dismantled and destroyed, leveled to the very curbing of the sidewalks, and I have seen more shell holes on this journey than anywhere else in all France. But, saddest of all to me, are the silent, deserted villages that dot the country side.

I am writing this in the naked woods, sitting beside a fire and watching the dying embers with a "loneliness akin to pain." What queer pranks our imagination plays upon us, and what strange dreams come to us when we are surrounded by desolation. You know how I love the great out-of-doors, lit up by the lights of heaven—the sun, the moon, and stars—and how in my Oregon home I went to sleep, caressed by the zephers of the land that God has so richly endowed. There have been, and are now, however, nights when the out-of-doors is terrible and when my soul shrinks from the demons that kill the love for the open spaces. For many nights, I have been sleeping in a grave fifty feet deep, where the sun never shines, and where the breezes of heaven enter only upon occasion. There are thirteen others sleeping there with me, in that narrow little corridor in the bowels of the earth. The

first night I felt that I was going to smother, but it was a case of choosing the less of two evils. Up above there was the hungry cry of shell fire, and death lurked very near. Down below there was the dark, grim silence, broken only by the far-sounding detonations of heavy artillery and the scurrying of myriads of rats. Up above there was the panic of shock; down below a sort of despairing solitude. It was a case of out of Scylla into Charybdis, but, with all its disadvantages, and they are legion, I like Charybdis better. There it must be a direct hit and a very large shell.

These days there are many rumors in the air, and some believe that our boys will eat their Christmas dinner at home. War is a tiresome and a terrible thing, but I keep my face ever turned to the bright side and do not allow the grim shadows to darken the light of hope, or mar the happy anticipation of better things. It is the only way to face the realities that otherwise would wither and destroy. The good soldier is always looking forward, and it is this hope that keeps him happy, even in the midst of the terrors of war.

Just after I had written the address on the last letter I sent to you, I had what might be called a grandstand seat at one of the greatest spectacles I have ever seen. My letter was written beside the dying embers of an open fire, the sky was blue, without a cloud, except the tiny black and white clouds formed by the explosion of the anti-aircraft shells which our guns were firing on the German planes. On and off, throughout the afternoon, the German planes were endeavoring to break through our lines, but their efforts were fruitless. We had several planes up, and I spent part of the afternoon watching their manœuvres. Down beneath our planes, and almost directly over my head, were three of our observation balloons, one of them high in the air, the others close to the ground. Just before sunset I distinctly heard the purring of a German plane, but I could not see it. In an instant it came whirring over the gnarled, withered tree tops, right at the balloon nearest to me. An observation balloon is a very large bag of rubberized silk, about one hundred feet long, and is inflated with a gas lighter than air. The observer sits in a basket, about twenty feet beneath the balloon. It is used entirely for observation purposes, and is fastened to a coil of wire which is unrolled from an automobile below. Such a balloon can

ascend very high, its movements controlled by the automobile. Sometimes two observers sit in the basket, carrying powerful glasses which scan the country for miles around.

As the German plane came into view, I noticed it was flying very low, and, for a moment, I thought it was one of our own planes, as it carried the American colors. But I was not long in doubt, for the flyer flew directly over the observation balloon, sent a charge of liquid fire into it, and in a moment, the thing was a mass of flames. A second before he fired, both observers jumped, with their parachutes of white silk around their necks. It was a beautiful sight, though a terrible one. There was the setting sun, like a ball of fire, the balloon in a shower of flame, the two observers, like great white sea gulls, hastening to earth, the "flying Dutchman" hurrying back to his lines followed by three Allied planes. Both observers landed safely—one of them, a first lieutenant aëronaut—not more than fifty yards from me. His parachute became entangled in a withered stump of a tree, but he was himself uninjured. Then I turned my attention to the plane of the Boche. He was flying fast when, suddenly, a well-directed shot from one of our planes went through his machine, and machine, pilot and observer were instantly dashed to the ground, shattered to pieces. The daring rider of the air had taken his chance and lost. He had paid the supreme penalty, made the last sacrifice.

Figureta—A Soldier of Fortune.

We are in an old French cantonment, very near Somewhere. It is seven in the evening, as cold as ice, and getting darker all the time. I think the nights are darker here than anywhere else in the world. We are well camouflaged, and have candles lighted throughout the camp. Some of the boys are writing letters home, some are playing a game of poker to while away the time, and others are shooting "crap" or dice—the great pastime of the soldier. A group of the boys are singing, a few are reading, and lots of them are sleeping, and I mean actually sleeping, although you might think sleep an impossibility in such a place, amid such an environment. Be assured of this—a soldier can sleep any place, any time. He can lie down in the mud and rain and, wet and weary, glide

calmly and peacefully into the arms of Morpheus, and arise in the morning with a song and work all day as though he had slept the previous night in a luxurious sleeping room, surrounded with all the comforts of home.

The medley of sound and laughter is incessant: "Come Seven—Five Francs Better—I'll Raise You Ten—'There's a Long, Lone Trail Awinding'—''Tis a Baby's Prayer at Twilight'"—interspersed with questions like this: "I wonder will we eat Christmas dinner in God's country? Will the Rainbow Division ever get a rest?" But all this disturbs not the tranquil calm and the dreamless sleep of the weary soldier.

There are one hundred and fifty sleeping here, in double rows of bunks. We are pretty closely packed—but, considering the biting chill of the night, I think that is something to be thankful for, rather than otherwise. Just now the lights were ordered out, because of the distant humming of a hostile plane, and nothing could be seen about the camp, save the red, lighted tips of many cigarettes. No sound could be heard save the peculiar purring of the Boche plane, which soon retired, thanks to the never tiring vigilance of our anti-aircraft guns.

One of the lads here—a youthful Portuguese—is a veritable soldier of fortune, Figureta by name. He is not yet quite fifteen years of age, though he has been a full year and a half in the army. Figureta is the pet of the regiment, and generally does exactly as he pleases. For a while he was an orderly to a good-natured Captain, but lost his job, on account of his care-free manner. He unrolled his blankets and slept when and where he pleased, and when the orderly was needed somewhere he was usually nowhere!

Withal, he is a cheery lad, the life of the company. Whether school keeps or not, concerns him but little. His one objective seems to be the finding of a suitable place to sleep, and discovering the hiding place of stray luxuries. One day, after a weary march, the boys came upon Figureta, seated beside a company of engineers whose duty it was to repair the aëroplanes—a sort of a salvage crew they were. In some manner, the engineers came upon an abandoned plane, and unearthed a feast of "Boston Baked," and some real apple pies. The treat had scarcely been spread before the boys, however, before Figureta, with his usual good luck, appeared upon the scene. You can imagine the dismay of the rest of the com-

pany, as Figureta, cleaning up the *débris*, fell once more into the ranks.

The life of the little fellow seems almost charmed. Go where he will, he comes out unscratched and unscathed, unafraid and never tired of the fearful strain of war.

The Desecrated Churches.

It is raining, and I have just had my breakfast—black coffee, corn and stew eaten in the rain. We are still on the front, and no immediate prospect of being relieved.

Yesterday, I saddled a horse and went out to get a good view of this battle-scared land of northern France. I started out toward the mountain towards which the eyes of the world have been directed the past four years. Every field I crossed was filled with shell holes, each one deep enough to bury a Ford car. Through the woods I wandered in a maze of natural and artificial entanglements—all intended to lead our army into the traps of the enemy. In the heart of the woods were moss-covered cottages, often with flower boxes outside, German names marking their location. This spot had been the home of the German forces for four years, and mound after mound told the story of their dead. Some were white, marking the graves of our boys, the rest were the graves of the Germans. After roving through the woods for an hour or so, I came to an open space, then through a valley with a little town at its foot. It was once a town, with happy, contented people, but now, alas, it is but a poor riddled body, with great gaping wounds.

I climbed the hill which the Germans had thought impregnable, but which our boys took in thirty-five minutes! Never have I seen anything to equal the fortifications, and the elaborate preparations for a long siege. Long, deep passages led into trenches one hundred feet deep, many of them furnished more like a modern drawing-room than a trench. French tapestries, handsome mirrors, rich carpets, and in some instances pianos decorated the underground homes of the German marauders. Each piece of furniture was, no doubt, once a treasure, an heirloom of some deserted home of northern France. Innumerable observation posts dotted the mountain side, and mounted batteries which swept the plains below, informed the enemy of every move that was made in the adja-

cent territory. Standing on the highest point, I could count twelve towns in the circle surrounding the mountain.

Since I have been in this section of France, I have traversed one of the greatest, if not the greatest, battlefield in Europe. Every town and hamlet I visited was desolate. The churches were but skeletons, through which the winds of heaven sung solemn requiems. The towns and the churches are now ours, thank God, and children will again play in the village streets. If there is anything in this wide world as sad as a desecrated church, I have yet to see it. There is the same hallowed silence when one enters, the same majesty of expression, the hush, as though the angels feared to whisper. A look at the altar shows that the light of heaven is no longer there, there is gloom in the sanctuary, for the Host has departed and the guests, bleeding and torn, have been scattered to the four winds of heaven. The crucifix, in every instance, hangs in its wonted place, intact, and thus far I have not seen a statue of the Sacred Heart mutilated.

I remained in one of these desolate churches for a long time, wandering around the sanctuary and examining the altar. The vestments were all there, the altar stone was set in the marble altar, the altar cards were upon the table. The great, big, red letters of the Consecration seemed, to my blurred vision, to reach up to the tabernacle door. Oh, how I longed to stay, and were it possible, how I would have enjoyed the privilege of offering the Holy Sacrifice as a reparation to the Sacred Heart.

The Final Drive.

My last letter had scarcely started on its journey to you, when movement orders reached us, and once more we started north, following closely on the heels of the retreating forces of the Kaiser, ever drawing nearer to the goal of victory. It was a cold night and the mists hung low over the tree tops of Argonne. There were thousands of troops on the road—infantry, artillery—and the various organizations of our great American army were packed together like the proverbial sardines. The roads were all but impassable and the transport of troops would have been utterly impossible, were it not for the great work of the engineers, who work day and night, in fair weather and in foul, building roads and bridges, mending

the broken arches on the bridges that have been unable to bear up under the weight, or filling a shell crater here and there. The engineers are by no means exempt from the immediate discomforts of war, and when the history of the great struggle is written, I hope the historian will do full justice to the United States Corps of Engineers.

The night we started to march was as dark as pitch. That better than anything else describes the nights of northern France. Only the sharp, staccato sound of the cracking of whips, and the cries of the drivers as they urged their already tired horses and mules to still greater exertion, broke the stillness of the black night. On and on, until men and horses seemed to move as though walking in their sleep. At two o'clock, as we neared a cross-road—four roads branched from the centre of the cross—there came upon us a peculiar, intense strain. Our drooping eyelids lifted suddenly, and we became galvanized as though an electric current had passed directly through our batteries! We were awake—and for a half hour or more we heard the crash of high explosives. But the danger was not imminent, and we gave to the roar of the guns only the attention of a tired brain in an exhausted body.

We were approaching the danger belt, however, and were soon to march through bursting shells. The occasional snatches of conversation died away and an ominous silence hung over the long column. Ever and anon a screaming shell would crash in the fields on either side of us, and it seemed as though we were hours getting by that cross-road, so tense were the moments, and so anxious the men—with a vision of home flashing over their hearts and memories! We were just about out of danger, when a shell fell in our midst, killing two of our men, wounding a third, and leaving five dead horses to mark the trail of the shot. A young lieutenant was rendered unconscious by the bursting shell, and it was two hours before he regained consciousness. His comrades cared for him as tenderly as the circumstances would permit and the next day the gallant young fellow was about as usual, as though nothing had happened in the interim.

We reached our destination that eventful night, just before dawn, pitched our tents and went to sleep to the music of a thousand guns. The next night we were roused from our slumbers to seek shelter in shell holes. We had learned that

it was better to lie in a shell hole when the enemy is on the job with his artillery, than to take chances in the open. Throughout the night there was no sleep, and the biting cold from the Meuse seemed to enter into the very marrow of our bones.

At seven that morning I had the influenza, and at one in the afternoon bade farewell to the boys, and was driven in an ambulance, twenty-five kilometers, to an evacuation hospital. There, for two days, I was surrounded by gas cases and pneumonia in all its stages. As I rode from the front, I saw on the side of the road a boy whom I used to know in Oregon. His face was white with the pallor of death and on his forehead was the wicked mark of a machine-gun bullet. Never again for him the joy of the welcome of father and mother, waiting for his return in their far-away home on the peaceful Willamette. It is only when war stretches out its cruel hands and kills those who are near and dear to us, that we fully realize its horrors, and oh, what myriads of stalwart manhood strewed the dismal mud patches in the woods of the Argonne!

After a few days in the hospital I managed, somehow, to reach Paris, and there, for two weeks, I looked into an open grave, trying to reconcile myself to the thought of filling an unmarked grave on the soil of France. But the good God, Who watches over all, was good to me. He brought me to a good hospital, and gave me, as a nurse, an Irish girl from Mayo—the most competent nurse in the hospital—who was fully determined that I should get well.

There I think it was only my intense longing for home that buoyed me up, and enabled me to attend to the thousand details that beset the traveler in war time. My passport finally viséed, I waited for the signing of the armistice.

Farewell.

The good ship *Rochambeau* left Bordeaux this morning, and I am once more on board, homeward bound. It all seems like a dream to me—a dream of seventeen weeks duration, variegated with the lights and shadows of suffering and victorious France. A dream that began in the crowded, sorrow-stricken wards of the hospitals of Paris, and came to an end with the gay and festive celebrations of Bordeaux on the morning of victory. A dream that takes one through the whole

gamut of human emotions—through a vale of tears into paroxysms of laughter, from resignation and determination, to despair. A dream that gathers within its shadowy limits, the vineyards of Clermont-Ferrand, with the quiet and repose of its old rambling streets, and entwines them, almost unconsciously, with the war horrors of St. Mihiel and the Argonne Forest on the battle-scared frontiers of the north. A dream, in truth, that is red with the stern reality of human blood and suffering, and golden with the gold of self-sacrifice and victory. A dream, sad and terrible as were its pictures, that shall ever be classed among my beautiful dreams, etched indelibly upon my heart.

What a change from the war mad Argonne, with its babel of roaring guns, belching forth death, to the gay streets of Bordeaux, with its loud huzzas, its songs and its flowers. I had expected the signing of the armistice and had hastened to catch the boat at Bordeaux before the rush for home. I knew, from the prompting of my own heart, the exile's longing for home. I reached Bordeaux on Friday night, and for four days roamed around the streets of the quaint old city on the banks of the Garonne. Saturday and Sunday were days of expectation, every one scanning the newspapers in the hope of reading therein the good news of the beginning of the end.

I visited the Cathedral of St. André and noted its old Gothic architecture, built in the days when Bordeaux was nothing more than a village, and the great ships from far away moored not at its wharf. Notre Dame, sitting majestically and looking down calmly on the Allée de Tourney, and St. Michel, mecca of the sightseer because of the mummies of the long ago that sit beside the walls of its annex—how peaceful they seemed in the twilight!

It was mid-afternoon when I retraced my steps to the hotel. Although nothing definite had yet been published, I learned of the signing of the armistice on the way thither. The streets were unchanged, the same crowds, the same buying and selling. I mentioned the good news to some French people, but they were slow to believe—unconvinced of their good fortune. Four years of war is a long time, and they could not, in a moment, shake off the horrows of the past.

I walked on, down the Rue St. Catherine to the Knights of Columbus headquarters, and as I drew near the glad news

of the signing of the armistice was shouted out by hundreds. The papers containing the joyful tidings were in the hands of the eager populace. They gazed anxiously at the glaring headlines and, for a moment, all was still. A sort of stunned silence seemed to enthrall them. The great goal for which they had long prayed had been reached, and finally the windows of their memory opened. A long, loud huzza rent the air, caps were soaring on high, men danced and hugged each other, while women wept. They were tears of joy, mayhap, but who shall say that there were not also tears of sorrow, for even in her hour of triumph France could see the graves of her soldier dead.

Marie, the French maid of the Knights of Columbus recreation room, was standing in the doorway, arms akimbo, humming the "Marseillaise."

"Marie," I said, "tonight you will celebrate—you will go zig-zag?"

"*Ah, non monsieur,*" she answered, "*zig-zag mon cœur, pas zig-zag ma tête*—my heart will have a great time, my head will remain steady!"—wise maid of France!

Just then I was awakened to the realities of peace. A great shower of confetti caught me in the face, almost blinding me. The crowds were beginning to celebrate. They blocked the streets for miles around, and there was no alternative but to be whirled away in the happy maelstrom. Flowers were showered from the balconies of the Rue St. Catherine as the gay throng marched to the Allée de Tourney, the centre of Bordeaux, where the American band opened the festivities by rendering the national anthems of France and America.

The crowd went mad with joy. Breaking up into lesser crowds, they marched around the statue of Gambetta singing: "*On les a—on les a*—we got them—we got them!" Gambetta, who had fought so hard to keep Alsace-Lorraine in the days that are gone, looked down from his stone height on the happy populace. He must have been gratified to know that France was coming into her own at last: that the success which had been denied to him in 1871, had been achieved by his children in 1918.

As the crowds marched around the statue, they threw flowers at the feet of Gambetta until finally, hilarious with joy, two wounded soldiers were raised on high, to place garlands of

roses and chrysanthemums on the brow of the soldier whose valor France had never forgotten.

Throughout the night, the merry making continued. Music, song and speeches were the order of the night, as France drank her cup of happiness to its dregs. Fain would I have remained with them, but I had to go on board the boat that was ready to carry me to my "land of heart's desire." Time and the tide wait for no man, but I was compelled to stop a hundred times, on my way to the wharf, to shake the hand of the French soldiers who greeted me as "Comrade," and sometimes emphasized their *camaraderie* by kissing me on both cheeks. One could stand more, knowing that the hideous nightmare of the past four years was now at an end.

It was midnight when I crossed the gangway to the *Rochambeau*. She had carried me to France in the days that were dark with the loud alarms of war, and now in the sunlight of peace she will carry me safely home again. The next morning, we pulled anchor and bade farewell to France. With faces turned towards the Statue of Liberty, we sailed away from the Garonne into the blue waters of the wide Atlantic—homeward bound. As the shores of France faded away before the friendly rays of the sun, my thoughts went out to God in the homing instinct of my heart.

And where we love is home,
Home which our feet may leave
But not our hearts.

[CONCLUDED.]

SIR GALAHAD'S VISION OF THE VIRGIN.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

'Tis on the holy night of Candlemas,
A merry moon spills silver on the snow,
And stately pines, like sentinels a-row,
Behold a rider pass.

Sir Galahad, a noble knight and true,
Whose gallant blade is ever raised on high
To shield weak Womanhood in chivalry,
Springs suddenly to view.

His casque of gold strikes fire, and his eyes
Burn with a mystic light—in all the land
Rides never knight more fit to hold command
In desperate emprise.

Yet 'tis the night of Candlemas—he goes
On peaceful quest, yon chapel summons him,
Where watchful tapers flame, and Seraphim
Are sculptured in repose.

He falleth on his knees—far, far the world
Recedes, and Sin, and every evil thing
That vexes men, when lo! a fluttering
Like to great sails unfurled.

He glanceth up—"O Ladye, grasp mine arm,
Strengthen mine eyes that gladden now to tears,
Thou stately Lily of the Starry Spheres,
Bright Beacon in the Storm!"

She stands—our Blessèd Lady—like the sun,
The while a diamond light moves slowly 'round,
Wherein a Seraph circles without sound,
Calm as oblivion.

The Virgin speaks: "Unconquerable Knight,
Strong as the oak, for that thy heart is pure,
Keep thou steadfast, let naught of earth allure
To mar thee in my sight."

What loving look the Virgin casts on him,
It seemeth his lost childhood comes again,
Bringing a mother's care, and then—ah! then
The dazzling rafters swim. . . .

Viols and harps breathe music 'mid a throng
Of swaying lilies; ruddy roses stir,
While ceaselessly a mighty thurifer
Blends with an Angel's song.

Let us rejoice, Madonna of the Morn,
Let us rejoice, Thou Lily of the Night,
With happy voice,
Let us rejoice . . .
Thou Jewel of the Crown of Kings,
Thou Bloom of God's imaginings,
With tireless voice
Let us rejoice,
Rejoice. . . .

The Vision fades, the North Wind's trumpet-blast
Is borne unto his sad and startled ears,
And o'er his eyes there falls a mist like tears,
Because the dream is past.

He mounts his fiery steed, the ancient stars
Smile down as swift he skims the lonely plain,
Sir Galahad, the Pure—devoid of stain,
Is leaving for the wars.

* * * * *

'Tis on the holy night of Candlemas,
A merry moon spills silver on the snow,
The stately pines, like sentinels a-row,
Behold a rider pass.

JOHN RUSKIN—ECONOMIST.

BY ATLEE F. X. DEVEREUX, S.J.

THE point of view from which this article inspects the Economics of John Ruskin is fixed purposely to disclose certain personal and historical circumstances of the writer and his works, but no more of the latter than its roots, its first principles. For it must be admitted at the outset, that some policies that Ruskin elaborated from his premises are unsound—in the case of State functions, even pernicious. These errors are accounted for partly by his own apology, that "my powers of thought are all purely mathematical, seizing ultimate principles only, never accidents;" partly by the excuse that he gives elsewhere, that "in a science dealing with so subtle elements as those of human nature, it is only possible to answer for the final truth of principles, not for the direct success of plans;" but chiefly by his overmastering belief in Plato, especially the "Republic." This admission once made, it becomes plain that in some vital points of economics, more particularly in Social Economics, Ruskin did "infallibly reason out the final law;" and further, that it is important for our civil welfare that we keep in constant mind these ultimate principles. It is also becoming to the centenary of Ruskin's birth, that, disregarding the evil that lives after him, we disinter the good from his bones, purely to praise it.

Fortunately, to do so in these days is a far less uncertain undertaking than it would have been in Victorian times. It was then the vogue to rebuke Ruskin for venturing into Economics. Writing the epilogue to *Arrows of the Chase* in 1880, he could say of his efforts: "No man, oftener than I, has had cast in his teeth the favorite adage of the insolent and the feeble, '*ne sutor.*'" England agreed with Mr. Whistler, the artist, about Mr. Ruskin, that "as Master of English Literature, he has a right to his laurels;" and with Mr. Saintsbury, the scholar, that "whereas from the thirties to the sixties it was almost impossible to buy anything new that was not complacently hideous, from the sixties to the nineties it has always

been possible to buy something new that was at least graceful in intention. And this was more the doing of Mr. Ruskin than of any one man." But she did not agree with Mr. Ruskin about himself, that "the æsthetic side, or point, of me, ought to have remained undeveloped, like the eyes which the Darwinians are discovering in the backs of lizards," least of all with his contention, that *Munera Pulveris* contained: "the first accurate analysis of the laws of political economy which has been published in England." She preferred to learn her political economy from Adam Smith, who interpreted Quesnay's Law; from Mill who interpreted Ricardo's Law: both highly irreligious and immoral; but not from Ruskin, who interpreted to her God's Law, who based his system on "the presumably attainable honesty of man;" and who considered "the greatest of all economists" to be the fortifying virtues of "Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance." So that what he had written of Carlyle was true of Ruskin: "Republican and Free-thoughted England . . . set the hacks of her literature to speak evil, grateful to her ears, of the solitary Teacher who asked her to be brave for the help of Men, and just for the Love of God."

Ruskin answered this taunt, *ne supra crepidam* with due incisiveness, that it had "always been forgotten by the speakers, that although the proverb might on some occasions be wisely spoken by an artist to a cobbler, it could never be wisely spoken by a cobbler to an artist." And the assumption was not gratuitous.

In point of mental acumen, Ruskin matched the foremost English thinkers of his day. Mazzini thought he surpassed them, even considering Ruskin's "the most analytic mind in Europe." "In which so far as I am acquainted with Europe," was Ruskin's droll rejoinder, "I am myself entirely disposed to concur." Certainly few English books surpass Ruskin's on Economics—and none, his letters on the subject—either in accuracy of original thought, or acuteness in examining the thought of others. Which points, perhaps, led Chesterton to the conclusion that "it is entirely nonsensical to speak of Ruskin as a lounging æsthete, who strolled into Economics, and talked sentimentalism. In plain fact, Ruskin was seldom so sensible and logical (right or wrong) as when he was talking Economics."

In point of mere information, Ruskin, in consequence of his travels and scientific researches, all relating him to economic factors, especially in their elementary condition, was qualified in this field: as he put it—"the multiplicity of subject, and opposite directions of investigation, which have so often been alleged against me, as if sources of weakness, are in reality as the multiplied buttresses of the Apse of Amiens, as secure in allied results as they are opposed in direction." Perhaps his art-studies formed his highest qualification, if, as he claimed, "no exhaustive examination of the subject was possible to any person unacquainted with the value of the products of the highest industries, commonly called the 'Fine Arts.'" These very art-studies taught Ruskin the essential truths, then never even suspected by popular economists, that things have also an "intrinsic value," and that "the wealth of nations, as of men, consists in substance, not in ciphers:" the first formula, it would seem, of the "national minimum."

In point of morality, Ruskin was also choicely qualified. "What I am," he writes, "since I take on me the function of teacher, it is well that the reader should know, as far as I can tell him. Not an unjust person; not an unkind one; not a false one; a lover of order, labor and peace." Mr. A. C. Benson, in *John Ruskin, A Study in Personality*—'confessedly not intended "to be a flattering portrait," says: "It is then as a personality and a moralist that we have to regard him; as a man of clear vision, relentless idealism, and kindling speech." And Mr. Frederic Harrison, over the admission, "I have not the shadow of a claim to speak as his disciple, to defend his utterances, or to represent his thoughts," yet wrote in his paper, *Ruskin as Prophet,* that "Ruskin had expanded the gospel of the Eternal Beauties into three hundred exquisite volumes," and again in his generous eulogy, *Ruskin's Eightieth Birthday:* "Think what we may of this enormous library of print, we know that every word of it was put forth of set purpose without any hidden aim, utterly without fear, and wholly without guile; to make the world a little better, to guide, inspire, and teach men, come what might, scoff as they would, turn from him as they chose, though they left him alone, a broken old man crying in the wilderness, with none to hear or to care. They might think it all utterly vain; we may think much of it

was in vain; but it was always the very heart's blood of a rare genius and a noble soul." It should appear, then, that Ruskin was in every way, in mental stock and moral poise, apt to teach England Political Economy.

And how sorely she needed just some such teaching! How sadly true it was, that the age of "sophisters, economists, and calculators," which had succeeded chivalry in time, had suppressed it too in principle! As early as 1770 writing on the theme

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay,

Goldsmith said of her:

> Even now the devastation is begun,
> And half the business of destruction done.

By 1840, she had completed her ruin. "Industrial England lay, in 1842," says the *Cambridge History*, "in the lowest trough of its misery." Her condition wrote Carlyle in 1843, "is justly regarded as one of the most ominous, and withal one of the strangest, ever seen in this world. England is full of wealth, of multifarious produce, supply for human want in every kind; yet England is dying of inanition." This the papers daily verified; now by a story of a "poor bone-picker, who died upon a dung-hill;" now, "of the paupers in the Andover Union, gnawing scraps of putrid flesh, and sucking the marrow from the bones of horses, which they were employed to crush;" again, "of the famine in Orissa, during which five hundred thousand, at least, died of starvation in our British dominion;" or of an official report on England and Wales of one million five hundred thousand paupers. "Such instances," as Carlyle wrote of himself, were for Ruskin also, "like the highest mountain apex emerged into view; under which was a whole mountain region and land not yet emerged."

This land terrified Ruskin. In the introduction to the *Seven Lamps of Architecture* in 1849 he complained: "The aspect of the years that approach us is as solemn, as it is full of mystery; and the weight of evil against which we have to contend is increasing like the letting out of water. . . . The blasphemies of the earth are sounding louder, and its miseries heaped heavier every day." Even then he questioned "if, in

the midst of the exertion which every good man is called upon to put forth for their repression or relief, it is lawful to ask for a thought, for a moment, for a lifting of the finger, in any direction but that of the immediate and overwhelming need," feeling himself, as he said, that it was "no time for the idleness of metaphysics, or the entertainments of the arts." But by 1860 the State-of-England question had so possessed him that all doubt was absolved, and he determined "to make it the central work of his life to write an exhaustive treatise on Political Economy." Alas! it exhausted him.

His work on the subject is contained formally in *Unto This Last, Munera Pulveris, Time and Tide,* by "Weare and Tyne," and less formally in *A Joy for Ever,* and that curious and characteristic work in eight volumes, *Fors Clavigera.* Ruskin himself maintained that his Political Economy was all involved in the single phrase "Soldiers of the Ploughshare as well as Soldiers of the Sword," and was "all summed in a single sentence in the last volume of *Modern Painters:* "Government and Coöperation are in all things the Laws of Life; Anarchy and Competition the laws of Death." Seven years later he repeated this epitome in the last paragraph to *Time and Tide*—"so that," he writes, "we shall all be soldiers of either the ploughshare or sword." Quite a summary! as cryptic as the number of the Beast; yet as expressive as the Pillars of Enoch; and giving, like the famous sum in the parody, when once the due additions and subtractions have been made, an answer, "exactly and perfectly true."

First of all, the word "Ploughshare" was intended to convey Ruskin's idea of the final cause of Political Economy. He saw clearly what no writer then appears to have surmised, that the material things of this world were set in one, and only one, proper relation towards man—"they serve either to sustain and comfort the body, or exercise rightly the affections and form the intelligence." From this sure foundation he concluded that the science legislating for the increase and exchange of these goods should advance from, not against, this relation: In other words, that the science, as the goods themselves, should provoke life. He writes: "The real science of Political Economy, which has yet to be distinguished from the bastard science, as medicine from witchcraft, and astrology from astronomy, is that which teaches nations to desire and

labor for the things that lead to life; and which teaches them to scorn and destroy the things that lead to destruction." Life, then, was intended as the consummation of his science—" life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration "—" the happiness and power of the entire human nature, body and soul." Not ciphers, and then substance! But life, first, and necessarily so. How strange! yet how radically the principle for all true wealth of nations!

But besides the end or purpose of Political Economy, the word " ploughshare " also carried his conception of its true matter. In fact, his concept of its material cause, of the matter of the science, led him to the concept of its aim. The orthodox economist, Mr. Mill, had asserted that " the subject of Political Economy is wealth," which, he continued, " consists of all useful and agreeable objects, that possess exchangeable value." Ruskin perceived that the limitation imposed by the last clause of this definition on the matter of Political Economy was absolutely wrong in theory, because only too frequently he had seen how pernicious was its practice. France, in the possession of some highly-colored lithographs of modern dances, among which the cancan held a most distinguished place, was in no true sense wealthier than Venice in the possession of some canvasses of Tintoretto, because, forsooth, those were in frenzied circulation and exchange, while these were fixed firmly to some molding, lath and plaster. What he did see, however, and plainly proved, was that economists, accountable for the condition of these two cities, besides refusing to extend the matter of their science to a vast multitude of objects, more vital even than vast, had failed to comprehend the true quality of the things which they did admit. " In fine," the modern Political Economists have been, without exception, incapable of apprehending the nature of intrinsic value at all. He vehemently denied that material goods got their proper value from the arbitrary estimate of men; and maintained as vehemently, that they got it from God. The intrinsic value of a thing was its power to " avail towards life."

Between these two terms, between life, which was the end, and the material things, which were the matter, a third element intervened: consumption. " As consumption is the end and aim of production, so life is the end and aim of consumption." Hence his original and quite sensational principle that

"the final object of Political Economy is to get good method of consumption and great quantity of consumption." "Economists," he wrote, "usually speak as if there were no good in consumption absolute"—a position forced upon them, no doubt, by their politico-economic notion, that consumption, lacking value in exchange, lacked potency as well to produce wealth and was accordingly a negligible quantity; so that, being intent in reaching wealth, which depended on exchange, they directed their efforts to enliven the latter, namely, to produce. But Ruskin, having shown the fallacy of their notion about wealth, showed as well the faultiness of their efforts toward production. For if wealth was life, its immediate cause was consumption. Common sense then first enforced, not the increase of production, issuing in excited exchange, but the adjustment of consumption, issuing in vitality.

This seems the place, consequently, to notice Mr. Ruskin's attitude toward the then sacrosanct law of Supply and Demand. It is well stated in a letter of his in reply to a lecture delivered by Professor Hodgson in the University of Edinburgh. "Permit me," he wrote, "to correct the professor's expression. I have never 'denounced' the principle expounded by the professor. I have simply stated that no such principle exists; that no 'law of supply and demand,' as expounded by Professor Hodgson and modern economists, ever did or can exist." He challenged and denied the law as expounded by the modern economists; which, he was told by theory, regulated production, but he saw in practice only accomplishing perdition; which though meaning, by its word, that supply was measured and maintained naturally by demand, he saw, only too frequently and with much heart-scalding, meant, by its works, that demands were forced and fashioned viciously to accommodate supply. So that, whenever he was met by the assertion "demand regulates supply," he answered with the question: "Yes, but what regulates demand?" "Three-fourths of the demands existing in the word," he claimed, "are romantic; founded on visions, idealisms, hopes and affections." Hence, he argued, elsewhere, "there may be all manner of demands, all manner of supplies. The true political economist regulates these; the false political economist leaves them to be regulated by (not Divine) Providence . . . for all wise economy, political or domestic,

consists in the resolved maintenance of a given relation between supply and demand, other than the instinctive, or (directly) natural one." For he did hold that supply and demand were amenable alike to regulation. He had evidence of it as a fact, sad and ghastly evidence. He contended merely for the right regulation. When asked how his principles differed from the ordinary economist's view of supply and demand, he answered: "Simply in that the economy I have taught, in opposition to the popular view, is the science which not merely ascertains the relations of existing demand and supply, but determines what *ought* to be demanded, and what *can* be supplied."

Indeed "ought" was the keystone in the arch of Ruskin's economy. "Political Economy," the first paragraph in *Munera Pulveris* had stated, "is neither an art nor a science; but a system of conduct and legislature, founded on the sciences, directing the arts, and impossible except under certain conditions of moral culture." Whether he was justified in disallowing that political economy is a science may be disputed—perhaps, denied. But he was beyond even an approach to a dispute in asserting that it was possible only when morality had been duly cultivated. And it signalizes to an eminent degree both the man and his work, that, at the moment when economists assumed as the first and self-evident principle of their profession, that it had nothing whatever to do with moral considerations, he maintained that it had so much to do with them as to be wholly impossible without them.

Thus far, then, it appears, that Ruskin rectified the concept of both the final and material cause, of the end and the matter, of Political Economy, by regarding them from a moral rather than a mercantile viewpoint. We are prepared, accordingly, to meet with a like treatment of, what for order's sake may be called the efficient cause: of the men and masters, whom Ruskin called upon to be "Soldiers."

It was once dictated by Dr. Johnson that "the inseparable imperfection annexed to all human governments consisted in not being able to create a sufficient fund of virtue and principle to carry the laws into due and effectual execution. Wisdom might plan, but virtue alone could execute." Ruskin agreed with the sentiment in part—that virtue alone could realize right government. But he was by polar exactitude opposed to

thinking that human government was inseparable from such an imperfection as the incapacity to create a satisfactory fund of it. Perhaps English Government at the time did suffer this imperfection. Perhaps "the heathen had returned;" and the hour struck wherein, as Alfred told in the post-factum prophecy of Chesterton,

> Backward shall ye wander and gaze,
> Desiring one of Alfred's days,
> When pagans still were men.

But he saw no reason why it should remain so. Like Rosmersholm, but by virtue of a better agency, he meant to try to create a true public opinion, and to lay upon the public its true task—"to make every man in the country," as Ibsen put it, "a nobleman:" or, as he himself put it, to make every man a "Soldier."

First of all, then, he disproved the orthodox conception of the operative. His opening words of *Unto This Last,* are that of all delusions the most curious and least creditable is "the modern *soi-disant* science of Political Economy, based on the idea that an advantageous code of social action may be determined irrespectively of the influence of social affection." Respecting such a theory he wrote: "I neither impugn nor doubt the conclusions of the science, if its terms are accepted. I am simply uninterested in them, as I should be in those of a science of gymnastics which assumed that men had no skeletons. Modern Political Economy stands on a precisely similar basis. Assuming, not that the human being has no skeleton, but that it is all skeleton, it founds an ossifiant theory of progress on the negation of a soul." He denied that procedure on such a basis resulted in the greatest average of work; for "the servant was not an engine of which the motive was steam, magnetism, gravitation, or any other calculable force." The servant is "an engine whose motor power is a soul;" and the largest quantity of work will be done "only when the motive force, that is, the will or spirit of the creature, is brought to its greatest strength by its own proper fuel; namely, by the affections." "The universal law of the matter is," he claimed, "that, if the master, instead of endeavoring to get as much work as possible from the servant, seeks rather to render his appointed and necessary work beneficial to him, and to forward his interests in all just and wholesome ways, the real

amount of work ultimately done, or of good rendered, by the person so cared for, will, indeed, be the greatest possible." Which, he added, is not "one whit less generally true, because indulgence will be frequently abused, and kindness met with ingratitude. For the servant who, gently treated, is ungrateful, treated ungently, will be revengeful; and the man who is dishonest to a liberal master, will be injurious to an unjust one." Wherefore Mr. Ruskin has been styled by one of his more recent critics—"the hammer of the 'Economic' man."

Secondly, he arraigned the masters on their attitude towards their own employment. Assuming it as an universal fact, he inquires why "a peaceable and rational person, whose trade is buying and selling, should be held in less honor than an unpeaceable and often irrational person, whose trade is slaying"—than a soldier, or, than a lawyer, physician or clergyman? The reason is not, he showed, "in the measurement of their several powers of mind." Essentially it will be found to lie in the fact that the world considers that the soldier (and in proper circumstances, each efficient member of the so-called liberal professions) holds his life at the service of the state; and "in a fortress breach, with all the pleasures of the world behind him, and only death and his duty in front of him, he will keep his face to the front;" but presumes that the merchant acts always selfishly. "The merchant's first object in all his dealings must be (the public believe) to get as much for himself, and leave as little to his neighbor (or customer) as possible." Public opinion, therefore, must amend itself; not cease to condemn selfishness, but discover a "kind of commerce which is not exclusively selfish." Or, rather, it must discover that "there never was, or can be, any other kind;" and that what it called such was not commerce, but cozening. It must force into general acceptance and corresponding observation this truth, that in commerce it is necessary to admit the idea of occasional voluntary loss; "trade has its heroisms, as well as war;" and that the function of the merchant being to provide for the nation, it is his duty also, on due occasion, to die for it. Such a duty consisted mainly in faithfulness to engagements, and perfect and pure provisioning—"so that, rather than fail in any engagement, or consent to any deterioration, adulteration or unjust and exorbitant price of that which he provides [the merchant] is bound to meet fearlessly any

form of distress, poverty, or labor which may, through maintenance of these points, come upon him." For no matter how Utopian this seemed to the general reader, it seemed to Ruskin equally Utopian, on the side of evil, "that ever men should have come to value their money so much more than their lives, that if you call upon them to become soldiers, and take chance of a bullet through their heart, and of wife and children being left desolate, for their pride's sake, they will do it gaily, without thinking twice; but if you ask them, for their country's sake, to spend a hundred pounds without security of getting back a hundred and five, they will laugh in your face."

Ruskin thought that the rate of wages could and should be fixed irrespectively of the demand for labor. "We do not," he argues, "sell our prime-ministership by Dutch auction; nor, on the decease of a bishop, whatever may be the general advantages of simony, do we (yet) offer his diocese to the clergyman who will take the episcopacy at the lowest contract. We do, indeed, sell commissions, but not openly generalships; sick, we do not inquire for a physician who takes less than a guinea; litigious, we never think of reducing six-and-eightpence to four-and-sixpence; caught in a shower, we do not canvass the cabmen to find out who values his driving at less than sixpence a mile." He admitted that always there must be "an ultimate reference to the presumed difficulty of the work or number of candidates for the office; and in this ultimate sense, the price of labor is, indeed, always regulated by the demand for it. He claimed that "the national and right system respecting all labor is, that it should be paid at a fixed rate—but the good worker employed, and the bad workman unemployed. The false system is when the bad workman is allowed to offer his work at half-price, and either take the place of the good, or force him by his competition to work for an inadequate sum." The publication of this principle created a commotion almost equatorially wide and great. Yet it seems the very point in Chesterton's mind when he wrote of Ruskin that "the point and stab of his challenge still really stands and sticks, like the dagger in a dead man."

Ruskin never admitted that the orthodox and adverse Political Economy was in form political. He revealed its nature by two cases, which he developed "on the exactest principles of modern Political Economy," one in *Unto This Last,* and

the other in *Munera Pulveris*. In both the result was that an individual became opulent, and a community servile. From its fruits, therefore, he concluded, that its principles were not just, nor its economy political. A state is not necessarily rich, because certain of its citizens have amassed a fortune. And this economy was nothing more nor less than "the art of getting rich" and "therefore and necessarily, the art of keeping your neighbor poor"—"the art of establishing the maximum inequality in our own favor." "Success," he says elsewhere, "(while society is guided by the laws of competition) signifies always so much victory over your neighbor as to obtain the direction of his work, and to take the profits of it. No man can become largely rich by his personal toil. The work of his own hands, wisely directed, will, indeed, always, maintain himself and his family, and make fitting provision for his age. But it is only by the discovery of some method of taxing the labor of others that he can become opulent." Hence, it is to the interest of the rich that "the poor should be as numerous as they can employ and restrain." But such an economy, at cross purposes to the interests of the *polis*, or State, is in no wise a political one.

Such in brief measure is the Political Economy of John Ruskin. It is aimed straight and accurately against Individualism. It denies that man may be, since he was not made so, autonomous. It asserts that anarchy is, and always has been, the law of death. It inculcates submission. For it holds truly that the law for conduct has its source outside of man. One such source it sees in Government, which, based on compromise and exacting of the individual self-sacrifice, gives back to him in return for his coöperation, out of the common good achieved, a sufficiency and a security of life.

"All of which," he once wrote, "sounds very strange; the only real strangeness in the matter being, nevertheless, that it should be sound." To prove which he appointed a hundred years. One-half only of that time has elapsed, and already its soundness has been recognized. Public and publicist alike are attorneying for Ruskin.

This set of the tide in Ruskin's favor had to be. The political economy which he controverted—the "Mammon gospel of supply and demand, competition, *laissez faire*, and devil take the hindmost"—was for other times than ours. It was a fast-

rate expedient for national expansion. It served England, if not wisely at least well, in fostering her young industries; and America in feeding her young municipalities. For both these national undertakings required Capital. But Capital would not oblige them unless they obliged it. That England did so is clear from all her writers on the subject. And that America did so is equally as clear; very notably so from Professor Hadley's *Undercurrents in American Politics,* of which the foundation principle is that, "The Whole American Political and Social System is based on Industrial property right, far more completely than has ever been the case in any European country." Which statement is strengthened by President Wilson's view expressed in *The New Freedom:* "Monoply means the atrophy of enterprise. If monoply persists, monopoly will always sit at the helm of the Government. I do not expect to see monopoly restrain itself. If there are men in this country big enough to own the Government of the United States, they are going to own it; what we have to determine now is, whether we are big enough, whether we are men enough, whether we are free enough to take possession again of the Government which is our own. We have not had free access to it, our minds have not touched it by way of guidance, in half a generation, and now we are engaged on nothing less than the recovery of what was made with our own hands, and acts only by our delegated authority." Capital, then, treated by national policy to limited liability, by its own policy succeeded to unlimited prehensibility. Which England and America have seen is not good for themselves. Hence, that the economy that fostered it is not good. For it is the general opinion, that in the present era the focus is not Economy, but Sociology; which means, it would appear, that less attention is being paid to Production, and quite a deal of Distribution. And Ruskin's Political Economy is eminently the economy for right distribution. As he said himself: "with respect to the mode in which these general principles affect the secure possession of property, so far am I from invalidating such security, that the whole gist of these papers will be found ultimately to aim at an extension in its range; and whereas it has long been known and declared that the poor have no right to the property of the rich, I wish it also to be known and declared that the rich have no right to the property of the poor."

Perhaps it may be shown finally that the late war has contributed not a little in demonstrating the soundness of his theory. "The common notion," he once said in a lecture at the Royal Military Academy, "that peace and the virtues of civil life flourished together, I found to be wholly untenable. Peace and the vices of civil life only flourish together. We talk of peace and learning, and of peace and plenty, and of peace and civilization; but I found that these were not the words which the Muse of History coupled together: that on her lips the words were peace and sensuality, peace and selfishness, peace and corruption, peace and death. I found, in brief, that all great nations learned their truth of word, and strength of thought in war; that they were nourished in war, and wasted by peace; taught by war, and deceived by peace; trained by war, and betrayed by peace; in a word, that they were born in war, and expired in peace."

Perhaps this war has taught us a truth of word and strength of thought. Certainly we expect of it a regeneration. To that end our millions of people to a man spent their best efforts, under the leadership of one, who, searching sharply day by day for the best thing to do, found and told us nobly, that it was the right thing. And his economy and Ruskin's met at two points. First: that since "Anarchy and Competition" showed themselves (on the International level, in this case) not alone as being, but as wanting also to become, "the laws of death," it was the duty of an upright nation to assert, with its utmost strength of arm, that "Government and Coöperation" are and shall be "in all things the laws of life." Secondly: that this assertion would be foiled, unless each man recognized his duty and yielded to the obligation therefrom, to "Work or Fight"—to become either "Soldier of the Ploughshare, or Soldier of the Sword." For this kind of economy depends not merely "on prudence, but on jurisprudence—and that of divine, not human, law."

A VISIT TO SOUTH WESTLAND.

BY D. J. B.

DEAR—— *Waiho, New Zealand.*

My journey here was so interesting, and most of it through scenery so beautiful, that I want to talk it over with you. I wish I could make you see it all. On the way from Christchurch to Greymouth we went through the Otira Gorge by coach. How Dickens would have loved it. He always had a weakness for coaching, and I wish he could have depicted this drive.

We left Arthur's Pass at about two o'clock. There it was I first saw back-block dwellings. They were made mostly of wood and scraps of iron, with here and there a kerosene tin where wood and iron were scarce or failed to meet. There they stood—huddled together—the largest not more than six feet by eight. The last had painted on it in uneven white letters "Bank and Mansion House;" and it left me wondering whether the owner was facetious, or did the accumulated wealth of Arthur's Pass truly lie behind that wooden door.

It was a fine warm day—a rare thing in this part of the country—where they say it rains in torrents "seven days out of six." A warm wind was blowing through the gorge. Our road wound up and down the mountain slope, and the coach swayed over yawning abysses thousands of feet deep. One's first impression of the gorge is its immensity. The mountains rise on either side thousands of feet, leaving, in places, merely a strip of blue to indicate the sky; and again there are precipices beneath, so deep that a downward glance makes one giddy. Far below, a rushing, roaring, torrent foams on its stormy way, widening its bed as it carves its path through the valley. Next comes an impression of greenery, that is wonderful: the multi-colored, ever-varying green of a primeval, tropical forest. The slopes of the mountains are wooded to the summits, and so dense and thick is the undergrowth that it is absolutely impossible to penetrate it.

Through this verdant forest growth we drove, every turn in the road bringing us face to face with some new and wonderful aspect of the gorge. Now, between two mountains on

the left rose a snowy peak from its green setting, its heights shrouded in blue haze. Now, we saw our road descend with terrifying abruptness into a sea of fern-trees. There was color, too, on all sides. The rata[1] trees were everywhere shaking out their flaming tassels, and here and there a patch of yellow buttercups or wild snapdragons covered a grassy knoll; while the end of the gorge was bathed in that blue opalescent light that softens contours and colors. White manuka[2] lined the road, and peering into the twilight of the forest we saw myriads of starry white flowers, the names of which are unknown to me. From the trees hung a curious white lichen resembling snow, and great masses of white convolvulus interlaced the dense foliage. After a time we came to a more open space. Here tawny tussocks covered the ground interspersed with large clumps of the mountain daisy. It is a beautiful flower—larger a good deal than our daisy, with petals a purer white and a great golden centre.

After a couple of hours we reached the end of the gorge. A sudden turn in the road showed us Otira down in the valley; and soon we had exchanged the coach for the train, and were wandering along through fields of gently-swaying, dull-red flax flowers and past fern-trees with the loveliest pale green fronds I ever saw. Alas! everywhere the bush[3] was on fire. At one place I saw an old forest warrior stand out against the shining background of Lake Brunner, with trunk charred and blackened, but with branches all in flames. It looked as if the glowing red sky had set it on fire.

G—— was a disappointment, a place of dust and flies, living and dead. The best hotel set me conjuring up visions of what the worst would be like. Next morning an hour's journey took me to the town of H——, a perfectly dead town it looked. The only inhabitant visible told me that there was nothing worth seeing but the cemetery. At four the train set off for Ross, an abandoned mining town now going to ruin.

And now began the most beautiful drive of my life, lasting all day and far into the night. It will always remain a red-letter day in my calendar. Picture me perched up beside the driver—an amiable youth of seventeen—in a wagonette with luggage and two little Maori boys behind, their Maori papa on a bicycle bringing up the rear.

[1] Rata—a native New Zealand tree with crimson flowers.
[2] Manuka—a native shrub.
[3] The "bush" means forest.

The road led the whole way through the bush, and never for an instant was it monotonous. We wound up hill and descended precipitous places at breakneck speed. Sometimes we peered into a huge ravine, with sides clothed in tree-ferns and other native trees hundreds of feet high, their tops level with our road. Sometimes we jolted across the stony bed of some wide river, plunging at some places into streams of clear blue water, at others into floods of ice-water of a cold gray tint. Everywhere we saw the tender green of tree-ferns intermingled with the innumerable kinds of native trees. Looking up at those forest giants, I seemed to lose all sense of height. Our way led sometimes under foliage so dense that it cast a gloom upon the road. The undergrowth is such that eternal night must reign a few yards from the road.

At short distances were little brown pools into which bent green ferns with pink-tipped fronds, while dragon-flies as long as one's hand hovered over them. Everywhere, the rata flamed against the green. In the patches of sunlight along the road, fluttered great red and black butterflies, and the humming of the locusts was at times so loud as to sound like rushing waters. An opening among the trees revealed the still waters of Lake Iolanthe, and for quite a long distance we saw it flashing through the rata trees. Once we came to a swamp of flax—a pretty sight with its red-brown flowers.

Our drive was not to be without adventures. Our cyclist had gone on ahead, and we found him at the foot of a steep slope lying unconscious, his arm doubled up under him. We sprinkled cold water on him which brought him to his senses, and having put cold compresses on his swelling arm, placed him in the back of the trap in a half-dazed condition. The little Maoris seemed not at all perturbed by the accident to their revered parent.

We stopped for lunch at one of the accommodation houses along the eighty mile road, then we set off again and jogged along till we met the mail coach. Here our springs broke, and I had to get out and sit in the river-bed while the two drivers tied things together with strings. My peace of mind was much disturbed by the coach driver who told me that the "old lady way back at Wataroa" was expecting me to spend the night at her place, and had made all arrangements. Now I had particularly set my heart on going right through to

Waiho that night, and thus reduce two journeys to one. The driver scratched his head sorrowfully when I explained this, and intimated that I should be a brave girl if I dared the displeasure of Mrs. X——. To dare it I was determined, so I began to compose about a dozen humble and apologetic sentences.

We arrived at last, and, with my heart in my mouth, I watched the old lady come down the path to meet me. In my most engaging (!) manner, I explained and apologized, but my excuses were received in stony silence. Then, as a sop to Cerberus, I asked for tea. This was given without any melting of the icy reserve. I was about to give up my reconciliation tactics, when suddenly I caught sight of a boy in khaki in a photograph frame on the mantelpiece, and I inquired if it was her son. Then, I do not know exactly how it happened, we were the best of friends in a few minutes, and I had learned all about Charlie who was lying dead over there in Armentières; about Frank who had been all through the Gallipoli campaign and who was still in France; and Joe who had gone to Trentham (Training Camp). The hard exterior hid a heart of gold. Such a sad mother it was, but with an heroic spirit. Frank's photographs were brought out, and I translated their French titles, and told her a little about some of the places I knew. We parted the best of friends. I was not allowed to pay for my tea, but was to be welcome as a guest whenever I chose to come. I really felt sad as I waved to the poor old mother at the gate. It seemed so unjust that this awful war should have had such far-reaching effects as to break an old woman's heart so many miles away, out here in this uninhabited wilderness of forest and silence.

Evening was now coming apace, and the scents of the bush were growing stronger. The silence, too, became more intense. Soon the moon rose, and lit up the still waters of Lake Mapareka, and cast long shadows of trees upon the white road. By degrees, the sky became cloudy, so that the road was at times pitch dark, at others, light as day. Then the glowworms began to appear like myriads of diamonds glowing in the underwood.

Unfortunately, the strength of our second relay of horses began to give way while we had yet seven miles to go. We had not reckoned on the additional weight of the Maori. There was nothing for it but to get out and walk for a couple of miles

to give the horses a rest. Not caring for the Maori's company, I set out alone on foot along the the road through the bush. Up to that point, I had felt only the charm of the forest. Now, quite alone in the very heart of it, I began to experience a sensation of horror. I had left the wagonette so far behind that I could not hear a human sound. It was quite dark; but as there was only one road, there was no fear of losing the way. In all my life I never experienced anything like it. The silence was awful—horrible. Not the rustle of a leaf—not the breaking of a twig to relieve the stillness. I often stopped to listen for the sound of the wheels; and when I could not hear them a sort of blind fear seized me. I knew it was foolish (there was nothing to fear). The glowworms comforted me somehow as being alive.

At last I sat down and waited for the others. Never did I hear so welcome a sound as the rattle of the springs accompanied by the crooning of the Maoris. I got in and rain began to fall. I have never seen any rain like that West Coast rain. It comes down in bucketfuls. We could not see the horse's heads so blinding was it and in three minutes my clothes—mackintosh and all—were wet through. The poor horses dragged on wearily until nearly midnight, when we drew up at the door of the accommodation house. The kindest of hostesses changed my wet clothing for dry, and brought me into the kitchen where I partook of tea and cake.

Here I am now at Waiho, sitting in a field which faces a glacier, and trying to write a letter in spite of mosquitoes which are the evil genii of the place. Tomorrow, we—my two friends whom I met here and I—are hiring horses to take a two days' ride down the coast. This is the life to blow away school cobwebs! Alas! that it must end so soon! My companions are very pleasant, and expert climbers as well. They know this part of the world very well, so we can undertake excursions which, were I alone, would be impossible.

* * * *

The accommodation house lies at the mouth of two gorges, the Calary and the Waiho Gorges. Into the Waiho, at the other end, glides the Franz Josef Glacier. The densest and loveliest bush covers the three miles that lie between the hotel and the glacier. It is the loveliest walk in the world through the gorge, for every instant one comes upon an opening in the trees, and

sees the snowy peaks and the glacier framed in the blazing rata. I have never in my life seen anything like the tree-ferns. They grow in the most luxuriant profusion, and the dense undergrowth of lawyer and supplejack reminded me of pictures I have seen of the banks of the Amazon.

One day we hired a guide, who took us up to the first hut on the glacier. It was a totally new and altogether delightful experience for me. As soon as we got out of the bush, we found ourselves opposite the terminal face of the glacier, up which we immediately climbed. The air on the ice is the most wonderful I have ever felt. It buoys you up to such an extent that it is absolutely impossible to feel fatigue. Another wonderful thing is the guide's pack. It is so heavy that an ordinary woman cannot lift it from the ground. This he carries on his back by means of straps, which leave his hands and feet free to hew the steps out of the ice.

I honestly confess that for the first ten minutes I was terrified. The ice was very jagged, and the chasms below were often so profound that, as I stood with the tip of one toe in a roughly hewn niche and the other foot dangling in space, waiting for the next step to be cut, I imagined that every instant would be my last: that the ice would give way, and that I should be hurled into eternity. I kept my eyes glued to the guide's feet, and followed up step by step. Fear soon wore away, however, and I began to gain confidence in my enormous nailed boots, which prevented me from slipping. Then the real enjoyment began. It was an exquisite day, with the bluest of blue skies above. Up and down we went, walking for a few minutes along a kind of promontory of ice, which some huge crevasse would separate from the next. Then we would climb down step by step into an abyss of ice, with the sound of rushing water in our ears all the time; then up a perpendicular ice face. The little tablelands are often broken by pools of a blue impossible to describe. Then again there are ice-caves, generally arches of dripping blue.

After about three hours of this climbing, we came to the first ice floe. Here the way became more difficult. Frequently we had to cross ridges, the crests of which narrowed to about the width of two hands laid palm to palm. We joined hands and crossed one foot over the other. And all the time yawning blue chasms waited for us. It took us all day to get to the first

hut, built on the side of Mt. Moltke. Every piece of timber has had to be carried up the glacier, one piece at a time, by the two guides. It was a work of love, though, I think; for the guides are a race apart, steeped in nature, and regarding the gorge and the glacier as a kind of sanctuary of which they hold the key. There is something reverent in their attitude towards the beauty of the place, which no one could help feeling. I experienced the same impression when I was at Mt. Cook.

We had an appetizing supper in the hut, which contains all kinds of tinned specialties. Then the guide built a huge fire; and on our ridge of rock overhanging the glacier we waited for the moon to rise. I shall not try to describe what passed within me as we watched: nor the effect of the moonlight on the peaks and the snow, on the great river of ice, on the shadowy trees of the gorge far beneath us, and on the waters of Lake Mapourika. It must have been a place like this which the Creator saw "was good."

We retired to our bunks at midnight, with the door of the hut wide open, and the whole view before us: for the moonlight made it all as bright as day. About two A.M. my slumbers were disturbed by hearing my boots being pulled over the floor; and, looking down, I saw a bird resembling a parrot tugging them along by the laces. It was a kea,[4] and another one was gravely hopping about on the doorstep with his head on one side, watching the operation. In another minute my boots would have been gone forever; so I seized an alpenstock and harpooned the wretch. The consequences were dire. The two keas retired, to return in a few minutes with a wild horde of sisters and cousins and aunts. Then the noise waxed fast and furious. Grandfather mounted on the roof, with a piece of wood, which he rolled down to grandmother. Grandmother caught it, clambered up the iron roof and rolled it down to grandfather. An aunt sat on the edge of the chimney, and shrieked insults at us, the uncle meanwhile dropping down all the stones and twigs he could find: and so it went on, amid screams and flapping of wings, the whole night long.

At dawn we rose, and climbed Mt. Moltke. For two and a half hours we scrambled up the bush-clad slopes of the moun-

[4] Kea (pronounced Kee-ah) or Mt. Cook parrot, a very inquisitive bird. It lives above the snow-line usually.

tain. It was very steep, and I thought I should die before I reached the top. At length we emerged from the trees and ferns, and found ourselves in an open wilderness of flowers. In that Alpine garden there were sheaves of mountain lilies with cups and leaves full of dew; mountain daisies with thick snowy petals, as large as small sunflowers; clumps of white gentian, sweet scented Alpine broom; some pure white, some with a mauve centre; a dozen different kinds of white veronica; and through them all the glacier and mountains. We stayed among them the whole day, returned to the hut that night, and descended the glacier the following day.

Our next excursion was almost equally delightful. We hired horses and a guide, and rode forty miles to Okarito and back, taking two days to perform the journey. Our way the whole of the first day led through the loveliest bush—everywhere huge tree-ferns, rata, little brown pools, impenetrable undergrowth, white convolvulus, and pink-tipped ferns.

You must know that having had little practice, I am not an expert rider. Indeed, I did not dare to mention the fact before we set out, for fear I might be left behind. I was given a most unmanageable steed, and I really think we were the most comical pair that have ever been seen on the road. When we stopped for lunch at the only house in the region, I was so fearfully stiff that they had to lead me to a couple of beer barrels, on to which I descended and then collapsed. I simply cannot describe to you the agony of cantering after that. My horse was an animal full of character, and I really felt tremendous respect for him. He did exactly what he pleased. If the other horses kept to the road, he would dart off up some little side bank, then leap down again. He would stop dead in the middle of a gallop to pluck some wayside flower. He always got into holes in the river-bed, and the others, helpless with laughter, would have to drag us out with ropes. He was, also, of such an inquiring disposition. When we arrived at Okarito, he stopped to investigate the one letterbox, put his head right into the box, and neighed loudly. Once we passed the empty huts of some diggers. Bucephalus, who desired information, walked in. I narrowly escaped beheading. He cantered round the table and went out at the back door.

The climax was reached, however, on the homeward journey, when after swimming gayly through the river, he went

down on his two knees. As I never could get off him from a height, I thought this was very considerate on his part, and stepped lightly off, as from the back of a camel. To my horror, he rolled his eyes heavenwards, turned over on his back, and kicked with all his might, all four legs in the air. At first I thought my weight had been too much for him, but the thrashing he received from the guide soon undeceived me. At four we arrived at Okarito, another little town of "has beens;" once a flourishing gold digging centre, with thousands of huts and many hotels. Now six houses comprise the whole. It faces the sea: the main street and pavement are of grass. Bucephalus preferred the pavement to the road. We drew up before the door of the one inn. Five people, the only adult inhabitants in the town that day, came out to see us dismount. I descended from my charger by means of a step ladder.

They were all the nicest people imaginable, and in five minutes we knew each other by name, and our family histories were common property. One man was simply charming. He had a nice gray suit on, and I took him to be a lawyer or a doctor. He offered us his boat in which to go out on the lagoon and all the men in Okarito, mustering three, came with us. I was so delighted with the manners and conversation of the "gray suit" after we had been out the whole afternoon in his boat, that I inquired who he was, and learned that he was the policeman of Okarito! Evidently he left the criminals to look after themselves that afternoon.

For three hours we rowed up the lagoon. It was a quite unforgettable afternoon and evening: for from the still waters we had all the time a panorama of the various snow-clad peaks: Mt. Cook, Pioneer's Pass, the Graham Saddle, and others. Dozens of other names were recited to me, but I cannot remember them. I know only that I have never seen, even in Switzerland, anything more beautiful than that snow-clad range, with its jagged white peaks distinctly and sharply outlined against the blue sky. We rounded bush-covered islands, only to find at every opening those sentinels of snow and ice.

We left the lagoon, and glided into a lovely creek. Here the bush was dense on each side, but every leaf and twig was clearly mirrored in the water. Never have I seen such reflections. My friend the policeman insisted on our remaining on the lagoon while the sun set. And we watched the light on the

peaks change from pink to mauve, from mauve to blue, then to gray and last of all to white.

The next morning we made an early start, and galloped for miles along the beach—great stretches of sand, with the bush growing almost to the water's edge. After some hours we reached the mouth of the Waiho, and returned home by the dry river-bed.

This ended the most delightful holiday I have ever known.

KOSSOVO: "THE FIELD OF BLACKBIRDS."

BY M. E. BUHLER.

Over the Plain of Kossovo
Five hundred years ago,
There swept the flower of Serbian power
Against the Turkish foe,
That down from the dark mountains
Came as wild torrents flow.

Dark rolled the Balkan rivers,
Sitnitsa [illegible]dar,
For their tides bore red the blood of the dead
Out to the seas afar;
And prone in the sombre shadows
Slipt the hosts of the Tsar Lazar.

Dark, dark lay the mangled bodies
That covered Kossovo Plain;
But darker still by wood and rill
Where age-long gloom hath lain,
The viewless birds went flocking
That were the souls of the slain.

The new and the old embattled
Still fight the great world's War,
And unseen birds are hovering
Wherever the battles are—
The shades of the dead whose souls are sped
By sword or scimitar.

A GREAT SPANISH ORGANIST—SALINAS OF SALAMANCA.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

A WRITER in the London *Times* has complained that no ode was ever written to an organist, although poems of every sort have been made about music and musicians and even organ-grinders. Let us assure him that he is mistaken. One existed even before the publication of *The Dead Musician. In Memory of Brother Basil, Organist for Half a Century at Notre Dame,* with its superb climax:

> With might unmortal was he strong
> That he begot
> Of what was not,
> Within the barren womb of silence, song.
> Yea, many sons he had
> To make his sole heart glad—
> Romping the boundless meadows of the air,
> Skipping the cloudy hills, and climbing bold
> The heavens nightly stairs of starry gold,
> Nay winning heaven's door
> To mingle evermore
> With deathless troops of angel harmony,
> He filled the house of God
> With servants at his nod,
> A music-host of moving pageantry.

This brilliant achievement of the young poet, Father Charles O'Donnell, C.S.C., had its great antecedent in Spanish in the *Ode to Francisco Salinas* by the prince of lyric poets, Fray Luis de León, in the middle of the sixteenth century. In these days when the Spanish and South American note is so prominent in the artistic world, when even the French fashion-designers are modeling their gowns after the pictures of Velazquez and Goya, when we have witnessed the success of the "Goyescas" of Granados, the first Spanish grand opera to be sung in this country, when Spanish authors and composers are in the full flower of esteem, it seems timely to tell

something of a great musical figure of sixteenth century Spain, a figure but little known to English readers—"Salinas the Blind," the great organist of the University of Salamanca.

The *Ode to Francisco Salinas* is one of the supreme poems not only of Spain, but of the world—its message anticipates by several centuries the *Intimations of Immortality* of our English Wordsworth, and so esteemed is its doctrine in Spain that the distinguished scholar, Mila y Fontanals, compelled his students to memorize it as a perfect code of æsthetics. It was translated into English for the first time by the present writer and appeared in *America* for July 23, 1910. Its author was the Fray Luis de León (1528-1591), the laureate of Salamanca, whose daring studies in Scripture after the Council of Trent, brought upon him five years of imprisonment and trial before he was vindicated by the Holy Office of The Inquisition. His relations with Salinas were intimate both before and after his incarceration. From the pages of his *Process,* and from the notes of several authors, we may build up a picture of the life of the old organist.

Francisco Salinas was born in 1512, the son of Juan Salinas, who was Treasurer of the Emperor Carlos V. at Burgos. In his tenth year he was stricken with total blindness and, after the fashion of the day, was permitted to devote most of his time to singing and playing on the organ, until a young lady preparing to enter the Convent of Burgos, gave him some instruction in Latin in exchange for his lessons in music. Observing his leanings toward learning, his parents yielded to his desire to study at Salamanca. On arriving there, he ardently applied himself to the courses in Greek philosophy, the arts and higher mathematics for some years, until poverty came upon him and drove him from the schools. Thereupon he entered the service of his friend and kinsman, Pedro Sarmiento, of the Counts of Ribado y Salinas, who had become Archbishop of the rich See of Santiago de Compostelo, and who later on took up his residence as Cardinal in Curia in Rome. In the *entourage* of this patron, Salinas gave full rein to his musical gifts, and gladly devoted twenty-three years of his life to the study of the secrets of ancient Greek and Latin musical instruments, embodying his many discoveries in a precious work, *De Musica, Libri Septem, 1578.* Musicians of today are indebted to this work for its calculations of ratios

of sound according to different methods: for its studies of the ancient rhythms and melodies of the Greeks and Latins, with unique matter relating to the archaic music of Spain. According to Dr. Plepusch, Salinas is to be honored for being the first to reëstablish the true enharmonic, which was supposed for many centuries to be irretrievably lost.

Such learning and attainments could scarcely have been responsible for the lyrical enthusiasm of Fray Luis de León, had not Salinas also possessed immense powers of expression and the creative faculty to introduce new beauties and emotions into music, and of this the poet speaks in his lines:

> When from thy fingers pure and wise
> The music raptured and controlled,
> Salinas, flooding unto heaven is rolled.

Salinas became the special *protégé* of Cardinal Granvelle, then Viceroy of Spain at Naples; and at the instance of the Duke of Alba, Pope Pius IV. created him Titular Abbot of San Pancrazio di Rocca-Scalegna in the Viceroyalty of Naples. It was not until death had decimated the ranks of his friends that the "blind Abbot," as beloved for his gentle personal qualities as esteemed for his music, turned his steps back to his old home in Spain, realizing with the flight of years that from the great ones of Italy "he had received more affection than riches." Spain, however, showed her appreciation of his achievements in a material way, appointing him professor of music at the University of Salamanca, her greatest educational centre.

The music schools attached to the cathedrals and cloisters of Spain seem to have escaped the general debasement that overtook the ecclesiastical chant during the troubled exiles of the Popes at Avignon, so that liturgical song, as seen in the primitive music of Avila, had kept its archaic dignity without contamination with folksong and popular balladry such as was prevalent in the choirs of Italy and France. Therefore it was not extraordinary that the University of Bologna should petition Salamanca for a professor of music like Ramos de Pareja to reconstruct the art in Italy. In 1263 the *Laws of the Siete Partidas* arranged for a professor of music at Salamanca, in 1313 his salary was fixed; and after 1550 music was always a secondary course in the Arts. So when Salinas took up his

residence as *catedratico* of music, Master in Theology and Art, the dignity of the post was already ancient and honorable. The Faculty, moreover, arranged to pay him an extraordinary salary.

In a community of six or seven thousand students, where one without a guitar was compared to a comet without a tail, the glory of Salinas as a composer and performer on the organ and on all the musical instruments known to his time, became one of the prime boasts of the University. He was especially remarkable at the organ for his power to awaken emotions of sublime terror and pity. His reverence for the ancient did not preclude an open mind; while not desiring to restore the classic modes, he labored hard to relieve the diatonic scale of some of its harsher intervals. He was thus of a type of mind singularly sympathetic with Fray Luis de León, and his testimony to such reciprocity of studies, as can be possible only between like characters, is to be found in his words of January, 1573:[1] "He is about fifty-five years of age, and is a friend of the said Fray Luis who frequently came to his house and heard him talk on *especulativa* (the first part in music according to the nomenclature of the time) and he exchanged with the testator lessons in poetry and other topics of art." Moreover, one Juan Galvan, a student who made his home with Salinas, declared "that he loved Fray Luis de León as his professor, and that for two years he had consulted with him on matters of theology.[2] Salinas added to this testimony that he had heard it said that the Master was so good a scholar as to be able to carry off any chair (or professorship in the elections) especially that of Scripture, from anybody soever with whom he might contest."

What rare old concerts and poetical discussions these friends must have enjoyed together! Fray Luis de León is known to have been an expert on several musical instruments, and, no doubt, the house of Salinas may have been open at times to that genial rascal Vicente Espinel (1550-1624), professor of music at Salamanca, who would join in the performances and demonstrate the uses of the fifth string he had added to the old Spanish guitar in spite of the utter disapproval of Lope de Vega.[3] In the pages of that prototype of the modern novel, *Relaciones de la Vida del Escudero Marcos*

[1] *Documentos inéditos*, xi., p. 302. [2] *Documentos inéditos*, xi., p. 303.

[3] *Dorotea*, act 1, scene 8.

de Obregon, out of which Le Sage constructed his more famous *Gil Blas,* Espinel pays glowing tribute to "the Blind Abbot Salinas, most learned scholar the Time has known, not only in diatonics and chromatics but also in harmony to which so little attention is given today." Soldier as well as musician and novelist, Espinel ended his days as Canon of Santa Maria la Mayor, formerly the brown old mosque of his native Ronda, where he had fallen into disgrace, and where, recently, his monument has been transported from the village square to the courtyard of the local jail.

One can also picture solemn afternoons under the squat Romanesque arches of the Old Cathedral, with its painted sculptures of birds and beasts and monsters out of the grim imagings of archaic art; or again, perhaps, in the clear lofty nave of the New Cathedral, still under its scaffolding, but after 1560 in use for public worship—afternoons, tranquil or gloomy, when, at the hour of Office, Fray Luis would take his place in the *Coro* among the canons, as his professorship in the University gave warrant, and watch Galvan lead the blind Salinas to his organ. Perhaps the last rays of the "hours of fire" came half-tempered from the windows of the clerestory, or the canons, prelates and professors shivered under their fur capes and hoods at some mid-winter *Tenebræ,* and the tousled choirboys played their tricks in the shadow of the great bronze and leather-bound antiphonaries piled around the lecterns; at some supreme hour of worship the soul of Fray Luis de León winged forth upon the music of his disillusioned old friend:

> Unto whose consonance divine
> The soul endungeoned in oblivion yearns
> Toward powers as once it did enshrine;
> On memory's paths confused it turns,
> Whereon its primal lights it now discerns.

One can hardly read the lines of this great poem, *To Salinas,* without feeling a thrill of transport at the lines, too often omitted from the ode:

> See, how beneath that mighty lyre
> He bends, the Master of our school renowned—
> The while his gifted hands inspire
> The flood of melody profound
> To which these temple vaults eternal sound!

It is such a thrill and vision as recurs again in *The Haunted Temple* of another blind poet, the American Edward Doyle, where—

> The organ was of so profound a tone
> It ran aground along Eternity,
> Thrilling one, as the grating of the Ark
> On Ararat!

Fray Luis rapt to mystical heights immortalizes the thrill of the sublime occasion—

> Afar on that resounding sea
> Of sweetness floats the soul; within that tide
> Submerging self, it comes to be
> Annulled to every wish beside,
> Nor hears nor sees what may its heart divide.

The grim portraitist of King Philip II., Juan Pantoja de la Cruz, saw also such a scene and painted it in 1567, and his picture of the blind master at his organ is to be found in the *Españoles Ilustres,* engraved by Esteve.

As will be seen by a comparison of the dates of their births, Salinas (1512-1590) was in a way the predecessor of Palestrina (1524-1594) and Victoria "of Avila" (1540-1608). During his years in Rome he was no doubt in friendly relations with the great Italian composer whom the Council of Trent took for a model in 1565, through the suave beauty of his "Mass of Pope Marcellus." The Flemish composers, in striving to show their skill in counterpoint, were accustomed to select as the *cantus firmus* of their Masses popular songs and melodies associated with the coarsest words, so that it was not an uncommon occurrence to hear the tenors sing out *Kyrie Eleison* or *Credo in Unum* from one part of the church to be answered by a rollicking drinking song from the other end. Palestrina's great Mass proved that counterpoint was entirely compatible with religious expression, that when the Flemish abuses were removed, it contained a mine of riches for the use of the Church. Pope Julius had appointed him Master of the Papel Choir in spite of the fact that he was a married man, the rule being that none but celibates were eligible to such an office. Pope Paul IV., in his reforms of the Papal Choir, removed him from this office, but later on the success of his "Mass of Pope Marcellus" restored him to his post.

Thomas Louis de Victoria, who always signed himself Abulensis—a "Native of Avila"—was a musician of quite another type, resembling Salinas in his devotion to Spanish ideals in music, as well as in his piety and devotion to the learning of his craft. He was the pupil of Escobedo and of Cabezon, the organist of Carlos V. and Philip II.; in Rome he was associated with Palestrina, and was in touch with St. Francis Borgia and St. Philip Neri of the Oratory, and with Fray Luis de León and the Carmelites of Madrid on his return to Spain.

Wrapped in his Spanish cloak amid the scholars of Rome, Victoria was, indeed, an exponent of the music *generate da sangue moro,* and his hymns *ab antiquo more hispano* showed a fierce independence and originality. Pupil of Escobedo and Antonio de Cabezon, he taught the half-scornful Italians the sharp, acrid beauties of the Spanish psalmody. The austère Morales, the learned Salinas, the mighty Comes, all cultivated spirits as well as great artists, he handed on to his unappreciating countrymen, as exemplars of the pure traditions of their own musical art.

As for Salinas, he was not called upon to remove abuses such as the Church in Italy had known during the removal of the Popes to Avignon; for Spain had kept intact her archaic tradition, and his work consisted mainly in enlarging the scope and extending the range of church music, by introducing a great sublimity and more intense and varied emotions, where, before him, there had been only the expression of the peace and calm of the cloister. To organ-playing he brought newer and richer effects of harmony and color, showing above all originality and progress in his accompaniments. As to his technique, we know that he must have had great mastery, since compositions for the organ in Spain of the sixteenth century made severe demands upon the player; the Spanish organists of the sixteenth century were held to be far in advance of those of Germany.

Hilarion Eslava, the noted organist of the Cathedral of Seville in the early part of the nineteenth century and author of the famous *Miserere,* says in his book *Museo Organico Español,* that in sixteenth century Spain there were several styles of organ-playing in use—the sublime, in which imitations occurred between the parts; one, in which harmonies were played above the melody in the treble or the base; one

in which florid passages called *glosas* were introduced; another, a style peculiar to the Spanish school which continues in favor to the present day, consisting of compositions or arrangements of *organos partidos* and *glosas*, the organ-stops being so divided in the former as to act only on half the keyboard—those on the right affecting only the treble, those on the left, the bass. This style of composition caused the organists of that time to develop their technique enormously.

Salinas, "The Blind Abbot of Salamanca," the greatest musical figure of the early part of sixteenth century Spain, a country and century of rare prowess in the history of music as a glorious appanage of the Church—Salinas and his fame are handed down to all time in the magic strophes of his friend Fray Luis de León: his work

Encompassing heaven's utmost sphere,
At last it touches on the threshold high
Where other music meets its ear—
The caroling that cannot die,
The fount and primal source of harmony.

* * *

To thee—one cadence of my chant—
Thou glory of Apollo's choiring spheres!
Friend whom I love and proudly vaunt
Above all treasures—"Naught appears
On earth for mortal sight except through tears!"

Oh, let thy floods of song outpour—
Salinas, without end! that I may keep
Attent on God forevermore—
In Him my wakeful soul to steep—
Unto all else left careless and asleep!

THE BETTER PART.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

ACHILLE DE GRANDPRE was pacing up and down the full length of the luxurious drawing-rooms where his mother, ever since she had been left a wealthy widow, had so often gathered together an exclusive circle—people of various nationalities, but especially her own. For the de Grandprés were French and French they desired to remain, notwithstanding the fact that each member of the family spoke English, with a scarcely perceptible accent.

These were the stirring days of 1914, and the ancient city of Montreal was already touched with war fever. Restlessness, perturbation, excitement prevailed, everyone eagerly sought the daily papers, constantly supplemented with the thrilling call of "Extras." The streets were full of uniformed men, regiments were drilling in the open spaces at the foot of the Royal Mountain, whence nearly four centuries before, Cartier had looked down upon the river and the wooded shore. At the doors of armories, barracks, and public buildings sentries were stationed: in the churches, patriotic announcements were made and men were reminded of the duties of the hour. Yes, decidedly war was in the air.

Achille de Grandpré was thinking deeply. He gave no heed to the luxury about him; the rare objects of art, picked up in many a pleasant sojourn abroad, the handsome, solid furniture, the rich curtains and *portières*. The atmosphere of elegance which had surrounded the young man from childhood up, no doubt made the sacrifice he was contemplating more difficult. But that thought was far from his mind. Nothing he had wished for, had ever been denied him, and he knew that his share of his late father's estate was considerably in excess of a million. Still thinking, and in his habitually careful fashion, for he had inherited much of his father's shrewdness and practicality, he left that luxurious atmosphere and went out to the workshop. This was precisely what its

name implied. It was bare and empty, save for an array of implements of all sorts and of small engines. Achille was an amateur mechanician and engineer, and could offer no mean comparison with many a professional. He had taken shares in some great iron works, for the mere pleasure of visiting them, and being amongst those works of man, in which his soul delighted.

His face lit up at sight of the objects he had collected with so much care, as it had not done, in presence of the costly objects of art and bric-à-brac. Here was the most engrossing interest of his life. Still, deeply pondering, he took up abstractedly a small object upon which he had been busy and which he was anxious to finish. And so thinking, and so working, he made up his mind.

That evening, at the dinner table, where everything was of studied daintiness and elegance, and over which his still beautiful mother presided with such dignity, he waited till the servants had left the room, to announce that decision which his mother had been dreading to hear:

"*Ma mère,* I have decided. I am going to the front."

The mother's face blanched, as though she had been struck a blow. Her hazel eyes contracted in that instant of mortal agony. She had two more sons, much older, both of whom had been long away from home. One had settled in Germany, before the War, had married there and, at the beginning of the conflict, had been interned as a British subject. The other had been, for some years, ranching in the Canadian Northwest and had volunteered from there for service at the front. So that these latter had practically gone out of her life. Her two daughters had married and lived in Quebec. Hence, although devoted to all her children, this Benjamin who had remained at home and promised to be ever near her, had become the chief centre of her maternal hopes and affections. His departure would leave her desolate, indeed. There was a pause which seemed long. She knew her son well and was perfectly aware that when he had thus announced his decision, it was irrevocable. Moreover, she was a Christian, besides being a woman of great strength of character and of fortitude. The thought flashed through her mind that even if her influence could prevail with this son, who was so like his father in inflexibility of will, she would have no right to exert it, when the

sons of poor women, whose need was greater, were being daily torn from them.

"Have you reflected well," she inquired calmly, "and have you remembered that weakness of your chest?"

"I have reflected," Achille answered, "and as to the rest they'll pass me all right. Other fellows have gone with ailments like that, and are all the better for it. You know it is only bronchitis."

That physical weakness was the mother's sole ray of hope. The hope died in that instant, as a lingering ray of light might be shut off.

"You will get a commission. It will be easy, especially as you have had some military training at the college."

"If they offer me one, I shall take it, of course. If not, I shall go in the ranks. No man who is free can possibly stay here."

The mother was not one to argue against so evident a truth. She had offered the only objection that occurred to her. There was no more to be said. Mother and son sat facing each other in that room, whose rich appointments seemed to mock them. Madame de Grandpré, a notable housekeeper, had always seen to it that the perfection of cookery should be placed before her husband and sons. On the table the dessert of fruit and ices with sweetmeats of various kinds seemed, to the mother's fancy, symbols of the life that was closing: trifles soon to be replaced by stern realities.

As the son, with scrupulous politeness asking his mother's leave, put a match to a cigarette, the mind of the woman went back to the days, when her husband, who had been many years older than herself, and her sons and daughters, had met round that board, supplemented very often by their friend, or by relatives. It had been her husband's policy to make the home as attractive as possible for his children and also a centre and pleasant meeting place for a large family connection. Her mind went back still farther to the time when the young man before her was a little child, the youngest and the last! a little child and now he was going whither, and for how long? The tears began to gather in her hazel eyes, but her will was strong and she did not wish them to fall.

The son's thoughts, meanwhile, had run forward to the training camp at Valcartier, to the troopship, France. He

had not decided impulsively as had some of his chums. At first he had felt convinced that the conflict would soon be over, and that Canadians were scarcely needed. But now, the idealistic side of his nature was fully aroused and he was possessed by a certain sober, repressed enthusiasm, which made him impatient to be gone. His mother had never thought of advancing as a plea, that she would be left alone. But the idea had occurred to Achille, and he said now:

"Of course, you will have Tant' Luce to live with you."

At that suggestion, Madame de Grandpré, with a suppressed sob in her throat, got up and left the room. Achille smoked on thoughtfully, with a more sombre color to his reflections. It was hard on his mother. He only wished he could make it easier. But he knew and she knew that mothers everywhere had to accept that harder part. When they met again in the drawing-room, where coffee was served in exquisite little cups that suggested a sojourn they had made together in Dresden, Madame de Grandpré's manner was perfectly composed. She asked him in her usual even tones, when he would be going, and Achille answered:

"At once. I want to get over, if possible, with the Twenty-second. The corps is down at Valcartier now."

"Yes, most of your friends are in that regiment," the mother assented. She was thinking, as she had always done, of his comfort.

Achille had no difficulty in procuring a commission. The military authorities were only too glad to give one to a young man of his character, ability and social influence. Also, he put his motor-car absolutely at the disposition of the government. He was sent to Valcartier for training; but his desire to go to France at once was frustrated. It was decided that, just then, he could be more useful in recruiting through the country districts. His mother, naturally, was rejoiced and offered cordial hospitality to his fellow recruiting officers. The house became, in fact, their headquarters whence they went forth into different sections of the country.

One day in late summer Achille arrived at the first village in his itinerary. A motor was still something of a novelty there, and as the young officer came driving at a discreet pace up the principal street, he was the cynosure of all eyes. He passed the village church, of gray stone and time stained.

Despite the late hour of the afternoon, apparently some celebration was in progress. As he passed the sacred edifice, Achille, faithful to his custom from boyhood, reverently saluted.

He drove straight to the one hotel, where, by the local option which prevailed in so many cities of Lower Canada, no liquor was sold. It was late afternoon, yet he noted that there were but few on the gallery. The dusty road lay white between it and the river, with rapids rippling white and foamy in the distance. All around were farms, where the ripened grain stood in sheaves, and the rich fruity odor from orchards of apples and plums filled the air. On the gallery, smoking a long pipe and evidently infirm, sat an old man whom Achille recognized as a *habitant* or Canadian farmer of the best type, with all the traditions of his race about him.

Divining him to be a person of influence in the neighborhood, the young officer at once addressed him. He was received with a courtesy which an emperor might have envied. Achille, seating himself, resolved at once to feel the pulse of that vicinity. He introduced himself as Lieutenant de Grandpré from Montreal, but the old farmer made no allusion whatever to his military title or his uniform. Observing this, it was with an instinctive sense of repugnance that the Lieutenant led up to his mission in the village. The old man heaved a deep sigh.

"*Ah, Monsieur,*" he said, "it is what I feared, what I divined, when I beheld your martial costume. I said to myself: He comes to take our young men from the farms, from the boats, from the forests."

"But," interposed Achille, quickly, "we must fight, is it not so, for our country?"

"Our country," cried the *habitant,* with the fire of another day in his eyes, "it is here. We have lived here for nearly four hundred years. We are rooted to the soil. These scenes of peace are ours. Our fathers have fought with the brave Montcalm and Levis, and later with the armies of Great Britain, *Soit.* But they have left us a heritage, to guard our shores, to remain here, faithful."

At that instant, the doors of the church nearby swung open and a crowd began to issue thence. Lieutenant de Grandpré looked inquiringly.

"It is the pilgrims," the old man explained. "They go to the good St. Anne's by the night boat from Montreal."

He stood up with considerable effort. It was plain that his lower limbs were paralyzed. The young officer followed his example. A throng, the majority of which were old men, women and children, poured through the church doors, singing as they went:

En touchant la plage,
Nos pères jadis,
Lui firent l'homage
De ce beau pays.

The familiar air, with its rhythm, powerfully effected the soldier, and he was thrilled with an emotion of which he had not thought himself capable. He watched the procession passing on its way to the boat, which was to convey the pilgrimage to Montreal in silence, while the old man observed:

"It is the women and children and the old people who go now. The young men cannot be spared from the harvest. They will go later. Me, I am too old and sick. My day is past. I went every year while I could."

His wistful eyes were on the pilgrims. Catching the distant echo of the hymn, while the bell in the church steeple pealed, and the boat steamed away from the shore in the glory of a descending sun, the *habitant* hummed softly to himself:

En touchant la plage,
Nos peres jadis,
Lui firent l'homage
De ce beau pays.

"It is that, *Monsieur,*" he said, "our fathers offered to heaven the homage of this beautiful country, they had won from the wilderness and from the savage hordes."

"But it is that country we must defend," put in Achille, though he was quite aware of the futility of argument. "Other men are gone. We cannot leave the task to them."

The old man only shook his head, mournfully: "It is not the same. Those men, *les Anglais,* they speak of going home when they cross the sea to England. Even the Frenchman who comes here, his heart is with *la belle France.* For us Cana-

dians there is no other country. This is home and our race must grow and develop here or perish and die."

"Yet what will it matter, if the Germans come," cried Achille. "All we have gained will be lost."

Again, he shook his head: "They will not come," he declared. "The good God will not permit it."

To him that black, menacing cloud from beyond the Rhine had no terrors. His dread was the depopulation, and extinction of the race, and its disappearance from that fair land which would become the heritage of strangers. "But if in punishment of our sins, they should be permitted to come, these Germans," the *habitant* cried, "then we will fight them on our own soil. The child, the man of eighty, will take a gun. The women will know how to defend themselves."

Achille saw that it was useless to combat the sentiment which in a man of that age was deep-rooted as the sturdy pines in the Canadian soil. He trusted that the solid reasons he was able to advance, rather than his own eloquence, would have weight with the young men, in whom all his trust lay, and so it proved and to an unhoped-for extent. The young villagers whom he harangued in the town hall or on the green where they had gathered at evening to tell stories or play quoits, responded, at once, to his stirring call. They were mostly a fine, muscular set of fellows whom their simple, regular life had kept in good training. Many were ready to follow him at once. Others, more cautious, covenanted that they be allowed to remain till the harvest had been gathered in. They could not leave the grain and the late crops. The fruit in the orchards had to be picked, and in some cases there were the honey and the hives to be tended.

Before leaving the village, Achille had a moment's talk again with the old *habitant,* who could not be made to regard as other than a misfortune Achille's successful recruiting. At only one point was he in agreement with the city man and that was in loyalty to the King.

"*Ah, Oui Oui,*" he cried. "It is a good king. *Dieu Sauve le roi.* On his birthday, the Curé has made the choir sing, *Domine Fac Salvum Regem.* It was grand, *Monsieur,* and the people, they have joined in that singing."

In the inexperience of his youth, Achille was puzzled. "Then you are loyal?" he exclaimed.

"*Mais, Oui,* we are loyal. We will have no evil men coming to our villages to talk revolution. The King will always have us French-Canadians, no matter what happens."

It was a curious psychological study, which Achille left to older heads. As he drove away in his motor, he had a last glimpse of the old man sitting in the setting sun on the gallery, looking out with dim and wistful eyes on the beloved landscape.

After that the time was short. Achille had done his work well and with his accustomed thoroughness. His efforts had been extraordinarily successful. He came home from Valcartier, on a short leave, to that luxurious dwelling whence he was so soon to go forth. It was a heartbreak to leave his mother. He only realized now what she had been to him. Yet he was impatient to be gone, whither had preceded him nearly all those who had been his comrades or his friends. His eyes were fixed on France. All the idealism of his nature was in rebellion against the delay. On the other hand, his father's practical turn which he had inherited, induced him to put all his affairs in order, as though he were never to return. He visited the notary, who had arranged the family affairs from time immemorial, and bidding him keep the matter secret, save in the event of his death, willed all his considerable earthly goods to his mother and sisters, not forgetting a quite considerable share in charity. There was another bequest, which he would like to have made. But he finally decided against it. The notary watched him from his desk in the old-fashioned office where but little had been changed in the last half century. He saw the slender, upright figure departing down the street, full of repressed enthusiasm, of which but few outward tokens were given.

"*Ah, le voilà!*" he muttered, "it is a type. In his business capacity like his father, the late Monsieur de Grandpré, but in other ways different." Also he shook his head. "It's a pity," he sighed, "that such fine types must be sacrificed."

Then he devoted himself to the deed of sale he was preparing, as though no such brave soldier had come into his ken. He had prepared deeds of sale, mortgages and what not for those who were long in dust. For a few years longer he would continue to prepare them, while generous-hearted young men were sacrificing their lives *On Flanders Fields.* He had

never heard those lines of the gifted poet, who fell there himself, nor read of those poppies growing under alien skies, that were nourished with Canadian dust.

Achille also put everything in his workshop into shape, in preparation for the time when he should be working there again and as if that return were a certainty. He instructed his mother, how occasionally it would be necessary to bring a practical man to overlook the appliances, that they might be kept in the best order.

"I shall be working harder than ever when I get back," he told her, "to make up for lost time. Also," he added, after a pause, "according to Tant' Luce, I shall be getting married, then, and shall want to show off my workship at its best."

His mother laughed and he added: "And then some poor girl will find out how you have spoiled me."

Aunt Luce had always told the mother that Achille had some particular girl in his eye, which was the truth. But in his practical way he argued: "If anything should happen, over there, I would only leave her a widow, which is scarcely just and fair. If nothing happens, why she may prefer to marry some other chap, if I'm too long away."

All of which went to show that Achille was unusually altruistic, or as some might have argued, that he was not very deeply in love. In any case, it was highly characteristic.

Meanwhile Madame de Grandpré, with an agony which was daily showing itself in every line of that finely chiseled and still beautiful face, attended with the most meticulous care to every detail of her household. Never had the exquisite finish of its appointments been more evident: nor its comfort and ease more alluring. The appetizing dishes which had been wont to tempt his boyhood, were placed before the young soldier and any of his comrades whom he chose to invite, in the daintiest of settings. Surely Achille must have been aware that no one so well as his mother understood the elegancies no less than the comforts of life; and that, notwithstanding the fact that her own health had long been delicate and that her diet was of the simplest. It all came so naturally to the young man that he scarcely gave a thought to the excellence of what was set before him, or the manner in which it was served. Nevertheless it pleased him that his fellow officers should regard with such manifest admiration his beautiful mother,

presiding with dignity at the table and entering sympathetically into all their conversation.

She heard them frequently discussing, by way of jest, or possibly to encourage her, the chances of the War and the calculation that had been made, that there was one in every twenty chances that a soldier would come through the War safe, and one in every forty that he would recover from his wounds. In her heart the mother said always: "What if that one chance in twenty or one in forty, should not, my son, be yours." Aloud she said nothing.

Aunt Luce had not yet arrived. It had been arranged between the sisters that she should not take up her abode in the big house until after Achille had gone. He went over to her modest quarters to bid her good-bye, and to sun himself, as it were, in her cheerfulness and gayety. On the surface she was an optimist, though inwardly she was oppressed by the sadness of life. She pictured the young man's future in roseate colors, and she did not neglect to throw out a hint which he promptly took. He paid a last visit to the young girl who, as Aunt Luce shrewdly suspected, had captivated his fancy, if she had not as yet completely won his heart. He was only to discover when distance had added its melancholy charm how much he really loved that charming girl, with her delicate, fragile beauty, porcelain like complexion and dark, wistful eyes. She appealed to him more than ever in that final interview. But he was his father's son and, holding himself well in hand, spoke no word of love and gave no hint of his future intentions. He held that it was fairer to leave her absolutely free. It had cost him more than he had believed possible to bid her farewell without a word. But he was, like his father, inflexible of will.

On the night before his departure, mother and son were left alone. Achille's thoughts which had been chiefly in France or on the muddy plains of Flanders, with his comrades, came back to centre themselves on his mother and the parting that was so near. He had never been demonstrative, but all the love and tenderness that, boy fashion, had lain hidden arose to the surface. Much passed between the two that evening, which was to serve as a memory and a solace to the mother, after her Benjamin, in the phrase that had grown to be a commonplace, "had embarked for overseas service."

Achille did many of those lighter things he had been

accustomed to do. He put on the gramaphone, choosing the records of ragtime airs that had been reserved for him and his young companions, or patriotic selections that warmed his blood and stirred his pulses. He played with his dog and put him through all his tricks, as had been his habit after dinner in the evenings, and when his mother had gone to give instructions in the kitchen for his early breakfast.

"Poor, old fellow," he said. "You will be looking around for your master, at this time tomorrow, and he will not be here. That will be strange enough, old doggie."

As he said those words, he raised his head and gave a long look around the rooms, that long suite of drawing-rooms, so long familiar and so soon to be strange. He put away the dog, who jumped on him and licked his hand, and began to pace thoughtfully up and down the room.

"I am glad Aunt Luce is coming tomorrow," he said, "tomorrow when I shall not be here."

It was characteristic of mother and son, that then and in all the conversations they had held together, there had been no word of rancor against the foe, nor yet of hatred. Consciously or unconsciously, they despised such modes of speech, or, in their inexorable commonsense, they recognized their uselessness. To them both there was a great duty to be done, a sacred cause to be upheld, and that was all. Achille felt no strong and virile man could shirk that duty, just as the mother was convinced that no right-thinking mother could hinder its performance. It made the mother's sacrifice the harder that she was resolved to restrain all outward emotion. She would not even accompany her son to the station, lest she might break down there. Also, she fancied it would be harder to return to the empty house. On that long dreaded morning she said to the departing soldier:

"You will return, my son, when God pleases and when your work over there is done."

"Until our work is done, that is as long as we are needed anywhere, mother dearest," replied Achille, with a laugh that sounded forced.

Then he folded her in his arms and for a long moment they so remained, the mother and the son. After that Achille went bravely down the steps, which as man and boy his feet had so often traversed. His dog who had been shut up,

whined and yelped. It was the only sound. The mother stood at the door with a smile upon her face. She saw her Achille turn and cast a long, wistful glance backwards over the house. Then he stepped into the motor, waved his hand in farewell and was gone out of her sight. The mother sat a few moments in the drawing-room before she passed upstairs to her own apartment and there remained. Was it on her richly carved *prie dieu,* or giving away to the long repressed agony of tears? Who could tell?

In the afternoon she came down, calm and composed, to meet Aunt Luce.

The letters that soon began to come, at tolerably regular intervals, were bright and full of news. Achille in the trenches, in the dugout, forty feet below ground, in the ruined towns behind the line. Achille on leave and seeing more or less of the world, but always, as he said, looking forward to the time when he would stand on Canadian soil again. Never had that native land gripped his heart strings as now, when he had put thousands of miles between him and it. Sometimes he jested about himself or his comrades, relating how alarmed he had been at sight of the gray-coated adversaries advancing in serried columns, the shells bursting near, the bombs coming from overhead, or the whizzing bullets of the snipers, speeding close on their death-dealing mission. Again, he described with a burst of patriotic fervor some advantage that had been gained, some dearly bought triumph won, or he extolled with an enthusiasm, real if repressed, the heroism of those who were courting death at every hour.

Madame de Grandpré shared all these letters with Aunt Luce, even when the bright-faced widow had not herself received one. She was naturally of a gay and cheerful disposition and keenly interested in the sayings and doings of all around her. She was at pains to discover whether Achille had gone to say good-bye to Marguerite, that charmingly pretty and winsome girl, who in her extreme youth and inexperience was, as yet, but a silhouette in the young man's life, an exquisite sketch of what, more matured, she would become. As far as it was possible for Aunt Luce to discover, Achille had not spoken. The girl was shy and reserved, but the elder woman could detect a slight accent of bitterness in her tone.

"Lieutenant de Grandpré," she observed, "was very keen

about the War. Nothing else seemed to interest him very much."

"Strange!" commented the aunt meaningly, "I used to fancy he was interested in—many things."

The girl catching the significance of the tone, flushed slightly. "He could speak of nothing else," she declared.

"*Vraie?* Well, he hopes that this War will not be long."

The girl sighed ever so faintly. "I fear it will be very long," she said.

"Nothing is long to youth," exclaimed Aunt Luce. After which she went away and told her sister that it was very disappointing that that rascal of an Achille had not spoken, and that he might miss the chance of getting so perfect a wife.

The mother laughed a little, as though she were not ill pleased.

"Perhaps after all," she remarked, "he has not discovered all her perfections."

"There spoke the green-eyed monster," jested the cheerful little widow. But she did not insist any farther. It would be time enough when the neglectful boy came home, if Marguerite were not snapped up in the meantime. She argued, however, with the philosophy of experience that, apart from all sentimental considerations and the sterling qualities of Achille, neither the girl nor her parents would be in a hurry to let a million or more slip through their fingers. Meanwhile it was her chief business to smooth away, as far as possible, any thorns from her sister's path, and to keep her mind from too much brooding. For she was well aware that under that outward calm and repose, were the deep waters of pain and bitterness. Sometimes when she missed her, Madame de Grandpré would be found in the workshop, softly fingering over the various mechanical applicances, whose names she did not know, or polishing their shining surfaces with a chamois. On such occasions, Aunt Luce stole away without a word, or softly murmured to herself:

"Ah, the poor mother!"

Achille de Grandpré stood under the stars of France. It was a cool dark night. The familiar constellations, Orion and the Herdsman, Cassiopia and Charles' Wain, burned deeply in the azure, and sent the young soldier's thoughts back, with

a fierce throb of pain, to that country of his heart's love. Suddenly, it seemed to him he heard singing. Was it the voices of the pilgrims in that peaceful village singing the hymn to good St. Anne. It sent a weird, uncanny thrill through his veins and he saw, as in a picture, the figure of the old *habitant,* with white hair, a symbol of happier times, sitting in the peace of the gallery in a far-off village, looking out over the river, and fearing only the depopulation of his beloved Canada. To the young man, whose whole frame vibrated with eagerness, responding to the call of the hour, it was difficult to understand such an attitude. He shook himself to get rid of that weird impression of those pilgrims singing thousands of miles off. Then he laughed, and realized that what he had heard was a few Canadians near at hand, singing in subdued voices: "*O Canada, mon pays, mon amour!*".

That was different. It sent a thrill through him and seemed to warm his blood. Achille bethought himself that he had to see the chaplain, before it was too late. For it was known that they were going into action on the morrow. As he threaded his way through the line of trenches, he could see, dimly in the bright starlight, the town of Courcellette over yonder, with the spire of its church rising into the air like an emblem of hope. He stood and looked at it with a strange feeling. There are certain objects that at times seem like landmarks on life's journey. The chaplain was busy. Numbers of men were crowding about his quarters. But Achille waited. Never since leaving college had he omitted his monthly Communion, far less would he do so now in this vital, throbbing moment, when life seemed to touch on the confines of death. After confession he laughed and jested with the chaplain, who had known him and his people in that far-off Canada which seemed so dream-like. This, *this* was the reality, grim and terrible. That country with its fragrant pine forests, its glory of autumn coloring, its winter snows, the frost-bound rivers, and its summer's splendid warmth, was something remote and distant. It seemed as something he had imagined and almost spectral appeared the familiar faces—the cheerful, kindly countenance of Aunt Luce, the pretty and winsome visage of Marguerite with her own appealing lithe charm, and his mother, *his mother.*

After his interview with the chaplain, he felt strangely

lighthearted and glowing with enthusiasm for the work that had to be done on the morrow. He had been under fire before, and he could have told, if he wished, all sorts of blood-curdling tales of narrow escapes in the trenches. But tomorrow would be something new and vital, something, he hoped, which would immortalize the men of Canada. He went about and visited the other officers. Many of those attached to that unit had been fellow students with him at St. Mary's in Montreal, or had been his personal friends. They belonged to prominent Canadian families. They were mostly merry and good-humored with a certain reckless dash and bravery. There was much gay talk and laughter among them, as though they were going to a festival, though occasionally a graver note was struck, when half in jest, wholly in earnest, they gave each other messages to carry home, "in case they did not come out."

At dawn, the chaplain gave them Holy Communion and addressed to them a few heart-stirring words. He bade them divest their hearts of all hatred against the foe and to supernaturalize their actions for the stern duty they had to perform. No man, he said, who had been strengthened by the Sacrament of life, could fail in presence of the enemy, and he exhorted them, one and all, to make the sacrifice of their lives. That so that they might be able to exchange this mortal for immortality, this corruptible for incorruptibility.

That battle of Courcellette has been described in many a glowing newspaper account, in many a home-written letter. It will be described in war chronicles, long after this generation that reads has passed from the earth. Courcellette will be a name to stir the blood of Canadians and to be reëchoed by the children and children's children of survivors, in generations to come. The Canadians swept all before them. Scarce restrained by orders, the gallant Twenty-second rushed like a torrent over the ground, crossing the bridge that spanned the stream, and into the heart of that little village which they carried by assault. Achille de Grandpré seeing before him as his objective the church spire which shone brightly in the morning sun, speeding onwards at the head of his men, seemed like one beside himself in a very frenzy of martial ardor. He could not be kept back, as in a rapid, incisive voice he gave his orders to advance, always to advance. In one swift rush he

carried his men over the stream. His courage was all but superhuman. His slight figure appeared to have gained additional stature. He heard his own voice, shouting himself as it were hoarse, and he waved his sword which caught on its point the gleam of the rising sun.

Madame de Grandpré sat with Aunt Luce at breakfast, in that luxurious dining-room where but a few months before Achille had been with them. They were talking of him as they so often did, and of the good news in his last letter; how well and in what excellent spirits he had been. All at once the mother's eyes dimmed and her face clouded.

"You will laugh at me, Luce," she said, "but I feel sad and depressed this morning."

Luce looked inquiringly: "Just after having got such good news?" she suggested.

"It is all because of a dream."

"A dream? I wonder at you, *ma chère*. You are not growing superstitious is your old days?"

"No, no, I have always mocked at omens, dreams and such like fooleries. But this was extraordinarily vivid."

"About Achille?"

"Yes, about Achille. I thought I saw him in France. He was at the head of his men, and they were crossing a stream, over a bridge. I could see the water and the bridge very distinctly, my dear Luce. Then—" she paused and passed her hand over her forehead. "In the centre it broke down. I saw him struggling. Then darkness."

Luce could not help being impressed by the look and tone of her sister, who was so sensible, so strong-minded, but she stoutly contended: "It is an indigestion, my sister, something you have eaten, and since your thoughts are always on Achille, why, naturally your nightmare would take that form."

Madame de Grandpré forced a smile: "It is ridiculous, of course," she agreed, "to be troubled about the vagaries of the mind in sleep."

"You will have Achille back here before you know," Luce argued, "to be a—yes a grandfather."

"That will take time," jested the mother, "and I may not be allowed to wait for that."

"If only he has not let slip," continued the aunt, "that Marguerite, so *mignonne*, so *chic* and so good and pious besides."

"She is a very sweet young girl," agreed the mother, thoughtfully. "Decidedly you are right, Achille could not do better. Yesterday I saw her praying in church."

"Praying for Achille, *sans doute*."

"I hope so. Prayers are their only safeguard, those dear soldiers of Canada."

It was hard to say why the conversation took that turn, but before they knew the two women were counting those of their acquaintances who had lost some dear one at the front. Aunt Luce, in her incurable optimism, pictured that loss in itself as a great happiness.

"Is it not better," she said, "for those who have fallen to have met with so glorious a death, rather than to live on and grow old, to see their strength fall from them day by day, to suffer perhaps from some terrible disease, until death gathers them like withered leaves. They have gone, young, brave, with clean souls and brave hearts. Spared all the miseries of life, their country will remember them always, living and young, and God will receive them speedily into His Kingdom. Surely for them it is the better part."

The speaker's face was lighted up with enthusiasm, her voice trembled with emotion. Madame de Grandpré looked at her with something like fear, something like awe. She shivered slightly as she cried: "Oh God! Luce, where do the mothers get the strength to bear it!"

Aunt Luce started off, after a while, to market. The servants were all busy at their various tasks. The day was bright and clear, very much like that one upon which Achille had waved good-bye to his mother from the motor. The house seemed big and empty: its mistress wandered restlessly about the big, drawing-rooms, putting little touches here and there. She decided that if once that dreadful War were over, and Achille were coming home, she would make some changes, some improvements. With a smile and a sigh, she recalled Aunt Luce's predictions, which she had always tried to wave aside, that there might be question of a marriage. She resolved that she would try and reconcile herself to that, as a Christian mother should, especially when her son was likely to make so excellent a choice. She tried hard to banish the memory of that sinister dream, which had left her with so strong a feeling of depression. She strove to picture to her-

self instead that day when her boy should come home, bounding lightly up the steps as had been his habit. How delightful it would be to hear him tell of his experiences over there, and she determined to ask him if he had ever seen such a river and such a bridge.

The electric bell sounded through the spacious hall and up the broad stairs. Contrary to all precedent in that orderly household, the servants seemed to be all busy, so that Madame de Grandpré went to the door and opened it herself. She was handed a yellow slip of paper, with its brief, official message:

> We regret to inform you that your son, Lieutenant de Grandpré, was killed in action, leading his men to the attack over a bridge at Courcellette.

That strong, brave woman, with one cry of "My God, I offer it for his soul's repose," fell fainting to the floor just as a servant came hurrying to answer the bell. When Aunt Luce returned, full of consternation and dismay at having been absent, she found her sister in bed. Bending over her, with fast falling tears, she could only hear the faintly whispered words:

"Achille has won the better part."

Some days later came letters from the Battalion Commander, from the Colonel of the regiment and from the chaplain. All extolled the heroic conduct of the young officer, giving such details of his death as were known. One only at the moment gave the mother any comfort. It was the letter of the priest who told how Achille had been to confession and in the dawn of that fateful morning had received Communion from his hands. He gave further details that had reached him through a comrade and friend of the dead officer. This latter, mortally wounded himself, had managed to creep back to the lines bringing Achille's watch, beads and scapular with two letters found upon his person and giving details. That comrade lived just long enough to describe the manner of his friend's fall and to receive absolution. The letters were to Marguerite and the mother. The first read as follows:

> MY DEAR MARGUERITE:
>
> Tonight it has seemed to me that I was wrong in not having spoken to you definitely. Probably with your fine intuition, you have guessed much of what I could tell you. But, my dearest girl, if I had asked, and you had listened

favorably to my suit, there was always the chance that I should leave you a widow or bound by a long engagement, which did not seem to me just or right. Except I be disabled, I shall not return, until this War is over. If I do, perhaps you will consent to marry me. It would rejoice me to believe so. If I never go back, I hope some luckier fellow will make you happy. But do not entirely forget Achille, who now sends you this message across the wide ocean that separates us, that through all the years you may know that he truly loved you. I also beg of you, who pray so much, to put me always in your prayers living or dead. Good-night, my love. Something tells me it is good-bye.

In life or in death,

Ever faithfully yours,

ACHILLE.

The letter to his mother ran as follows:

DEAREST MOTHER:

If I come out of tomorrow's fight, this letter will never be sent. It might then seem absurd and sentimental. But if I am never to see Canada again, I want to thank you for all your love and care, and to ask you to forgive me for my thoughtlessness and selfishness. I realize now how much more I might have done for you. Give my love to my sisters, whom I am glad to think I saw in Quebec before sailing. Tell them to pray for me. Also, my best love to Aunt Luce. In the absence of your children, her true heart will be your comfort. I have made my peace with God, and so I am ready for whatever happens.

It was so pleasant to meet our old friend Father—— who could speak of you all. In any event, I do not regret what I have done. I am willing to lay down my life, with our splendid, gallant follows, for the cause. If I am not to go back, do not grieve. As the chaplain says, "Time is short" and we shall meet again soon, after all. I seem to see you all before me in the old places, with even my poor old dog, an humble faithful friend.

Good-night, dearest mother, and if it must be so, good-bye. That God may ever bless you is the prayer, on this night that may be his last, of

Your ever grateful and devoted son,

ACHILLE.

New Books.

THE PROCESS OF HISTORY. By Frederick J. Teggart, Ph.D. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.25 net.

A moment more opportune than the present could not have been chosen by Dr. Teggart for the publication of his book, which analyzes the processes of history. His interesting inquiry aims at discovering a method more scientific than the rude ones now employed to ascertain *how man everywhere has come to be what he is.* No subject more important could have engaged the scholarship of an investigator. Professor Teggart attempts to do for human history what biologists are doing for all forms of life. In such an undertaking, however, it should constantly be kept in mind that the field of the historian, the unnumbered activities of the mind of man, is a realm more ample than even the considerable kingdom of animated nature.

The author's object is practical, for he inquires whether historians are doing all that lies in their power to contribute to the well-being of their fellow-men. The stages of his discussion include an account of the nature and scope of this investigation, the geographical as well as the human factor in history, and an examination of former methods of research.

One result of the present conflict, the author remarks, has been a lessening of the exclusiveness and self-confidence of the western European; and, he adds, we have come to regard the differences and contrasts among men, not as a basis for disparagement, but as something to be explained. This is the problem selected by Dr. Teggart. The familiar fact is noticed that men of every hue assume toward one another an attitude of superiority. How do historians propose to eliminate from their conclusions all traces of the subjective? In historical narratives personal bias will show itself by the appearance of elements, personal, ethical, religious. This sufficiently suggests the winds that sweep across the field of history.

The popular theory is examined which attributes the diversities among peoples to physical differences in race. This implies that not only in all places but in all times a race preserves its distinguishing characteristics. Certain writers base the differences of race groups on mental characteristics. But neither the race theory nor that of habitat offers an adequate basis for an explanation of how man has come to be what he is.

The sociologist, says the author, still sets before himself the

aim of discovering the law of progress, while the historian assumes progress. In the annals of the races of men there appear to have been stagnation, retrogression, and oblivion nearly as often as progress.

Professor Teggart justly observes that the "analytical study of history must be founded upon a comparison of the particular histories of all human groups, and must be actuated by the conscious effort to take cognizance of all the available facts." If we are ever to know how men have come to be what they are, it is clear that it is not to be discovered by even the most exhaustive investigation of a few distinct human groups.

The author's second section examines "the bases for an acceptance of the homogeneity of history." It is pointed out that though Freeman expected pleasure in perusing the annals of Asiatic peoples, he did not look for light from the East. Of extreme importance is the subject of the migration of the races, a phenomenon, says the author, which is not caused by the pressure of population. Investigations leave no doubt that the inhabitants of the explored sites have "been repeatedly driven forth by destructive changes of climate." After treating the influence of climatic changes, this study considers in detail the human factor.

The last section, method and results, along with other matters assembles the principles examined in the earlier part of the work. This makes it plain that the study of man involves an inquiry "as to how modifications and changes in idea-systems have been, and still are, brought about." In every human group, Professor Teggart remarks, there may be observed certain processes by which idea-systems are being slowly but continuously modified. These processes, differing both in potency and type, it would be interesting to describe, but there is not in this place the space even to enumerate them. If, however, this review will but lead the reader to the pages of the author, it will have attained to its principal object. His remarkable essay is not to be tasted, but, to use the words of Bacon, it is "to be chewed and digested." If one will apply its principles to one's own group, it will solve many of one's problems.

THE WORLD'S DEBATE. By Rev. William Barry. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

How a duchy, with an area smaller than Scotland, with no silver streak and but little natural resources, became a kingdom, how the kingdom became the most powerful empire of modern times, and how in its passion for universal domination that State, hammered and welded into an army, brought war upon the world,

is told with many a dramatic touch in *The World's Debate.* Through all the wonderful chapters runs the story of a dynasty steadily forging its way towards the realization of its vast ambition, the hegemony of Europe, scheming and working with a continuity of purpose and method that linked the last of the Hohenzollerns with the Great Elector of Brandenburg. For the unfolding of this gigantic plot Dr. Barry, "a spectator of all time and all existence," was eminently fitted. The book is full of historical portraits: as one towering figure after another emerges, it is instantly etched. It is also replete with allusions and anecdotes and analogies. The mention of Cardinal Mercier's name sends the thoughts of the writer back to the year 451, when Attila was ravaging Gaul, and when (quoting Gibbon's words) "the pastoral diligence of Anianus, a bishop of primitive sanctity and consummate prudence, exhausted every art of religious policy to support their courage till the arrival of the expected succor." There are innumerable side-lights. "Kultur is the idea of mechanism made perfect." "Heine bade his audience observe that German princes sat on nearly all the thrones of Europe and that they fought or conspired everywhere against liberty." "The definition of Papal Infallibility, as Cardinal Gibbons said, did more to rescue the Church from the dominion of the State than anything in modern history. And it did so by declaring that the Church is a sovereign society, complete in itself, having jurisdiction in its own province everywhere over its members." The United States did not enter the War sooner because "President Wilson was waiting until the nation of America had made up its conscience." In the hands of the scholarly English priest the story throughout has all the charm of Macaulay's pages. There is the same grasp of history, the same wide reading among the literatures of Europe, the same vividness of narration—the vividness of memories rather than of history pure and simple. Needless to add that history, as Dr. Barry tells it, is philosophy teaching by examples.

OLD TRUTHS AND NEW FACTS. By Charles E. Jefferson, D.D. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.

If this book can be taken as indicative of present-day Protestantism it is a hopeful sign of a return at least on some points to sound Christian doctrine. Indeed, the Reverend author is occasionally more Catholic than he is conscious of. His aim is to tell us a few of the things "at which it is reasonable to expect a modification of Christian opinion to be brought about by the Great War." And while his position does not permit him to say plainly that

certain truths which have always been accepted dogmas in the Catholic Church will now occupy a similar place in the minds of those who still retain some form of Christianity, he does venture to predict that various doctrines "will receive a prominence which has hitherto been denied them."

It is only too well known that many sects have in the past despised or at least disputed the dual nature of the God-man. Dr. Jefferson rightly rejects such blasphemy as well as the vulgarism of those traveling evangelists who "slap Jesus as it were on the shoulder, and speak to Him as though He were a street Arab." But it is painful to see him in the heart of an edifying chapter, leave cold present-day facts and drift into mythology. He calmly proceeds to inform his readers that "during what we call the Middle Ages, the Virgin Mary held the supreme place in the popular mind. Most of the prayers were offered to her. Jesus was hidden behind His Mother." One would expect more from a scholarly divine. It is disappointing that in the churches for which he speaks the dogma of the Incarnation will after all be merely "a shifting of the emphasis from the humanity to the Divinity." We looked for something more definite. But let us be thankful even for this.

The remarks on vicarious suffering are a big improvement on those usually upheld by his co-religionists. In his treatment of prayer he is not so happy. Its necessity is not questioned. But the attempt at a theological explanation of its conditional efficacy is lame. We may not hope to save a burning city on bended knees. But this does not mean that God may not sometimes as a result of intercession grant what, humanly speaking, we could never hope for. We are sorry Dr. Jefferson has no room in his theology for prayers for the dead. Anglican-Protestantism wisely modified its attitude in this at the demand of many of its members. It would be a healthy sign if in this country we heard of something similar.

The Reverend author is not disturbed by the cry of those who consider Christianity a failure because it failed to prevent war. The very fact that men looked to it to accomplish this, and not to art, education, science, or even international law, shows that religion has a deeper hold on men's hearts than they themselves are conscious of. There is something in this. The assistance rendered the state by the various churches will, he thinks, be productive of much good. We trust it will. The naïve advertisement however of the Y. M. C. A. as the Church's agent *par excellence*, and "the most popular institution on the face of the earth," is we venture to think slightly overdrawn. The omission of any particular organization where so many have done excellent work would show better taste.

The Bible has been abused. This must change. "The war is demonstrating the futility of Bibliotry. We cannot live on a book. No book can tell us all we want to know, or do for us all we must have done." If it took a war to make those outside the Catholic Church realize that the "Bible and nothing but the Bible" means spiritual starvation then it has not been in vain.

DYNAMIC PSYCHOLOGY. By Robert S. Woodworth, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press. $1.50.

The purpose of this interesting volume is to study human behavior from the point of view of cause and effect. In a preliminary chapter the author briefly sketches the history of the development of modern scientific psychology in its separation from traditional philosophical associations. The definition, however, of psychology as a science, either of consciousness, or of behavior, is too superficial to satisfy the scientific inquirer. *Dynamic Psychology* would utilize the results of the study of consciousness and of behavior, with the addition of brain physiology, in the endeavor to solve the two problems of "how" we do a thing and "why" we do it, the problem of mechanism and drive, or motives of action in human life. The thesis the author defends is thus summed up in his own words: "Any mechanism, once it is aroused, is capable of furnishing its own drive and also lending drive to other converted mechanisms."

Human instincts, varied though they be, do not furnish sufficient motive to human conduct in all the multiplicity and variety of man's activity. Over and above the instinctive tendencies there are native equipments, acquired or learned equipments, selection, control, originality, social behavior; these cannot be explained adequately on the mere assumption of instincts as the motor-power or drive. The motor force in each one of these varied functions of human life is found in the performance itself; interest in the work is the force which furnishes the drive. Selection, control, inhibition, find complete explanation in the interest which accompanies man's activity. Even in mentally abnormal cases the same law of action obtains.

The work is written in a refreshingly clear style, so unusual in a great deal of our contemporary psychological literature. The criticism of many current psychological errors is clear and convincing. The author manifests throughout the work a keen analytical mind and a thorough acquaintance with contemporary psychology. The union of mechanism and drive undoubtedly exists in many human actions; if the principle could be applied, say, to education, to industry, gratifying results would surely

follow. But man is bound to do many things in which spontaneous interest is not the motor force; the stimulus to action must come from external sources, both to initiate the function and to keep the mechanism at work. Moral law, duty, self-denial, are facts that need an interpretation not found in the psychological analysis of this work. Entirely insufficient is his account of "social behavior." The freedom of the will, "in the sense of being unconditioned and uncaused," is "an uncongenial concept" not only in dynamic, but also in rational psychology.

The work is worthy of careful study, even if the reader will not be able to agree with all the views advocated by the author. Dynamic psychology marks a step in advance towards a more thorough psychological interpretation of human conduct, the aim which rational psychology always has in view.

OUR HUMBLE HELPERS. Jean Henri Fabre. New York: The Century Co. $2.00.

It is perhaps unfortunate that *Our Humble Helpers* is put forward as a book for children, because that is precisely what it is not, except for children of an older growth. The mere casting of it in dialogue with children does not mitigate the fact that much of what Fabre says is expressed in a fashion too difficult for the average child to comprehend. Overlook this obvious drawback, and the book is just one delight after another, an accumulating series of informative sketches on the everyday birds and beasts about us.

The style of the book and its purpose closely resembles Fabre's *Story Book of Science,* and is more interesting for general readers in that the domestic animals are more familiar. The style, however, has the same captivating intimacy with dumb things which made Fabre so beloved and so serviceable to mankind. He opens the eyes. He puts us at ease in the presence of nature's intricacies. He shows us the fellowship and warfare and stern rigors of another life and another world. He has robbed science—natural science, at least—of its forbidding dryness and unhuman characteristics.

PEBBLES ON THE SHORE. By "Alpha of the Plough." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00.

This is a book of essays of singular charm, which were contributed to the Lordon *Star* in war-time, and are now published under the above title, as being "pebbles gathered on the shore of a wild sea." It would be a mistake to suppose that they have chiefly a war-interest, except inasmuch as they served as lenitives of the prevalent unrest. As types of the familiar essay, of

the informal *causerie* on men and things, they represent English journalism at its best—at once intimate, elevated, self-contained. Each paper embodies the admirable working-out of an idea which leaves the reader fascinated by its rich implications.

"Alpha of the Plough" has nimbler senses and more vivid pulses of pleasure than the average man, else he would not write so charmingly. "It is the privilege of the artist," he says somewhere, "to enrich the general life with the consciousness of the world which he alone has experienced." It is this gift of vision which tinges the diction and content of the essays with the imagination and phrasing of the poet. He has, withal, a saving sense of humor which divests him of English class-prejudice, and a healthy inertia which makes him proof against pessimists—even in war-time. In point of technique, the most striking features are the simple means with which he creates his effects, and the limpid ease and flow of the writing. However much the current of his thought may ripple and return on itself, it never fails eventually to cast up its pebble of truth well on the shore.

It may be added that the little volume belongs to the *Wayfarer's Library* and is illustrated with the attractive crayon sketches of M. C. E. Brock, who has done a similar service for many English classics.

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS, OUR NEW POSSESSIONS AND THE BRITISH ISLANDS. By Theodoor De Booy and John T. Faris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.00.

Since it has become the privilege of the United States, as President Wilson said, to chart the course of peace and to form a league of peace-enforcing nations, the purchase of the Virgin Islands would seem to be a form of cosmic joke. Bought ostensibly to add to our coaling stations or to command certain of the West Indian trade routes, these Islands proved a costly venture. We paid on the average of $300 per acre! The price was $25,000,000; whereas, in 1867, the Danish Government was willing and glad to part with them for $5,000,000. But now we have them, it is our opportunity to make them repay the investment. This volume, by two authorities on the Virgin Islands, is a sort of survey of the possibilities.

Behind this little group of islands lies some rare and romantic history, and as the authors consider each one—St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix—they give a general sketch of the past. It is a past filled with buccaneers, slave insurrections, national greed, petty wars and hurricanes. Having told of the past, they proceed to describe the geographic and economic conditions, the

nature of the inhabitants, and then project these conditions into the future when they shall have felt the improving attention of the United States. Not that Denmark neglected this little group of colonies; in fact her record there is an almost spotless page in the history of colonial government. Finally, the authors give hints to tourists—for tourist traffic will surely start with the States—and a *résumé* of the business opportunities.

The volume is well illustrated with photographic views, and its text is eminently readable. The growing interest in our new possessions, which peace has made possible, should justify a popular demand for this excellent volume of travels.

THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By William Lyon Phelps. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

The title Professor Phelps has chosen for his latest book is unfortunate inasmuch as the term "advance" leaves room for cavil; English Poetry in the Twentieth Century would more accurately indicate the scope of the work. His real purpose is to give a survey of the best contemporary poetry produced in England, Ireland and America, and to show that, today more than ever before, poetry exercises a vital influence on humanity. In a readable and gossipy style he analyzes the work of the major contemporary poets—Watson, Masefield, Kipling, Thompson, Henley, Hardy, Phillips, Noyes, Yeats, Synge, Lindsay, Masters—and of a hundred lesser figures. He proves himself in this task an admirable popularizer of current literature, at once wholesome, brilliant and entertaining. The estimates are written with unflagging verve and gusto, and his talent as a literary *causeur* is illustrated by the incisive allusions and *obiter dicta* with which he seasons his discourse. His method is Chestertonian in its point and antithesis, its colloquial idiom and pungent humor. At times, indeed, in his striving for effect he is betrayed into ill-considered judgments. Yet, all in all, he gives a tolerable conspectus of the recent development of English poetry.

His appreciation of Masefield, whom he styles a modern Chaucer, is the *pièce de resistance* of the book. It gives the leading notes of the twentieth century trend in poetry—dynamic quality, freedom of technique, truth to the conditions of the actual world, and lack of restraint or reticence. Incidentally it reveals the fact that "vitality" is the chief element in the modern poets which recommends them to Mr. Phelps. This ground of preference may explain his omission of Mrs. Meynell's exquisite Muse, his imperfect sympathy with George Woodberry and Lascelles

Abercrombie, and his glorification of Kipling at the expense of Robert Bridges. Yet it is only fair to say that he values the delicate art of Yeats and Walter de la Mare. He is, however, surely misguided in over-rating Kipling, the Jingo bard whom William Watson decries, and whom Matthew Arnold would dub a Philistine.

Some of Professor Phelps' comparisons are plausible rather than real. For instance, Francis Thompson—whose spiritual passion he does not plumb—might more effectively be contrasted with George Meredith, the poet of Evolution, rather than with Henley. Then, too, the parallel traced between Wordsworth's poetic creed and Masefield's practice seems prompted by love of paradox. On the other hand, his characterization of Hardy, Hodgson, Alan Seeger and Rupert Brooke is undoubtedly felicitous. Vachell Lindsay is effectively described as an authentic twentieth century minstrel, and Yeats and "A. E." Russell are piquantly named the Ariel and Prospero in the modern *Tempest* of Ireland. By the way it seems that the modern Irish poets do not give Professor Phelps the "unmistakable spinal chill" which is his unfailing test of poetic excellence. The lack of the appreciative spasm is due simply to the fact that things Irish do not interest him. Hence his treatment of the Irish Revival movement is hopelessly beside the mark.

It is regrettable that so few Catholic writers receive notice in this account of modern poetry.

CITIES AND SEACOASTS AND ISLANDS. By Arthur Symons. New York: Brentano's. $3.00.

Arthur Symons has gone into every corner of Europe to spy out the land, and he has never once returned without the pomegranates and the figs and the cluster of grapes which are the reward of those who wander afar in receptiveness of spirit and in hope. Some of these meditative visions have already been published in his golden book, *Cities,* and now in *Cities and Seacoasts and Islands* he enshrines in perfect and pensive prose certain other adventures of his voyaging spirit among the moods of a few Spanish cities, in London, and in several coast towns and districts of France, England and Ireland.

Perhaps by no other English writer has the fascination that is in all things Spanish been more delicately, wistfully recaptured; above all the fascination of the Spanish city, especially the Spanish city on a feast-day. His pages on London are full of delicate color effects that recall Whistler's brush-work at its most magical.

His visit to the Aran Islands, whither he journeyed—one notices from the date—two-and-twenty years ago, was made before the Aran Island had become literature in the prose and dramas of J. N. Synge. These descriptions remind one a little of Synge's writing in *The Aran Islands;* but only a little, for there is a hard glittering firmness about Synge's prose which definitely demarcates it from the more fluid art of Symons. *Cities and Seacoasts and Islands* is a book to be read over and over. It is a permanent addition to English literature. And with all due respect to the reviewers, permanent additions to English literature do not occur once a week.

ALBERT DE MUN. By Victor Giraud. Paris: Bloud & Gay.

If a friend had told the materialistic philosopher, Claude Adrien Helvetius, that a great grandson of his would be an ardent defender of the Catholic faith, he would have laughed the prophecy to scorn. But time frequently has its revenge, and God knows how to make the children adore what their fathers burned. One of Helvetius' daughters married in 1772 the Count de Mun, a Field Marshal of France under Louis XVI., the grandfather of the subject of this biography.

Albert Count de Mun was essentially the soldier and the aristocrat his life long. He graduated from St. Cyr in 1862, and learned his first lessons in French colonial policy during five campaigns in Algeria. He fought also in the Franco-Prussian war, and gained the Cross of the Legion of Honor on the field of Gravelotte. While a prisoner in Germany with his friend, La Tour de Pin, he became initiated into the popular social movement in Germany associated with the name of Bishop von Ketteler. The Commune of Paris, with its bitter hatred of religion and government, made him ask whether France had not failed to educate the popular conscience, and whether she was not reaping the fruits of the Revolution.

In November, 1871, the Count de Mun met a Brother of St. Vincent de Paul, Maurice Maignen, who interested him in a workingman's club, which he had established in Paris. His first public speech was made at one of these meetings in the boulevard Montparnasse, and from that time he devoted his best energies towards developing these *cercles catholiques d'ouvriers.* Within four years one hundred and fifty clubs had been formed, with 18,000 members, 15,000 of whom were workingmen.

For thirty-eight years he fought in the French Parliament the cause of the worker. He studied the social question in its every phase, and became an expert economist, sociologist, and

statistician. He ever maintained that the modern demands of the worker for more leisure, better wages, the safeguarding of children and women, the right of arbitration in labor disputes, were based on justice, and were in reality "an unconscious longing for a forgotten Christianity."

The social and political work of the Count de Mun was much hampered by his royalist leanings. His enemies claimed that he wanted the monarchy back with all its abuses, but this was untrue, for he frequently spoke of the corruption of the old *régime*, and declared that the royalist of today must appeal to the people "not as men of the decadent past, but as men of the future." When Pope Leo XIII. asked the Catholics of France to rally to the Republic in 1892, Count de Mun at once responded, although his enemies were not impressed by his change of front.

Still the Count de Mun was respected by all for his ardent patriotism, which loved France to the core, although it deplored the anti-Catholic government of the Third Republic. When illness prevented his speaking in the early days of the War, he wrote day after day to rally all parties to the defence of their country. All France attended his funeral in Bordeaux. They knew they were burying one of the greatest Frenchmen of the century—a valiant soldier, an ardent patriot, a Catholic Crusader and a great lover of the poor.

APPLIED EUGENICS. By Paul Popenoe and Roswell Hill Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.10 net.

It is interesting to have a book on the subject of Eugenics which begins with a quotation from Jacob Riis who, at the first Race Betterment Conference years ago, declared with regard to heredity: "The word has rung in my ears until I am sick of it. Heredity! Heredity! There is just one heredity in all the world that is ours—we are children of God, and there is nothing in the whole big world that we cannot do in His service with it."

There is much in this book that is thoroughly conservative. Some of it even startling for those who have thought that eugenics pointed exactly the other way. For instance, as regards the argument that large families are an evil in themselves, the children in them being handicapped by the excessive child-bearing of the mother, the authors have to say, "It can easily be shown by a study of more favored families, that the best children come from the large fraternities." As regards the effect on the mother herself, her subsequent health and above all her longevity, recent observations are equally contradictory of the conclusions that selfish luxury would suggest. Infant mortality is shown to be

lowest among the children of young mothers, say from twenty to twenty-five years of age. A delay in child-bearing after that, penalizes the children.

The last chapter in the book emphasizes the place of euthenics, that is of well-placedness or environment as quite as important as eugenics itself. There is some opposition between those who would improve environment without taking proper account of hereditary elements, that deserves to be remembered. Social workers need to remember this particularly and of course luxury and ease of life, so far from belonging to euthenics or good environment, always have exactly the opposite effect. The authors emphasize that euthenics and eugenics bear the same relation to human progress as a man's two legs do to his locomotion.

FOCH THE MAN. By Clara E. Laughlin. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.00.

Miss Laughlin writes an interesting brief narrative of the life and battles of the Supreme Commander of the Allied forces. She tells us of his early life near Tarbes in Southern France, and his soldiering in the Franco-Prussian war which ended so disastrously for his beloved France. Foch was determined to discover the military reasons for Germany's victory and France's defeat. "His analysis of those reasons," says Miss Laughlin, "and his application of what that analysis taught him, is what has put him where he is today—and *us* where we are." In 1896 Foch was made chief professor of military subjects at the Superior School of War in Paris and advanced to lieutenant-colonel's rank. (Lieutenant-Colonel Joffre was at that time building fortifications in northern Madagascar.) Clearly and well Miss Laughlin describes the profound impression made by Foch upon those who came in contact with him in his new sphere. Aptly she quotes Charles Dawbarn's penetrating remark about the Foch of this period: "Such was his fine confidence in life, that he communicated to others not his grievances but his secret satisfactions." Her account of Foch's war-time trials and triumphs is most vivid and inspiriting. Her book should find many readers.

THE SAD YEARS. By Dora Sigerson. With a tribute by Katharine Tynan. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

The beauty-loving heart must be held high, indeed, if it is not to be broken by the spectacle of war. . . . And when it is broken, it must be held higher still, if life and the mysterious Ideals which are dearer than life are to endure for men and women.

For Dora Sigerson, as for so many perplexed souls, it would

seem these ideal motives were obscured during those last years of her life: *sorrowful years* truly enough, for her and for Ireland and for all the torn but spacious world. She sang of them with magic in her pathos. Her title poem is a masterpiece of the horror or war—her *Palace Gate* to choose but one other, is as perfect as the illumination in some finely-wrought missal. But they are songs of Death-in-Life, which the world, in very self-defence, will wish to forget. To many lovers of this lovely woman and truly Celtic poet it will be a lasting grief to remember that the end came before she could hand down as heritage one note of that high, eternal music which for others—as for herself—had meant Life-in-Death.

The volume is graced with an interesting portrait of Dora Sigerson, and with a sympathetic little memoir by her friend Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS OF SWITZERLAND. By Robert C. Brooks. Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York: World Book Co.

This description of the organization and functioning of the government and political parties of Switzerland, is preceded by a summary account of the history of the country which helps to explain why its constitutional problems are such as they are. The volume is intended as a text-book. The chapters are followed by selected bibliographies, and at the end of the book are thirty pages of "critical bibliography." There is a good index.

A bias against "the reactionary Catholics" is kept at a minimum, or, at any rate, it is difficult to prove that it is not so kept. Wherever there is a Catholic side, however, one has the feeling that the author is on the other side. He would probably in each case explain his position on other grounds than religious prejudice.

THE WONDERS OF INSTINCT. By Jean-Henri Fabre. New York: The Century Co. $3.00.

Fiction is not more interesting than the facts recorded in this study of insect life, nor could truth be presented more alluringly had its eminent author been a writer of romance. It is not necessary that the reader should have a penchant for natural history in order to feel the spell exercised in these pages wherein we are told in the simplest of language, with much grace and humor, the results of prolonged and infinitely patient experimental observation of insect customs and habits. If the attention wanders, it is only to marvel at the absorption and perseverance of the great scientist who has revealed these wonders of the civilization that lies under the feet of man.

LOVE OFF TO THE WAR AND OTHER POEMS. By Thomas Curtis Clark. New York: James T. White & Co. $1.25.

In this interesting book of verse Mr. Clark writes of many things, but chiefly of war and peace, and of the life of the spirit. His most effective work is to be found in the division of the book entitled "Studies in Souls." Such poems as, *e. g., Sons of Promise, The Remorse of David* and *Influence* exhibit the writer at his best, and are not likely to be overlooked by the compilers of anthologies for popular consumption. They have considerably more poetical quality than Mr. Clark's verses on the War which are, for the most part, rhetorical and uninspired.

THE EYES OF ASIA. By Rudyard Kipling. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.00.

Followers of Kipling fall into two schools: those who feel that his work began to fail when he passed his imperialistic stage and forsook India; and those who think a newer and more facile Kipling was born when he took up England and wrote *An Habitation Enforced.* For those who look on him as the Anglo-Indian supreme, here is a slight *soupçon* to please their palates.

The book is comprised of four tales, scenes, sketches if you will. They are character sketches rather than stories, for the plots are *nil* but who the characters are and what they say, give the subtle flavor to the book. All four are Indians serving in the British army, and they tell of the War and Britain as seen through an Indian's eyes.

The atmosphere is established in a truly Kiplingesque manner by the explanation of the first sketch—"A Retired Gentleman." It is a letter "from Bishen Singh Saktawut, Subedar Major, 215th Indurgurh (Todd's) Rajputs, now at Lyndhurst, Hampshire, England. This letter is sent to Madhu, Singh, Sawant, Risaldar Major (retired), 146th (Dublana) Horse, on his fief which he holds under the Thakore Sahib of Pech at Bukani by the River, near Chiturkaira, Kotah, Rajputana, written in the fifth month of the year 1916, English count." In the second sketch, a letter written from a Brighton hospital, a wounded Indian writes to his brother, who is a fool. The War has broadened this native trooper, and whilst he dictates his letter, he breaks in with quaint observations—to the emanuensis—of his own shortcomings and the unenlightened view of his brother.

"The Private Account" comes closer to the old Kipling than any others of the four sketches. It is a scene in an Afghan household when there arrives from France a letter written by the eldest son to his aged father. The family gathers to hear the news, and

comments on it. The old man is worried lest his son be spoiled by the kindness of the French women where he is billeted and the mother retorts, as mothers will, in defence of the old *bonne* who looks after his welfare.

The fourth letter, "A Trooper of Horse," writes to his mother and explains the ways of France and speaks of religion and his heart's desires. It is a very beautiful piece of writing and savors of a certain mellowness not typical of the Kipling of earlier years.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.

The Great Adventure, the essay from which this book gets its title, is a beautiful thing—a wonderful tribute to the torch-bearers —those who made their sacrifice in the "Great Adventure." This article alone makes the book worth while. Because of its sublimity and inspiring nobility, we forgive the distinguished author, now embarked on "The Great Adventure" of death, his intemperance at times, both of thought and expression.

JAPAN AT FIRST HAND. By Joseph I. C. Clarke. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

In this interesting volume we have an enthusiastic account—too favorable perhaps—of Japan and the Japanese people. The author has gathered his facts at first hand from all classes of informants—college professors, newspaper men, merchants, diplomats, and working people. He describes in great detail Japan's home life, her language, religions, temples, educational system, art, drama, industries, newspapers, fighting machine and the like. He assures us that the Japanese do not hate the United States, though since their advent to power they naturally resent being considered in any way an inferior race by their Western brethren. The volume is well written and beautifully illustrated.

CAMP TRAILS IN CHINA. By Roy C. Andrews and Yvette B. Andrews. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3.00 net.

Mr. Andrews was sent, by The American Museum of Natural History, to explore the wild, unknown sections of Northern China, along the border of Thibet, and to collect specimens of that country's rare fauna. We are given the results of the expedition. Accompanied by his wife, who was the official photographer of the party, he traveled through thousands of miles of China, meeting thirty little known tribes, and collecting thirteen hundred mammals and several hundred birds. Outside his specific work, he finds time to comment in an interesting way upon Chinese customs, religious practices, morals, the status of women, and such like topics.

JOSSELYN'S WIFE. By Kathleen Norris. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40 net.

Ellen Latimer, the sweet country-girl heroine of Mrs. Norris' latest novel, marries a wealthy New Yorker, and soon becomes initiated into all the luxuries and nastiness of modern social life. Her one great mistake was to dream of living happily in the same house with her husband's father and his immoral stepmother. The story develops into a cross between the triangle plot of a modern French play and the cheap melodrama of a second-rate American detective story.

The husband is punished for his unfaithfulness by suffering imprisonment under a false charge of parricide. The strain of the murder trial brings husband and wife together again, and she finally manages to free him through the extraordinary testimony of their young son. The story closes with the husband dying of consumption in a town of Southern California, and suggesting to his wife's brother the possibility of a second and a better husband.

We prefer the Mrs. Norris of *Mother, The Treasure* or of *Undertow.* Her latest novels seem written to order—mere potboilers, utterly lacking in distinction of style.

CHAMBER MUSIC. By James Joyce. Boston: The Cornhill Co. $1.00.

An enchanting grace and wistfulness are found in the thirty-six brief lyrics which compose this tiny book. In technique and temper there is surely no modern English verse so nearly Elizabethan, for Mr. Joyce has but recaptured again and again some portion of the lyric rapture of those spacious singing-days. To Arthur Symons, who reviewed them, when, eleven years ago, they were first published by Elkin Mathews in London, these songs were "like a whispering clavichord that someone plays in the evening when it is getting dark." For him, to write such delicate and lovely poetry as the lyrics in *Chamber Music,* was "to evoke, not only roses in mid-winter but the very dew in the roses." About every verse there is an extraordinary firmness and restraint.

THE GHETTO AND OTHER POEMS. By Lola Ridge. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.25.

It is in *The Ghetto,* the title poem of this volume, that Miss Ridge has her vivid and arresting art most powerfully at command.

Indeed there is much that is memorable and distinguished in Miss Ridge's book. She has savored the pathetic glory and

the tragic beauty of life in a vast city. Manhattan and Broadway, Brooklyn Bridge and the Bowery have yielded up to her something of their brooding sinister essence, and she has been able to set it down in words that are full of life and color and movement. For acrid dynamic description she has a remarkable gift.

But very rarely is there sounded in these poems that note of serenity which is characteristic of the highest art; and Miss Ridge must learn to do violence to her tendency to assault eye and ear with distressing images and figures: images and figures which distract the reader's attention and render difficult the task of following the poet's thought and entering completely into her mood.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS. *A Chapter in the History of the Movement.* By Theodore Marburg. New York: The Macmillan Co. 50 cents.

The dramatically sudden termination of the War and the diplomatic activities consequent upon it, thrust this book into the immediate foreground, written as it was when few ventured even to hope for an early dawn of peace. This "chapter"—since followed by a second—sets forth briefly, though with all essential detail, the objects of the movement and the method by which these are to be attained. The various points are presented without reservation or ambiguity, the section captioned "Race and Alien Government" being especially plain-spoken. Whatever may be the outcome of the international conferences now pending, Mr. Marburg's history of the movement will retain its interest as a document for reference.

Ex-President Taft contributes a foreword to the book.

THE PRIESTLY VOCATION. By Right Rev. Bernard Ward. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75 net.

We recommend to the clergy this excellent retreat manual, just published by Bishop Ward of Brentwood, England. While addressed directly to the English clergy, it presents the ideals of the priesthood common to all times and countries. The Bishop writes very sensibly and piously of the priest's pastoral work, his recreations, his religious exercises, his annual retreat, and his practice of the evangelical counsels. Most of our spiritual books are written and most of our retreats are given by Regulars, who at times do not understand the special needs of the secular clergy. Bishop Ward knows them thoroughly, both as bishop and in the many years spent in training seminarians. Like Cardinal Manning, he upholds strongly the great dignity of the priestly vocation, and urges secular priests to counteract by their lives and works the old traditional prejudice in favor of the Regulars.

EIGHT-MINUTE SERMONS. By Rev. William Demouy, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers. Two volumes. $3.50.

These sermons come to us highly recommended by the Apostolic Delegate at Washington, and by Bishop Allen of Mobile. They are eminently practical talks on moral and doctrinal themes, their only fault being their excessive brevity. This lack, however, may prove a virtue. Their suggestiveness will be a real help to the busy priest in preparing his sermons, instead of serving as a mere memory exercise.

THE BOYS' MILITARY MANUAL. By Virgil D. Collins. Illustrated by the author. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.00.

This Manual is written in the interest of boys undertaking military training, the value of which few fail to appreciate in the education of present-day youth under present-day conditions.

The Manual indicates how, when, and where these advantages may be obtained. It treats of the makeup of the army; The School of the Soldier, of the Squad, of the Company; The Manual of Arms; Signalling; Marksmanship; Military Map-Making and Reading. The last four chapters give advice and counsel to the youthful aspirant for officer's honors, and teach him how to conduct himself as such. The little book will be found a useful companion to a boy seeking a guide in this new life.

SKINNER'S BIG IDEA. By Henry Irving Dodge. New York: Harper Brothers. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

If increasing one's facilities for trade or business, is a big idea, the title of this book is justified. Indirectly the "big idea" results in retaining the services of older men, and shows up their advantages. This booklet is to be recommended, for even the charity which begins at home, cannot fail to diffuse some warmth in a cold world.

THAT WHICH HATH WINGS. By Richard Dehan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.60 net.

Richard Dehan's product is not precisely a sequel to *One Braver Thing,* yet the "Dope Doctor" figures largely in it, with several others whose acquaintance we made in the earlier book. As it dealt with the Boer War, so the present work treats of the War whose end was not in sight even so short a time ago as the publication of the novel. The stage is crowded with characters, and there is much incident and action. The author's obvious purpose is to portray the regenerating effect of the War, "the leaven of the Great Awakening," in the ignoble life of England's fash-

ionable circles: and to show forth the Church's power to guide the emotional reactions of a sinner—in this instance, a young woman —to real penitence and steadfast faith. These intentions are achieved, though effectiveness is lessened by discursiveness and lack of unification of the interest. While far from wishing to disparage the actuating motives, we yet question the discretion of the author in depicting with so much elaboration the scenes of temptation that led to the downfall of Patrine.

JOAN AND PETER. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

Mr. Wells' work resolves itself into a war novel, along a line of thought different from that which inspired *Mr. Britling.* It is perhaps a more brilliant effort than the former book; it is certainly less human and appealing. It registers the author's disapprobation of English education. Of course, the one way to make the indictment telling is to have presented Joan and Peter as concrete examples of failure to meet the great test. This is not done. They acquit themselves excellently, like the majority of their kind, and the case against classical education remains unproved.

Much ground is covered and many subjects handled in this work of nearly six hundred pages. There is a story, loosely constructed, and a number of well-drawn characters, most of them with views which they express at length. It is all illustrative of Mr. Wells, his versatility of mind, his insight, his blindness and his sacrilegiousness. He offends in all he says regarding religion; while in his customary attack upon the Catholic Church he surpasses his previous extravagances. By the coarse abuse he puts into the mouth of the young man, Peter, he aligns himself with her most ignorant calumniators.

Recent Events.

France.

Columns upon columns have appeared in the newspapers about the conferences which have been held in preparation for the meeting of the Council which is to settle the terms of peace, the status of the many new states, the League of Nations, and the freedom of the seas. As a matter of fact, however, nothing is really known, as all the participants in the decisions have felt it incumbent upon them to keep their proceedings a strict secret. It is scarcely worth while therefore to say more than that the first full meeting of the Peace Council was scheduled for the eighteenth of January.

The reception given President Wilson is perhaps the most noteworthy of recent events in France. It seems to have had more influence on the people than upon the Government. So at least it would seem from the fact that M. Clémenceau has indicated rather plainly a lack of sympathy with the President's League of Nations as a means of preserving peace in the future. He has announced his adherence to " an old system which appears condemned today," and he adds, " to it I do not fear to say I remain faithful at this moment. Countries have organized the defence of their frontiers with the necessary elements and the balance of power. This system appears to be condemned by some very high authorities. Yet if such a balance had preceded the War, if England, the United States, Italy and France had agreed that whoever attacked one of them attacked the whole, the World War would not have occurred. There is in this system of alliances, which I do not renounce, I say it most distinctly my guiding thought at the Conference, if your body permits me to go there." As the Chamber thereupon proceeded to pass a vote of confidence in M. Clémenceau, it does not look as if the League of Nations will meet with very hearty support from the French Government. However, one of the chief statesmen of France, M. Bourgeois, is collaborating with Lord Robert Cecil in harmonizing the forty various schemes that have been prepared for the wished-for League of Nations.

Although the Bolsheviki have supporters in France, numerous enough to make their voices heard, there is little reason to believe that they will influence the course of events there. Elections are not to take place in the immediate future, for the French Constitution disfranchises all soldiers. As so many of the citizens of

France are at present in the army, in justice to them no new election will take place until after demobilization.

Russia.

Much of the news from Russia is so uncertain as scarcely to be worth recording. Some things, however, appear certain. Among these is the fact that the Bolshevik Government maintains its power, and in fact seems to have attained a secure position. Whether under the control of Lenine and Trotzky or of the latter alone cannot be said. For a report was circulated a few weeks ago that Lenine had been imprisoned by his former coadjutor because of his willingness to take counsel with more moderate parties. Lenine did this, so report said, on account of the failure of food supplies consequent upon the nationalization of industries adopted by his government.

However this may be, according to latest report the Omsk Government, the hoped-for centre of an All-Russian Government, capable of uniting the whole country against the Bolsheviki, is on the point of being isolated by the Bolshevik forces. And the Allies operating in one sector of the Northern Government of Russia, have been forced by the Bolshevik troops to retire to positions better capable of defence, fifteen miles behind those formerly held by them.

The Bolshevik Government is able also to direct a considerable body of troops to take the places of the Germans who have evacuated Lithuania. Report has it, these troops are marching upon Warsaw after having taken possession of Riga, Revel and Vilna. Of course this has been accomplished by coöperation with the local adherents of Bolshevik principles. This constitutes the great danger of the movement, for these principles have spread to a great extent in other districts and countries: to Berlin and to other German cities.

The Berlin uprising is said to have been largely due to an emissary of the Moscow Government, named Radek, who had at his command not only eloquence and literature but also, strange to say, money furnished by the Moscow Government, by means of which he hoped to promote the success of the movement. To further the Bolshevik uprising of the Proletariat against Capital, Trotzky is said to be providing an army of three million men, to accomplish by force what pure reasoning cannot bring about. This is probably an enormous exaggeration of the capabilities of the Bolsheviki, but there are those who believe it within their power to send over a million men to enforce the purposes they have in view. At present there are something like a hundred and fifty thousand men serving under Trotzky's orders.

The seriousness of the movement is universally recognized. President Wilson has appealed for an appropriation of a hundred million dollars to buy food for the hundreds of thousands threatened with famine in the evacuation provinces of Russia, in Poland, in the Balkans and in the Central Powers. The President considers a supply of food the best weapon against the extension of Bolshevism throughout these districts. Others, however, and seemingly with good reason, think the only way to combat the western movement of the Bolshevist troops is by armed forces. It is, indeed, a time when it were well to recall the words of Pope Leo XIII. in his letter on *The Duties of Christians as Citizens:* "Nations and even vast empires themselves cannot long remain unharmed, since, upon the lapsing of Christian institutions and morality, the main foundation of human society must necessarily be uprooted. Force alone will remain to preserve public tranquillity and order; force, however, is very feeble when the bulwark of religion has been removed; and, being more apt to beget slavery than obedience, it bears within itself the germs of ever-increasing troubles. The present century has encountered notable disasters: nor is it clear that some equally terrible are not impending. The very times in which we live are warning us to seek remedies there where alone they are to be found—namely, by reëstablishing in the family circle and throughout the whole range of society, the doctrines and practices of the Christian religion. In this lies the sole means of freeing us from the ills now weighing us down."

Great surprise has been felt at the recent disclosure of a suggestion made by the British Government to the Government of France, that the Allies should call upon all the Russian parties now at war among themselves, as well as upon the Bolshevik Government, to enter into a truce for the period of the Peace Conference, and that representatives of all these warring factions, including the Bolshevik Government, should go to Paris to receive a hearing from the other Peace delegates. This fact came to light by the surreptitious publication of the French Foreign Minister's response to the suggestion made by Mr. Lloyd George's Government. To this proposal the French Foreign Minister offered most strenuous opposition, refusing very bluntly to listen to a proposal to recognize in any way whatsoever the Moscow Government. "The criminal *régime* of the Bolsheviki," he insisted, "does not entitle them to recognition as a regular government, and France is resolved to continue treating the Soviet organization as an enemy." French opposition put an end to the plan suggested by Great Britain.

The question still remains to be solved whether or no Rus-

sia is to be represented at the Peace Conference in Paris. That it should be without any representation there, would seem to deprive that Conference of the ability to do anything for the good of what was once the vast empire of Russia. To admit representatives, however, involves the question which of the many states in Russia are to be represented. One solution looked for, is the formation of a committee at Paris to receive delegations from all that may chose to come, and to lay before the Peace Conference the information it obtains and the conclusions it arrives at.

The conflicts going on in Russia are not confined to the contest with the Bolshevik Government which is common to all. In each and every state which has adopted the principle of self-determination, there have existed, or now exist, internecine conflicts. All have their parties and their mutual jealousies which have rendered the task of the Allies to bring them aid an exceedingly difficult one. The Omsk Government, for example, had a social revolutionist movement which brought on a crisis, ending in a dictatorship. This dictatorship led to the outcry that a return to a monarchical form of government was contemplated, thereby exciting the distrust of the Czecho-Slovak troops and hindering their coöperation. In the Northern Government of Russia the Allies found it necessary to suppress a revolution for the sake of good order. The Ukraine presents the most striking example of disorganization. It is impossible to describe the state of this country, except as one of utter chaos. The peasants have risen up and are destroying all property, and one set of troops is warring against another. The confusion is so great that no hope of a settlement is in sight, except by means of the French troops which have taken possession of Odessa. According to a report received some time ago, they were marching upon the capital of the Ukraine, Kiev. Notwithstanding this confusion at home, perhaps because of it, the Ukrainians have entered into hostility with the Poles and have made an attack upon Lemberg, in Eastern Galicia. Their attack was at first successful, but resulted in their rejection from the city by the Poles. The Ukrainians, however, have returned to the attack. In the present contest hostilities are not confined to Lemberg, the activities of the Ukrainians having extended to the fortress of Przemysl, the place which attracted so much attention in the early days of the Great War.

The armistice has brought to an end Germany's attempt to dominate the world. It has not brought an end, however, to the attempt of the Bolsheviki to effect a similar or, perhaps, more sinister domination. The avowed purpose of Lenine and his associates is to dominate in every country, not merely of the old world but of the new, the class that lives, from day to day, on

wages earned by the toil of their hands. Everything over and above this, they look upon as stolen. Their watchword is exceedingly simple and extraordinarily attractive in its simplicity; it appeals to everybody and is intelligible to everybody: "Steal what has been stolen." As no one will voluntarily surrender what is his, the result is the further cry: "Kill those who resist." This has been followed in Russia practically and extensively, and will be adopted in other countries as a fixed principle of action, when and wherever scope is given to the Bolshevik movement.

This is the war which is beginning, and is to many more to be feared than was the late Great War, inasmuch as every nation has within its borders those who suffer hardships and are inclined to take any measures open to them to relieve those hardships. A lesson to be learned from what Russia has suffered is so to order things that, as far as is possible, there shall be no class which can reasonably complain of injustice. Thus, rather than by force, this new attempt of world domination by a single class may be averted. It is satisfactory to note that in our own country the minds of many of our best men are being directed to this matter, and that every effort will be made in this way to avoid the conflict. The example of Russia and its sufferings should certainly induce all who have it in their power to influence the course of events, to remove all existing grievances in every possible way.

For over a year Bolshevism has been triumphant in Russia, and the results are seen in the present state to which that part of Russia under Bolshevik control has been reduced. Civil liberty has been destroyed to such an extent that anyone who expresses discontent with the existing *régime* is sent to instant execution. Famine, cold and cruel death are hovering over every man. From a commercial standpoint Russia is hopeless, and will remain so until it is able to set up an established government. At present all industry is nationalized, which is the same thing as saying that it has been confiscated. Industrial proprietors who have not been placed in jail or separated from their property altogether, are working on them as superintendents. Probably some of them—men of exceptional brains and tact—will save something out of the wreck. The rest are simply deprived of everything they owned. All industrial plants are closed down as a consequence of Bolshevik interference. The people who worked in them are without employment. One class, however, and that the largest of all, is content. The peasants, who form eighty per cent of the population, having possession of the land they wanted, are satisfied. This enables the Bolshevik Government to remain in power. On the other hand, people are dying from starvation by the hundreds in Petrograd, and prefer to suffer death by being shot rather than to

live on under present conditions. Such is the testimony of reliable authorities as to the present condition of Russia and of the Bolshevik *régime*.

This distressing state of things calls for outside assistance. But the desperate situation has led the Allies to relax their effort to maintain the degree of help they had led Russia to expect. The Japanese have withdrawn a large part of their forces through their inability to coöperate with those their co-Allies had sent into the country. Deaf ears are being turned to the appeals made by Prince Lvoff and other Russian authorities. In this country a strong effort is being made to recall from Russia the force which has already been sent there. It is reported that the British are on the point of withdrawing from the country, although this report has been denied. The only Power which seems ready to help is France. French troops have been landed in the Ukraine, as already stated. The British, to be sure, have given some slight help by bombarding the Bolsheviki on the coast of the Baltic States.

In connection with this matter of intervention, precise information concerning the first step taken for intervention in the North of Russia is of interest. This took place at the request of the Soviet Government of the Murman Provincial Council which was recognized as legitimate by the Moscow Government. The Finns allied with the Germans, were making an attempt to take possession of the Murman coast by force and to annex it, along with the province of Karelia, to Finland. To this the Murman Provincial Council objected and requested the British naval force to land a body of marines to protect them from the German-Finnish attack. The British naval force was reënforced by French and American troops. This intervention was legalized by a definite arrangement between the senior representatives of the Allied Powers, including the United States, and the Murman Provincial Council. When the Moscow Government heard what had been done, instigated it is believed by the German Government, it disapproved of this intervention. Thereupon the Murman Provincial Council, exercising that right of self-determination, which is a cardinal principle of Bolshevism, declared its independence. It is certain, however, that the Allies in intervening acted at the request of the constituted authorities.

Poland.

As soon as Germany collapsed it gave to Poland in reality the independence it had hitherto possessed only in name. The Austro-German troops evacuated the country and left it in complete freedom to form a Government of its own. The Council

of Regency, which had been formed during the Austro-German control, at once renounced all power and transferred it to General Pilsudski, who had won distinction by service in the army on the wrong side during the late War. He is a Socialist of a moderate type, who subordinates the general interest of Socialism to patriotic love of his country. To him was entrusted the making of a government. This government, when formed, was controlled by Socialists of the same moderate type. But General Pilsudski's government has not yet been recognized by the Allies. The Polish National Committee at Paris claims to be the rightful authority for Poland. It consists of representatives of the Poles scattered throughout the world, whose most active promoter in this country was M. Paderewski. This Committee has raised a force of some forty or fifty thousand men who have served in France as soldiers, fighting against the Germans. This National Committee claims to be the real government of Poland. The Allies, especially France, lean to its support because of the help it rendered the Allied cause, while most of the Poles in Poland were fighting, in rather a lukewarm way, to be sure, on the German side. As a consequence Poland has practically two governments, one with General Pilsudski as its head, the other, the Polish National Committee in Paris. M. Paderewski recently went to Poland to effect a reconciliation between these conflicting claims. A late report states that he has been successful in his mission; that a Coalition Cabinet has been formed of which he is both Premier and Foreign Minister. The New Ministry includes three members of the former Cabinet, the rest being non-political experts. The new Cabinet has met with warm approval from all but a small minority of radical Socialists. A promise of national unity now seems assured. The Cabinet will continue in office until elections are held within the next fortnight. The elections will decide the definite constitution of the new republic. M. Paderewski may yet prove for Poland what M. Venizelos has been for Greece, and Dr. Masaryk for the Czecho-Slovak Republic.

The confusion hitherto existing at the top had spread throughout the whole of the nation. Rather premature efforts had been made in two directions to extend by military force the bounds of Russian Poland constituting the new Independent Poland. Into Galicia, formerly a part of Austria, Polish troops had been operating. They drove out of Lemberg the Ruthenians who had taken possession of that city. The Ruthenians, however, renewed their attempt to take the city and as a consequence hostilities are still continuing in that region. In another direction, too, the Polish Government seems to have been hurried into premature military action. One can hardly blame the efforts of the Poles to take

possession of the city and provinces of Posen; in fact all would rejoice to have restored to Poland, at once, a province of which she was so ruthlessly despoiled. Still it would have been more satisfactory had the Polish Government awaited in calmness the award the Peace Conference would certainly have made to her of all the territory of ancient Poland. The troops being used against the Germans, might have been used with more effect against the Russian Bolshevik army which is threatening the eastern frontier. Moreover, as a result of Poland's action against Germany in Posen, a volunteer German army has been called into being of which von Hindenburg was to have command. Indeed, at one time the situation was so curious that Poles, Germans and British seemed likely to have to fight side by side in order to defeat the attempted Bolshevik invasion of Esthonia. The question of the future political status of the Jews in Poland has added to the difficulties of the situation. The Jews form sixteen per cent of the population, and there are those among them who claim autonomy, meaning thereby the right to govern themselves. This claim, however, has not been recognized by any Polish statesman nor has it been made by all the Jews. The situation in Poland is further complicated by the danger of starvation, due to the ruthless way in which the Germans ravaged the country while it was in their possession. Manufacturing plants were destroyed in the towns, rendering it impossible for work to be resumed. The mischief done is said to be even greater than that wrought in Belgium. Hence the necessity for that appeal for food which the President has made, and for which Mr. Hoover has already arranged. Some think the Bolshevik attempt to overrun Poland is another step to propagate their principles throughout Central Europe, and that this can only be counteracted by sending troops to assist the Poles in the armed conflict thought to be impending. This mode of help is not likely to be adopted, although some favor is being shown to the proposal in France. A demand may be made on Germany to allow the troops of the Allies to pass from the Rhine provinces by railway to Posen.

Germany.

Three attempts have been made in Berlin to overturn the government of Herr Ebert, a government which now consists exclusively of members of the Majority Socialists. The last and most determined attempt has just been terminated by what looks like the decisive defeat of the Spartacides. This group of Independent Socialists stands in Germany for the principles of the Russian Bolsheviki, and would propagate those principles by the same methods of tyranny and bloodshed as have been adopted by

Lenine and Trotzky. This they would do by establishing a dictatorship of their own, and by relegating to the distant future the calling of a Constituent Assembly. In order to suppress the uprising of these self-named Spartacides, Herr Ebert's government was obliged to call out large numbers of soldiers. The latter made use of artillery, flame-throwers and every military means to reduce the rebels to terms.

The Government's victory means that, on the nineteenth of January, elections will be held for the National Assembly, which is to determine definitely Germany's future form of government and to make a constitution to replace that of the empire. Preparatory to these elections Germany has been divided into electoral districts. In Bavaria, the elections which have recently taken place for its own National Assembly, have resulted in giving to what is called the Clerical Party more than one million votes; and to the Majority Socialists nine hundred thousand. The party to which Herr Kurt Eisner belongs, received only seventy-five thousand. The Independent Socialists polled an insignificant number. In Baden and Württemberg, recent local elections give large majorities to the more Conservative Parties.

In various other towns efforts in favor of Bolshevik methods and aims have been frustrated. Bremen is the only important place under their influence. There is every prospect, therefore, that the National Assembly will meet and give a stable Constitution to the new republic. The Conservative Parties and the old Liberal Parties are giving a more or less constrained support to the new order of things, but it is probable that the Majority Socialists will control the National Assembly. However, the Majority Socialists may possibly be defeated by a new movement set on foot by the Catholic Centre. The Centrist Party has changed its name to Christian People's Party, and its ranks are now open to everyone who calls himself a Christian and who is in favor of maintaining religious worship and education and social order in the German republic of the future. Its appeal to the Lutherans and Evangelicals has met with a warm response from leading members of the Evangelical United Church, so that its efforts may effect a union of all the non-Socialist parties, and so wrest the control of the Assembly from the Majority Socialists.

No notable change has taken place in the composition of the Government, except that the Independent Socialists have resigned, so that it is composed exclusively of Majority Socialists. Members of the Government call themselves Commissaries of the People as they do in Russia. There is one notable exception. The Foreign Secretary who succeeded Dr. Solf, seems to belong to the old *régime*. Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau, the new

Minister, until recently represented Germany at Copenhagen, and during the late War was looked upon as a possible Chancellor. He has signalized his assumption of the Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs by making a somewhat defiant declaration as to the terms of peace Germany will accept. He declares that Germany most not yield to every peace condition her opponents may wish to dictate. It is to be hoped that this expression does not indicate the spirit which will actuate Germany during the Peace Conference.

Austria-Hungary. Although the Dual Monarchy no longer exists it is convenient to retain the old designation in order to give a brief survey of the now existing divisions of the area hitherto embraced in it.

CZECHO-SLOVAK REPUBLIC: Of the new nationalities which have sprung into being within this area the Czecho-Slovak Republic has been the most successful, so far, in completing its organization. A National Assembly has been formed which has made a constitution; a definite ministry has been formed and a president elected. The new government with a reckless disregard of the principle upon which it based its right to existence, has given notice to all concerned that it will not allow the Germans who are the dominating factor in two-fifths of the territory of the Republic to decide for themselves whether or no they shall join the New Germany. On the other hand, they have resolved that the Slovaks, who have been up to the present time incorporated into Hungary, should be separated from that country and included within the limits of Czecho-Slovakia. This they have already begun to effect by force of arms. In their President, Dr. Masaryk, the nation now restored to liberty has found a man distinguished by high qualities of statesmanship. So far from being a demagogue, he has been distinguished throughout his career by ability to see the real state of things and willingness to make it public without fear or favor. He never hesitated to tell the people the actual conditions—even when the truth was painful. He combated false patriotism. When he found that certain documents, attesting to ancient Czech culture, were forgeries he published the fact. The secret of his great moral influence is that the Czech people consider him a tireless champion of truth. So also, in practical matters, he did not approve of the old methods of agitation against the German overlords, which consisted in merely superficial opposition to German influences and in unreasoning praise of everything Czech. Any success to be hoped for, in his estimation, would he attained only by assiduous work in all departments of social life; by developing culture to the highest intellectual, moral and material level. To assist in this and to re-

move the prevalent ignorance which he found to be common among his countrymen, he promoted the circulation of the political literature of the Western European State. When the time had come for practical realization of the aspirations of the Czechs he was willing, and in fact tried, to satisfy them by moderate measures and to conciliate the Austrian authorities. It was only after he found this to be an impossible task, that he became an advocate of the complete separation which has now been accomplished. To his efforts, too, was due that organization of the Czecho-Slovaks in Russia which has had so great an influence upon the situation there. The future career of Dr. Masaryk and of the Republic over which he presides should be watched with keen interest.

HUNGARIAN REPUBLIC: Of all the states into which Austria-Hungary has been divided the new Republic of Hungary finds itself in the most unfortunate situation. It has lost, or is on the point of losing, on the north the regions dwelt in by the Slovaks in which is found the coal supply of the country. To the east, Transylvania where the iron supply is found, as well as the Banat, has been annexed by the votes of its inhabitants to Rumania, and on the south Croatia has joined the new kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. If this status becomes permanent, the new Republic will be left with only the plains of Hungary. But great as these losses of territory may be, the political disorganization which has taken place will be far more disastrous. If a recent dispatch to the New York *World* can be believed, nothing short of anarchy reigns in interior affairs. Indeed, Hungary, it is said, is fast becoming a second Russia. The Bolsheviki are rapidly gaining adherents. Russian propaganda began as early as the advent to power in Russia of Lenine and Trotzky, but it is only since last July that the success of that propaganda has been revealed. Since the armistice was signed, it has made appalling progress. Bribed by Bolshevist money, pouring in from Russia, large numbers of peasants have followed the example of the Russian moujiks, and have refused to till or sow the land. Thousands of them have seized the estates of the nobles, but they will not cultivate them. The Government itself, so far from contributing to the maintenance of order, has promised to the returning soldiers half of the property of the rich in order that for the rest of their days they may live in wealth and idleness. The peasants refuse to labor and as a consequence there will be no harvest this year. The existing Provisional Government is so inexperienced that it gives the unemployed eight to ten dollars a day, contributing twenty-five per cent itself and forcing the manufacturers to contribute the balance. The Government, in fact, seems to be under the control of the most ignorant elements of the population. Count Karolyi

is the nominal head, but he is deprived of all control. No account has reached this country of the elections which were to have taken place before this for the purpose of forming a definite organization of the country. It is to be hoped that, when they have taken place, something like order may be established.

JUGO-SLOVENIA: The kingdom formed by the union of Serbia with Croatia and the districts of Austria-Hungary which constitute Jugo-Slovenia, is known as the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. In its territory is embraced, by the vote of its parliament, the Kingdom of Montenegro, its king having been dethroned by the same parliament. The king is offering decided opposition to his dethronement, but not to the incorporation of Montenegro into the new State on a federated basis. The new kingdom has come into decided conflict with Italy on account of her claims to the whole of the east coast of the Adriatic, comprising districts where the vast majority of the population are Slavs. These claims of Italy form one of the most embarrassing questions to be settled by the Peace Conference. They have, in fact, caused a Cabinet crisis in the Italian Government. Several ministers of the Cabinet, including Signore Nitti, having resigned. It is thought they were unable to support the imperialistic policy of the Foreign Minister, Baron Sonnino. The Peace Conference will have to settle the questions at issue between the Kingdom of Italy and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.

AUSTRO-GERMAN REPUBLIC: This is not an official name, but it indicates that part of the Dual Monarchy which is properly German. Of this there is little to say, for no changes have so far taken place and no definite constitution made. Whether or no it will join the New Germany has not yet been settled. The German electoral scheme makes provision for arrangements by which the Austro-German Republic may, if it so decides, take part in the election for the new German National Assembly. The crying need of Austria is for food. A few weeks ago the British Government sent three train loads of provisions by way of showing appreciation for the fair way in which British prisoners had been treated during the War.

Nothing has been said of Galicia because there is absolutely no organization in that Province of the late Dual Monarchy. From the north the Poles have made incursions and from the east the Ukrainians. The two have come into collision and now are fighting with each other for its possession.

January 18, 1919.

With Our Readers.

IF a man does not believe that the Church is founded, is kept in existence, speaks and commands with the authority of God, then for him there will be no church. The Catholic believes that Jesus Christ established the Catholic Church: that through His power it is kept in life: that by His living authority it speaks and commands. The Catholic does not deal in terms that may mislead or have a twofold meaning. He does not speak of the existence of the Church and then define the Church as such a nebulous thing as almost not to be. He does not speak of life and then so interpret it as to make it almost synonymous with death and the dead past. He does not speak of authority and then profess that he does not exactly know where the authority is, nor does he profess to give obedience and then empty the word of serious content by accepting what he pleases or believing what is agreeable.

* * * *

THE Church is visible—a city placed upon a hill: the Church speaks definitely and distinctly. It speaks in human accents; its voice is the voice of Christ, true God and true Man. When it speaks in matters of faith, every one of its members, whether he be Pope or simple layman, accepts fully such pronouncement because it is God Who speaks. And its teachings of faith are the soil whence spring the flowers of Christian life. Dogma is as necessary to the full supernatural life of man as an intellect is necessary to make a man rational.

Rob the Church of this concept and you rob it of life. Make dim the Divinity of Jesus Christ and you cast the Church and the truth of the Church's existence into the darkening shadows. The dogmatic dispute of the Arians did matter vitally, in spite of what Harry Emerson Fosdick says in the January *Atlantic*, for if Athanasius had not stood unflinchingly for the Divinity of Christ we would have neither Church nor civilization today. If any church claim to be a church and yet fail to assert that it possesses these prerogatives it only writes its own death sentence. In other words any so-called church that does not teach that it is founded by God; that it speaks with the authority of God; that all its members must listen and accept its word as the word of God, will not continue to command man's respect. Any church that is not visible to man: able to be known by man, so that he can see it,

hear it, speak to it, serve it does not meet the spiritual needs of humanity.

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INASMUCH as any organization retains through its members the traditions of definite Christian faith and conduct: and believes that the church they acknowledge has the authority of God, without looking too deeply at the question of how it possesses that authority, or where it is vested so that all humanity may know it, inasmuch as these are retained, such a body will do good, and number as its own many conscientious upright Christians.

But more and more will the critical human mind apply the full and ultimate test and ask: Did God Himself establish this church? Does it speak, does it claim to speak, with and by the authority of God? Is it above all human powers? Does it claim independent, divine prerogatives? Has it always been visible and its voice always audible? No church has any authority unless it be of God, and the human mind will demand that a church justify its divine origin and its divine power.

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THE pitiless logic of time is working itself out and, all unconsciously, the opponents of the Church that alone possesses these prerogatives and has had the courage to insist upon its claim all through the centuries—are making their confession that if there be a Church of God, the Catholic Church alone can justify its claim.

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THE so-called church that will leave eternal truth subject to church conferences that neither possess nor claim to possess any divine authority is but making a mockery, through its definitions, of dogma. No wonder dogma is scorned by non-Catholics today, when their concept of it rises little higher than their estimate of an enactment of a State legislature. Not many years ago, a " sectarian " church revised its " dogmatic " teaching on the fate of unbaptized infants and decided that they were not damned, as had been formerly taught by the same " church." The wit who moved to make the resolution retroactive synopsized humanity's judgment on the whole situation. Such action is a parody on Christianity.

The " churches " that accept their teachings on marriage—the estimate and esteem of which is the foundation of all morals—from the State legislature write the indictment of failure against themselves, for by such action they announce that they have not the authority of God.

THE logic of time has been hastened in its operation by the fact that millions of men have lately stood face to face with death in the greatest of the world's wars. At home they were content to go on undisturbed: satisfied with things as they were—never caring or never aroused to look deeply. But now they were brought face to face with the ultimate meaning of life and the true message of death; the veil fell from their eyes, and their souls yearned for God. They would know what message the Creator had spoken to His creatures. Did the Redeemer live and did He speak of the life redeemed? And they looked back to the churches that they had known in their youth, and they found there neither the authority of God nor the claim to it.

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ALL the articles appearing in the current periodicals on the subject of religion in the trenches, the religious beliefs of the soldier, religion and the war—though they differ in manifold ways—are one in this: their complaint against the "churches" because they have found the "churches" insufficient. The "churches" must go with their sectarianism; with their dogmas; with their unjustified authority; with their shortsightedness and their selfishness. One may admit readily that such "churches" as they describe must and will go; but we will also see that there is no true concept of what the church is in the mind of any of these writers. What they do testify to is this: that if there be a church its authority must be from God, that it must speak as of God, be visible to and audible of men—else it is no church at all.

They may give rein to their imaginative hopes and construct out of humanity what they call a church: but that after all is unguided, faltering humanity doing its best, admitting its insufficiency by the question of how it may do better—it is humanity looking for God and for God's Church.

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FOR an example of the articles we have referred to, let the reader take that by Harry Emerson Fosdick in the January *Atlantic*, entitled, *The Trenches and the Church at Home*. The concept of the church which it presents is barren of the idea that the church has the authority of God. "The churches face a new day of unpredictable changes." "We need now to face another question: what are these returning soldiers going to do to the churches in America?" "Back in America's town and villages our churches stand—Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Old Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit, Predestinarian and what not." "Christianity faces today not from religion but from the churches a crisis of the first magnitude."

Mr. Fosdick seeks to summarize the deficiencies of the churches at home that will meet with the condemnation of the returning soldier. He enumerates "the selfishness of their appeal, the pettiness of sectarian emphases, the negativeness of their ethic, the undemocratic quality of their fellowship." He refers of course to the Protestant churches in which he was instructed and with which he is familiar. It is a striking forceful commentary upon the failure of the Protestant churches: it may lead to a searching for and a finding of the Church that is Christianity.

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IN similar but more radical vein writes Mr. Joseph Ernest McAfee in the *New Republic* of January 18th. Mr. McAfee, it may be well to note, studied at the Union Theological Seminary; Auburn Theological Seminary, and Princeton Theological Seminary. He is also a member of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. As a result of his Protestant theological studies, he concludes that there cannot be a church at all: that Christianity and a church are intrinsically incompatible. To quote, "a Christian church is an anomaly, a contradiction in terms, an impossibility." Mr. McAfee's constant study of the history of innumerable sects evidently led him to believe this conclusion warranted. In fact he views the Christian centuries through Protestant spectacles. "Christian history is one continuous breaking away from the institutions which have assumed to confine Christian truth and the Christian spirit." His course in history began with the sixteenth century. "Christianity is a spirit and therefore cannot be confined"—such is his thesis; and therefore no organization can represent it. His philosophy is more discerning than that of the Founder of Christianity Who stated that He did found His Church; that it was visible to all men; that it would endure till the end of the world; that He sought to bring all men into it; that error would never be allowed to prevail against it.

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PATRIOTISM is a spirit—yet like everything else spiritual it needs an embodiment. Patriotism is devotion to one's own country. A man may preach patriotism in the abstract, patriotism to all humanity, patriotism to all peoples, and he will at once be suspected of being a traitor to his country. And much of this high-sounding talk and well-expressed speech about the loftiness of Christianity is calculated to make it so lofty that it will disappear into the clouds. It is easy to agree on general spiritualities and abstract notions. Translate them into concrete terms that demand action and you will at once arouse opposition. Give justice meaning and the way of the just man is difficult. Utter

the word that gives practical content to obedience and denial and sacrifice, and you have at once aroused enmity. And the more definite and comprehensive that word is the greater will be the opposition and the enmity. That is why the Divine Word Incarnate was crucified by men.

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MR. McAFEE is so entirely opposed to a church that he will have religion and religious institutions under community control. He is the champion of ecclesiastical bolshevism. When the spirit is thus confined it will, to his mind, have its best expression.

But it must be remembered that there are thousands who so lack an elementary concept of what the Church of Christ should be and is, that they will be impressed and even comforted by the easy sentences and the easier thought of such writers as Mr. McAfee. By discussion and denial and revolt from the true Church the world has been made spiritually desolate. Those who are without homes and without food have had little or no part in the dissension and the revolt. Their souls are seeking and searching. Their souls will grasp at half truths or the semblances of truth—if that is all they can see. Is not our duty—ever pressing but even more pressing now—to carry to them in speech, in written word, in kindly sympathy the truth with which the Church has blessed and enlightened us?

A WOMAN who evidently "speaks whereof she knows," offers in *The Catholic Charities Review* for December and January a careful "analysis" of the growth, requirements and outlook of "Catholic Settlement Work." As she well says, the Catholic settlement "with social as well as religious opportunities, came into existence as a necessary part of a plan of redemption; a point of contact, a meeting place between rescuer and rescued, the headquarters from which to reconnoiter in the campaign." Like all new things, Catholic settlement work has had its struggle for existence: it has had to breast the winds of indifferentism and positive opposition. Even today it is not as widely recognized as it should be as "a necessary part of a plan of redemption" in our complex, congested modern life. Besides the difficulty of winning its way in ecclesiastical and popular esteem, it has had to solve "the problem of meeting expenses and that of getting faithful and competent service."

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FOR the most part the work has been a lay work, and necessarily so, since only a very modern religious institute would be adapted to so very modern a work. That there are such institutes

and that they have done great service in Catholic settlement work, does not discount the fact, as stated by Margaret Tucker, that Catholic settlement work is a work of the Catholic laity, and from the ranks of the laity the workers must be recruited. Of the character of that service she has this to say: "It must be truthfully admitted also, that the service in the work has fallen far short of the need in both quantity and quality. In the main it has been performed by volunteers. Now volunteer service is at once a source of inspiration and despair, according as it is earnest, intelligent and reliable or, as it may be, thoroughly irresponsible and undependable. Those who could and would give the best of help were, of course, often prevented from doing so by other calls upon their time and energy. Many also who would have made excellent, enthusiastic workers were hindered in the doing through mismanagement on the part of executives who could thoroughly dissipate the result of intelligent work. There have been in the work a splendid group of volunteers willing and able to sacrifice themselves to the work, who persevered in spite of discouragement and adverse conditions. There have been casual workers, however, who could not take the work seriously, or appreciate the necessity for regular service. Experience was usually the same at the different centres, that for any fun or excitement in connection with the activities there was a bevy of interested workers which quickly dwindled away to a handful in the face of those thankless tasks demanding personal service with undisciplined children, or excursions into the dingy homes of the poor."

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SUCH conditions make evident the necessity for and advantage of the salaried social worker. This advantage is fully recognized and carefully stated by our writer: the *pros* are many, but they are *nil* unless associated with that high spirit of consecration essential to any work which deals in spiritual values, which is fraught with eternal consequences to immortal souls. "It should not be necessary to state that executives and workers in a Catholic work, which must always endeavor to set a moral as well as a social standard, should be women of personal dignity, unimpeachable reputation, and inspiring Catholic practice; that besides the training in scientific method and organization, there should also be training of spirit and motive. In the arduous life of the social worker any but the essentials in Catholic practice are nearly impossible, yet who needs close contact with her Church to a greater extent than she for inspiration in her task of guiding and shaping the destinies of her innumerable "cases?" It is

pertinent and interesting to observe how few of the busy workers in attendance at conference or convention, devotedly attending committee meetings, can add to their daily task the extra effort of getting out to early Mass."

"There are many influences in the life of the average self-supporting woman which pull against highest achievement in a work which must minister positively, if not primarily, to spiritual needs; which is at the same time arduous; which must, not even though it happen to afford it, be considered merely as a means to self-support."

The inference is plain: Until Catholic women enter the field of social service as a "vocation" demanding of them the spirit of the counsels, if not their outward observance, we will not meet the opportunities of social service, satisfy its obligations or accomplish its potential results for the Kingdom of God on earth.

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THE hour of destiny has struck for Catholic work in this and every country. The War has thrown open vast tracts of opportunity, devastated or untilled: "The fields are white for the harvest." Where are the workers? Forces of evil: Socialism, anarchy, spiritual unrest and discontent, masquerading as good are sowing their seeds and reaping their harvest in countless "Social Centres," where, unconscious of the harm they are doing, the material good is so stressed as to submerge the spiritual: souls are scuttled like ships in a sea of Materialism. And many of these souls were "born again of water and the Holy Ghost" as children of God and heirs of heaven in the true fold of the Catholic Church.

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THE Catholic Church alone permits no divorce: not only in the marriage state but in every department of life. Man is a creature composed of body and soul; as such he must be reckoned with from birth to death. We cannot feed the body and starve the soul and make a man; neither can we feed the soul and starve the body and live. The Church is in all things synthetic: she is the great life-builder.

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THE cry of the hour is for life: life complete and rounded out; life spiritual as well as material. From the bosom of the great Mother well the fountains of life for which the world of men thirst; yet they die of thirst rather than slake it at her breasts, because they know her not as their Mother.

In all the ages she has had children who have dared every hardship and danger to bring to her fountains of life the hungry

and the thirsty. She needs such today. Valiant woman who are unafraid: who will venture on uncharted seas with her truth as their compass, who will dare the desert led on by her light. Women for whom her message is so clear, so infinitely above and beyond all other teaching that they burn to make it known for the saving of the nations; for whom her cause is so precious that it overwhelms all pettiness of personalities, all count of personal cost in labor, in sacrifice.

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THIS is the trained worker we need to make the Church's voice effective in our age: one full of faith and ever subject to authority. Without such positive ideal, such complete surrender to service, we will not excel; and no social worker is truly Catholic if she be not excellent.

Too many enter the field with no higher ideal than to extend to Catholics, or to place under Catholic patronage, the benefits of non-Catholic social work. Or they view their work as a preventive or antidote to Protestant propaganda. This purely negative viewpoint will never produce anything but a counterfeit, a base imitation, not a positively Catholic work, redundant with Catholic vitality and force. Again we say: The call is for workers steeped in Catholic thought, virile with Catholic enthusiasm, nourished with Catholic life. The response must not be niggardly in numbers or in spirit. Those who give themselves thus, the Church must munition with the riches of her teaching, and the people must support with the means to live and carry ever forward the ideal of Christ: "Greater love than this no man hath: to lay down his life for his friends."

THE text of the Constitution of the Russian Soviet Republic was published in full in *The Nation* of January 4th. It calls for the entire abolition of all classes among the people, the establishment of a Socialist Society, and the victory of Socialism in all lands. Not only are all social classes abolished: but all right to private property in lands is done away with. The land is to be apportioned among "husbandmen" and no compensation is to be granted to the former owners. All implements, "animate or inanimate," are national property; also factories, mills, mines, railways and other means of production and transportation.

The Constitution constantly refers to the former owners as "exploiters"—and to those who will now use and manage the property as "workers." It repudiates the Russian national debt; all banks are transferred to the ownership of the Workers' and Peasants' Government; an obligation to work is universally im-

posed; the workers are to be armed and to compose a Socialist Red Army; the propertied class are to be disarmed; nor may the "exploiters" hold any place in the Russian Government.

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THE Soviets of the different Russian republics may be autonomous in their own territory but the supreme power belongs to the All-Russian Congress of Soviets: and in periods between the convocations of such a congress to the All-Russian Central Executive Committee.

It will be seen that this Committee is the real governing power: in fact the Constitution does not hesitate to speak of the necessity of the establishment of a dictatorship: and this dictatorship is the All-Russian Central Executive Committee. It is "the supreme legislative, executive and controlling organ" of the Russian Republic. And it is this Central Committee that forms the Council of People's Commissars which is entrusted with the general management of the affairs of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic. Only two items are outside its jurisdiction, ratification and amendment of the fundamental principles of the Soviet Constitution and ratification of peace treaties. It is both shrewdly worded and wisely framed to keep political power in the hands of the Executive Committee. The All-Russian Congress can be but a general convention without the opportunity of deliberative power; dominated by the Executive Committee in whose hands is all the machinery of government. And the numerical strength of the Committee only weakens its corporate strength and places the ruling power in a few strong, active men. The necessary checks in truly representative government are absolutely lacking, nor is there personal responsibility of particular members of the government to a real legislative body.

* * * *

THE Constitution forbids the right to vote to all persons who employ hired labor in order to obtain from it an increase of profits—which provision is ludicrous; also to all who have an income without working; to private merchants, trade and commercial brokers; to monks and clergy of all denominations, and all persons deprived by a Soviet of their citizenship.

The Constitution demands that the Church shall be separated from the State; and the school from the Church; to the working people it turns over all technical and material means of publication of newspapers, pamphlets and books; halls will be furnished free to the peasantry; the government sets for itself the task of furnishing full and general free education; it demands universal military training; and having limited the title citizen to those

who "work;" having deliberately excluded a large portion of the population, this same Constitution states that it recognizes equal rights for all citizens and protests against the oppression of national minorities.

AMERICA has lost her foremost American. His life, even his private life, was public. There are those who admired him intensely, and some few who disliked him. No American since Lincoln endeared himself more to the hearts of the American people. No public man ever had his life and conduct subjected to such scrutiny: his character appeared brighter because of the ordeal.

The welfare of his country and his countrymen weighed upon him from his youth. He cared. And because he cared so much he felt so keenly: and passion often fired his speech.

A brave man: an upright character, a loyal friend.

* * * *

AT one of the most critical moments of his political life, his friend, Father Alexander P. Doyle, former editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, died. At much personal sacrifice, Theodore Roosevelt sent a tribute to this office, which in part reads as follows: "It was with Father Doyle that I first discussed the question of my taking some public stand on the matter of race suicide, it having been developed in one of our talks that we felt equally strong on the matter. I have never known any man work more unwearily for the social betterment of the man, woman or child whose chance of happiness is least in our modern life. Their welfare was very dear to him. Again and again in speeches which I made I drew largely on the great fund of his accumulated experience. I mourn his death, not only because he was my friend, but because he was so fearless and resolute a worker for the betterment of mankind."

* * * *

HE lived the virtues that he preached, and they were the homely fundamental virtues that alone make a nation content. The world cannot take to itself too soon the habit of rehearsing and imitating them.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

Ireland, its Saints and Scholars. By J. M. Flood. 75 cents. *Letters to Catholic Priests by His Holiness Pope Pius X.* 50 cents postpaid. *The Parables of Jesus.* By P. Coghlan, C.P. $1.00 postpaid. *Life of Pius X.* By J. A. Forbes. $1.35 postpaid. *Spiritual Exercises for Monthly and Annual Retreats.* Translated from the French by E. Staniforth. $2.35 postpaid.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Marriage Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law. By Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, D.D. $2.00 net. *Manna of the Soul.* By Rev. F. X. Lasance. 75 cents to $3.75.

THE TORCH PRESS, New York:

Octavia, and Other Poems. By Charles V. H. Roberts. $1.50 net.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

Experiments in International Administration. By F. B. Sayre. $1.50 net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. From the Spanish of Vicente Blasco Ibañez. $1.90 net.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA PRESS, New York:

The Catholic Encyclopedia—Supplementary Volume. By Andrew A. Macerlean. $1.00.

AMERICAN BOOK Co., New York:

Elements of Business. By P. Schoch and M. Gross.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

English Translations from the Greek. By F. M. K. Foster, Ph.D. $1.50 net. *The Holy Roman Empire in German Literature.* By E. H. Zeydel, Ph.D. $1.00 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Moral Philosophy. By J. Rickaby, S.J. $2.60 net.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

Carnegie Endowment for International Peace: The Armed Neutralities of 1780 and 1800. $5.00 net. *Les Conventions et Déclarations de la Haye de 1899 et 1907.* $2.00 net. *Une Cour de Justice Internationale.* $2.50 net. *The Treaties of 1785, 1799 and 1828 between the United States and Prussia.* $2.00 net. All the above edited by J. B. Scott. *Federal Military Pensions in the United States.* By W. H. Glasson, Ph.D. $2.50 net.

THE PAGE Co., Boston:

Carita, and How She Became an American. By Lucy M. Blanchard. $1.50 net.

THE CORNHILL Co., Boston:

History of Halifax County. By W. C. Allen. $2.50. *Garlington.* By T. P. Rand. $1.25. *Twenty-Five Years in the Black Belt.* By W. J. Edwards. $1.50. *Robert Burns.* (Drama.) By E. W. Gilliam. $1.25.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven, Conn.

War Poems from the Yale Review. $1.00. *A Gray Dream.* By L. Wolcott. *Les Traits Eternels de la France.* Par M. Barrès. $1.00. *Moral and Its Enemies.* By William E. Hocking. $1.50. *The History of Henry Fielding.* By W. L. Cross. Three volumes.

JOHN MURPHY Co., Baltimore:

Whence Cometh Victory? By Mary B. Littleton.

FREDERICK PUSTET Co., Cincinnati:

Supplementum continens ea, quibus ex Codice Iuris Canonici. By H. Noldin. 75 cents.

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY PRESS, Chicago:

The Daily Altar. By H. L. Willett and C. C. Morrison. $2.00.

B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:

A Handbook of Moral Theology. Volume II. By Rev. A. Koch, D.D. $1.50 net. *The Bedrock of Belief.* By W. F. Robison, S.J. $1.25 net. *Essays in Occultism, Spiritism, and Demonology.* By Dean W. R. Harris. $1.00 net.

A. T. CHRISTOFF, Kansas City, Kans.:

The Truth About Bulgaria. By A. T. Christoff. 25 cents.

THE UNIVERSE, London W. C.:

The Physician. By Cardinal Mercier. *Deeds Not Words.* Pamphlets.

PLON-NOURRIT ET CIE, Paris:

Histoire Religieuse de la Révolution Française. Tome III. Par. P. de la Gorce.

THE

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THE WORLD WAR AND THE SCIENTIFIC THEORY OF EDUCATION.

BY WALTER GEORGE SMITH.

WE are too close to the events which have changed the face of the world since August, 1914, to form any adequate idea of their consequences. It would seem that after more than two hundred years, the principles that brought about the English revolution of 1688 are to have their full fruition. The fall of the empires of Austria and Germany and their rapid disintegration into their original elements have shown that the democratic theory of political government is in the ascendant. The age-long belief in the divine right of any one man or class of men to wield the destinies of peoples has yielded, but with such a mighty struggle as to shake civilization to its base. Autocracy has well-nigh pulled down in its ruin the barriers that keep human passions in subjection. The work of centuries must be done anew. We shall be fortunate, indeed, if, out of the welter of destruction, the blood of the dead and dying millions of the flower of young manhood, the devastated villages, the desecrated and destroyed temples of religion, there shall emerge a realization of the fundamental truth of Christian polity—equality of opportunity under a system of law embodying justice as the ultimate test of international and private rights.

We in America have been but lightly touched by the great catastrophe. We mourn, indeed, for the thousands of our gallant dead and for the scores of thousands of the wounded, but

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our vast resources of untouched wealth and magnificent manpower make us a giant in strength in comparison with the Allied powers and the German enemy, whose best and bravest have fallen by millions.

Even if we wished it, it were vain to hope that new conditions will not affect our outlook on life. By the test of utility, not alone in material things, let us hope, but in things spiritual —if the word can be so used—will all systems be rigidly judged. No reverence for the past, no human authority, however venerable, will deter mankind from so molding its institutions as to make them, directly or indirectly, avail for the best interests of the masses of men. There was a time when, in the realm of education, certain postulates required no demonstration. It is not so now. The flood gates are down; and there is no theory so revolutionary that it does not find its advocates, who seek openly, or covertly, to prevail.

It needs no demonstration to trace the great War to the vicious system of education that has at last been unveiled in all of its hideous consequences in the late German Empire. It has been purely scientific, based upon a philosophy absolutely dissevered from recognition of the supernatural. "Philosophy," says Dr. Pace, "detached from theology formulated new theories of life and its values that moved at first slowly, then more rapidly, away from the positive teachings of Christianity. Science in turn cast off its allegiance to philosophy and finally proclaimed itself the only knowledge worth seeking. The most serious practical result was the separation of moral and religious from purely intellectual education—a result due in part to religious differences and political changes, but also in large part to erroneous views concerning the nature and need of moral training."[1]

A glance at the doctrines enunciated by the leading German thinkers, whose writings are both the cause and the product of this separation of science and religion, is all that is needed to account for the cynical levity which brought on the war and the abominable cruelty with which it was conducted. A recent review of Nietzsche's philosophy—and Nietzsche appears to be the outstanding exponent of modern German ideas —summarizes his reasoning as follows: "There is no God; the world with which natural science deals is the only real world.

[1] *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, "Education."

If this is true, as it is accepted by men of science, then all ideas and tendencies which connect the life of man with a spiritual world are wrong and must therefore be destroyed; religion and especially Christianity must fall; to speak of a destiny of mankind becomes pure nonsense." The reviewer comments: "Other thinkers who have denied the metaphysical foundation of Christianity were eager to observe its moral values. Kant whose *Critique of Pure Reason* has made the proof of the existence of God impossible, appealed to the practical reason or the categorical imperative in order to maintain the moral values. John Stuart Mill in his interesting *Essays on Religion* was wrestling with the problem, and finally came to the conclusion that the Christian values were to be preserved. These philosophers were prompted by good intentions, by utilitarian motives, but to do it they renounced logic in regard to their premises. Nietzsche is logical in his reasoning. He denies the moral values, as being based on imaginary presupposition. His thesis may be formulated thus: There is no absolute self-existent supreme standard of valuation distinct from individual volition." [2]

From such a basic philosophy it is not hard to trace the awful crimes of the *Lusitania,* of Louvain, of Rheims, the murder of Edith Cavell and of Captain Fryatt, and the whole catalogue black with a depravity which shocks the world.

It may seem at first a far cry from the materialistic philosophy and its outcome to the subject of liberal education, but in reality the connection is close. On the one hand is a system which advances and maintains the overmastering value of a philosophy which trains the mind while it forms the character of the student upon the noblest models, on the other a system which shows a material reward as the end of every effort and every course of study. Let us glance briefly upon the history of classical education. The study of Homer goes back to the golden age of Greece: from Xenophon to Alexander the Great, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were familiar to all who aspired to a liberal education. The Greek tragedians taught the lessons of duty and religion, of justice and providence; and when rhetoric became a separate art, Thucydides became a separate study. Gradually the elements of a liberal education were found in the study of Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic and

[2] Francis Szubinski, *Truth*, November, 1918.

Mathematics, and Mathematics included Geometry, Arithmetic, Astronomy and Music, making the seven liberal arts. "And thus," says Cardinal Newman, "a definite school of intellect was formed founded on ideas and methods of a distinctive character and (as we say) of the highest and truest character as far as they went, and which gradually associated in one and assimilated and took possession of that multitude of nations which I have considered to represent mankind and to possess the *orbis terrarum*." [3]

When Rome took the torch from Greece, she produced little or nothing not borrowed from the older civilizations. To quote again from the great Cardinal: "It is true Terence, copied from Menander, Virgil from Homer, Hesiod and Theocritus; and Cicero professed merely to reproduce the philosophy of Greece. But granting its truth ever so far I do but take it as a proof of the sort of instinct which has guided the course of civilization. The world was to have certain intellectual teachers and no others; Homer, and Aristotle, with the poets and philosophers who circled around them, were to be the schoolmasters of all generations. Therefore the Latins, falling into the law in which the world's education was to be carried on, so added to the classical library as not to reverse or interfere with what had already been determined. And there was the more meaning in this arrangement when it is considered that Greek was to be forgotten during the many centuries, the tradition of intellectual training to be conveyed through Latin, for thus the world was secured against the consequences of a loss which would have changed the character of civilization. I think it very remarkable how soon the Latin writers became text-books to the boys' schools. Even to this day Shakespeare and Milton are not studied in our course of education, but the poems of Virgil and Horace, as those of Homer and the Greek authors in an earlier age, were in schoolboys' satchels not much more than a hundred years after they were written."[4]

In mediæval times the old tradition remained notwithstanding the rise of science and so it has continued in most civilized nations down to our own day. The reproach leveled against Scholastic Philosophy that it was barren of practical results was equally directed against that of the great Greek

[3] *Christianity and Letters*, p. 259.

[4] *Christianity and Letters*, p. 260.

masters. In his essay on Bacon, Macaulay says: "The ancient philosophy was a treadmill not a path. It was made up of revolving questions, of controversies which were always beginning again. It was a contrivance for having much exercise and no progress."

The critic spared neither Plato nor Socrates. "Assuredly," he tells us, "if the tree which Socrates planted and Plato watered is to be judged of by its flowers and leaves, it is the noblest of trees . . . but when we look for something more, for something which adds to the comforts or alleviates the calamities of the human race, we are forced to own ourselves disappointed. We are forced to say with Bacon, that this celebrated philosophy ended in nothing but disputation. That it was neither a vineyard nor an olive ground, but an intricate wood of briars and thistles from which those who lost themselves in it brought back many scratches and no food."

That there was a large element of truth in these scathing denunciations of the subtleties and refinements which mark dialectical exercise both in classical and mediæval times cannot be denied; but as in so many philosophical systems which had been wrested by men to their own destruction, so the theory of Bacon has been misinterpreted and misapplied. Cardinal Newman says: "The truth of the Baconian method for the purposes for which it was created, and its inestimable service and inexhaustible applications in the interests of our material well-being have dazzled the imaginations of men, somewhat in the same way as certain new sciences carried them away in the age of Abelard; and since that method does such wonders in its own province, it is not unfrequently supposed that it can do as much in any other province also. Now Bacon himself never would have so argued; he would not have needed to be reminded that to advance the useful arts is one thing and to cultivate the mind another. The simple question to be considered is how best to strengthen, refine and enrich the intellectual powers; the perusal of the poets, historians, philosophers of Greece and Rome will accomplish this purpose as long experience has shown. But that the study of the experimental sciences will do the like is proved to us as yet by no experience whatever." [5]

May we not go farther and maintain without unfairness that

[5] *Christianity and Letters*, p. 263.

the scientific thought which has worked such wonders for the material good of mankind, being misapplied to the realm of religion and ethics, has brought about the catastrophe of mankind which now staggers our comprehension?

It is an unfailing experience that men are prone to frame a system of ethics which permits the conscience to rest undisturbed by a course of action that conforms to self-interest. Rarely does it happen that either individuals or nations frankly admit their actions to be immoral. In its lowest manifestations some sanction of right is found in respect for public opinion. When in the middle of the nineteenth century the evolutionary theory was formulated by Darwin, it was seized by lesser minds and forced to uses to which he never would have applied it. Attempts were made to argue away the primary elements of justice which are written upon the hearts of all human creatures. These were but evolutions, it was claimed, from accidental environments and had no real existence save in the imaginations of men. For the first time in human history a great people ranking among the first in knowledge of applied science, became converts to a theory of life which made them not supermen, but superbeasts.

It is full time to contemplate the fruits of the utilitarian theories of education, and as we have found them bitter, to correct and restrain their use to their proper sphere. The world is very old, and as far back as history records, human thought and effort have been made to solve, by reason and study of phenomena, the mystery of our being. The profound, scientific, mind of today is as powerless before it as were those of ancient Greece.

Speaking of natural religion Macaulay says: "It is not easy to say that a philosopher of the present day is more favorably situated than Thales or Simonides. He has before him just the same evidence of design in the structure of the universe which the early Greek had. We say just the same; for the discoveries of the modern astronomers and anatomists have really added nothing to the force of that argument which a reflecting mind finds in every beast, bird, insect, fish, leaf, flower and shell. The reasoning by which Socrates in Xenophon's hearing confuted the little atheist Aristodemus is exactly the reasoning of Paley's *Natural Theology*. Socrates makes precisely the same use of the statues of Polycletus and

the pictures of Zeuxis which Paley makes of the watch. As to the other great question, the question what becomes of man after death, we do not see that a highly educated European left to his unassisted reason, is more likely to be in the right than a Blackfoot Indian. Not a single one of the many sciences in which we surpass Blackfoot Indians, throws the smallest light on the state of the soul after the animal life is extinct. In truth, all the philosophers, ancient and modern, who have attempted without the help of revelation to prove the immortality of man, from Plato down to Franklin, appear to have failed deplorably." [6] Not only have they failed in such proof as man needs to govern his lower nature, but worse, their modern successors have taught a counsel of despair; turning from such aids as natural reason can give, rejecting revelation, they have based the conduct of life upon sordid materialism.

The close connection between theories of education and the attitude towards the problems of life need not be labored. If men are but higher animals without an eternity, depending upon the right or wrong use of the opportunities of their short stay on earth, it is not easy to find a sanction for the sense of justice outraged by the enemy in the war just ended. The philosophy of Nietzsche, Bernhardi, and the whole German nation, supported in practice by all of its representative men, whether ecclesiastical, military or civil, may have been a temporary disaster, but it will not cease to attach the support of those who see in the "will to power" nothing contrary to the eternal law of justice.

The opposing schools of classical and utilitarian education have had their advocates since the rise of scientific thought. Probably the contest will last, with alternate success and failure, for generations yet to come. That at first sight the old system seems vulnerable must be admitted. It is not easy to demonstrate to the practical mind that the study of languages which have long ceased to be used in the everyday affairs of life, is not, at best, an occupation for the philologist or the dilettante student. It is true that the great masses of men in times past and probably under all conditions of the future must forego, even were they mentally equipped for it, the study of the liberal arts, at least beyond their elements. It is not with them we are dealing, but with those whose intellectual

[6] *Essay on Church and State.*

endowments and powers of concentration are to be trained for the service of their fellows, whether in the pursuit of science, abstract or applied, or in those professions called liberal. Obviously, we cannot afford to reject the lessons of experience, to cast away the rich heritage of the past. If we are "in the foremost files of times," we are there not alone by reason of our own discoveries but also because of the work done by generations long gone. Henry Osborne Taylor appositely observes: "Bernard of Chartres used to say that we were like dwarfs seated on the shoulders of giants. If we see more and farther than they, it is not due to our own clear eyes or tall bodies; but because we are raised on high and upborne by their gigantic bigness." [7]

The master key to a true education is the training of the mind by such a system as will prepare it to bring all of its powers to the just apprehension of any problem requiring solution. That one and only one method exists, even the most dogmatic admirer of his special system cannot truthfully maintain; but for the classical school the experience of two thousand years forms a weighty argument. That the purely utilitarian theory has been tried and has broken down, must be obvious to anyone who studies the phenomena of German philosophy during the past century. It will be well for those who have in charge the curricula of American colleges to take heed of what has happened. We have seen them gradually giving up the old ideals and molding the courses more and more upon German models. No one will deny the value of vocational training and instruction in applied science. The very existence of our constitutional system of government requires the education of our youth in the elementary principles upon which it is based. We may cordially agree with the venerable President Eliot, so long the titular head of the American collegiate system, that public instruction should be given "in regard to diet, nutrition, housing, community cleanliness and the medical means of controlling epidemics." We may even agree with him that "many highly educated American professional men have never received any scientific training, they never used any instrument of precision, possess no manual skill whatever and cannot draw, sing, or play upon a musical instrument. Their entire education dwelt in the region of language,

[7] *The Mediæval Mind*, p. 133.

literature, philosophy and history; their habits of thought permit vagueness, obscurity and inaccuracy, and their spoken or written statements have these same defects." [8]

But the inference is not that the old system is wrong, but the thoroughness with which it is taught leaves much to be desired. It needs no demonstration to prove that the study of language, philosophy and mathematics makes for accuracy of thought greater than can come from any mechanical art. Experience has shown that far from producing vagueness, obscurity and inaccuracy, the old classical course has had the contrary effect, and no small part of the dissatisfaction with the results of modern and contemporary college education, has come from the relaxation of the old standard, by the substitution of elective studies for the old requirements. In fact, the difficulty arises from a confusion of thought. Liberal education is intended for the development of the powers of the intellect abstracted from any particular object for their exercise. Not only is it intended to fit the student for the conduct of the affairs of daily life by remote preparation, by teaching habits of thought, by ever-recurring reflection on his spiritual as well as material development; but by training his intellect that he be better fitted to receive the technical education for whatever calling may be before him. Whether tested by his success in that calling or by the better test of the form in which his character is molded, it would be impossible to disprove the value of the classical course.

English university men in Parliament laid the foundations of their country's glory and they have consistently maintained it. The founders of our Republic were for the most part bred in the classical school of thought. In our admiration for the accomplishments of scientific men in our own day, we cannot be blind to the fact that in constructive statesmanship, in the nice sense of proportion which comes from habits of study of the great models of antiquity and the learned atmosphere of a university, which is more than a polytechnic school, no education has been comparable with that which is called liberal.

Few men can rise above the environment of self-interest, of passion, or prejudice; but if there be any secular education which teaches true humility and subdues natural egotism, it is that which leads the student through " the corridors of time."

[8] New York *Times*, November 24, 1918.

and shows him what he can draw from the accumulated wisdom of the ages to enrich and strengthen his own talents. "Some people," says Peter of Blois, "without the elements of education would discuss point and line and superficies, fate, change, free will, physics and matter and the void, the causes of things and the secrets of nature, and the sources of the Nile. . . . Why condemn the writings of the ancients? It is written that *in antiquis est scientia.* You rise from the darkness of ignorance to the light of science only by diligent study." [9]

It is by over emphasis on one phase of truth that almost all great mistakes are made. It needs no argument to show that the community owes to the rising generation abundant instruction in the practical arts of life, so far as they can be given in vocational technical schools. The complexities of modern social life make it no easy matter to provide for the daily physical needs of food and shelter by honest toil. The individual worker must conform himself to conditions constantly changing. It is well that we should adopt systems of practical education adjusted to meet the changing demands of community life; but for those who by the good fortune of comparative independence, whose native ability and ambition are strong enough to bear the arduous test of winning for themselves opportunities for higher education, it would be folly to turn from the ancient and well-trodden paths made broad and firm by the endless succession of scholars who have gone before us.

We need in public and in private life, not more money-makers, not more captains of industry, nor more engineers and leaders in all the avenues of applied science, valuable as they all are; but more leaders of thought, whose conclusions are the result of unselfish and careful study, whose eyes are fixed on a goal transcending all merely material reward, whose teaching will bring home our Saviour's warning: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" [10]

[9] Quoted by Henry Osborne Taylor. *The Mediæval Mind,* p. 133. [10] Matt. xvi. 26.

SOME SAN FRANCISCO VERSES.

BY BROTHER LEO.

Strangers have come from the ends of the earth,
through the gates of the summer sea,
From the land of palm and the land of pine and the
Ice King's sovereignty,
From the dreaming South and the star-crowned
North, all bent on the self-same quest,
To bend the knee in fealty to the Queen of the
Golden West!

Light of the stars is in her eyes, red gold is in her
hair,
Her face is flushed with the salt sea winds and her
lips the rose ensnare;
She dabbles her feet in a silken sea, her couch is the
mountain's breast,
A Guinevere by the Golden Gate—the Queen of the
Golden West![1]

MUNICIPAL modesty is a universally recognized Far Western virtue. The cities that dabble their feet in a silken sea are coy as mermaids; they are notoriously reticent in exploiting their advantages, in advertising their prestige, in disclosing their charms. Chambers of commerce on the Pacific Coast are pathetically pacific; their uniform practice is to turn to the smiter the smitten cheek. Los Angeles, Tacoma, Oakland, Seattle, Fresno, San Diego—they are blushing violets all, rarely if ever conscious of their beauty, mainly intent upon the mossy stone behind which shady bulwark they may hide from the inquiring gaze of tourists and homeseekers. They flee from publicity as from the face of a serpent.

Not without trepidation, therefore, do I venture to call attention to the fact that San Francisco—the city whose innate and unassailable modesty once so deeply affected young Mr. Kipling—possesses one of the richest literary traditions to be found among American municipalities. In the olden golden days many eminent writers found in San Francisco an inspira-

[1] *John Northern Hilliard.*

tion and a home. Mark Twain knew it, and Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller and Robert Louis Stevenson; and Bartholomew Dowling and Charles Warren Stoddard and Edward Rowland Sill and Frank H. Gassaway—the great and only Gassaway who wrote *The Dandy Fifth.* And the passing years have brought to the city—scarcely more than half a century old—scores of lords and ladies of the pen. The City of St. Francis, appropriately enough, has been and is a favorite pasture of Pagasus.

No California writer has surpassed Bret Harte in assiduous wooing of the Pacific muse. In moods both grave and gay the author of *The Heathen Chinee* and *The Luck of Roaring Camp* recorded his impressions of the city where he worked and wandered—worked in the United States Mint in Fifth Street and in the old Clay Street newspaper row, wandered everywhere from the sand dunes beyond the cemeteries to the monkey-house at North Beach. The poetical possibilities of Meigg's Wharf he exploited in Spenserian form though not in all respects Spenserian spirit:

> Lo! where the castle of bold Pfeiffer throws
> Its sullen shadow on the rolling tide;

Harte likewise wove into serio-comic verse the story—not without its basis in fact—of the bespangled tightrope-walker who used to glide on a wire from the veranda of the old Cliff House across the swirling waters to the summit of Seal Rocks; how the little blind god caused the poor acrobat to lose his balance; and how in consequence even to this day in wintry weather a skeleton in tights revisits the glimpses of the moon.

Harte's longer poem, *Concepcion de Arguello,* is a beautiful presentation of the true romance of the daughter of Don José Dario Arguello, Spanish Commandante at the Presidio, San Francisco. Through the Golden Gate one April day in 1806 sailed the good ship *Juno,* bearing the Russian nobleman, Rezanov, on a secret embassy from the Tsar. Concepcion, then in the first glow of her young womanhood, was by the handsome stranger wooed and won. Rezanov set off for Russia to secure the permission of his sovereign to marry the beautiful *señorita,* promising to return at the earliest possible date and claim his bride beside the western sea. But Rezanov fell from

his horse and died on the overland journey from Okhotsk to Petrograd. The sad tidings failed to reach San Francisco, and so through many long and dreary years the gentle Conchita gazed pensively seaward and scanned the deck of every incoming ship. At length she dedicated herself to God in the Dominican sisterhood; and long afterward she learned accidentally of the burial of her betrothed in the snows of central Siberia. Today the remains of Sister Dominica, Concepcion's name in religion, repose in the little Dominican cemetery at Benicia. The story has been told by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton in *Rezanov,* one of her most acceptable novels, and in verse by Bret Harte in the poem beginning,

> Looking seaward o'er the sand-hills, stands the fortress
> old and quaint,
> By the San Francisco friars lifted to their patron saint.

Best known of Bret Harte's San Francisco poems is *The Angelus;* in many respects worthy to stand beside it is *San Francisco: From the Sea.* He paid his respects to the Mission Dolores in exquisite prose; and to Lone Mountain, with its cross-crowned summit looming above the cities of the dead, he indited two tributes; one beginning,

> This is that hill of awe
> That Persian Sinbad saw;

the other, *The Two Ships,* voicing in its concluding stanza the note of Christian hope and resignation:

> Then I think of those luminous Footprints that bore
> The comfort o'er dark Galilee,
> And I wait for the signal to go to the shore,
> To the ship that is waiting for me.

Robert Louis Stevenson knew old San Francisco well. He lived for a time in Bush Street, took his none too frequent meals at a restaurant in Third Street a little below Market, and occasionally climbed Rincon Hill to visit Charles Warren Stoddard in the den he so picturesquely described in his novel, *The Wreckers.* Then as ever, Stoddard was a good deal of a Bedouin, and often Stevenson knocked in vain. On one such

occasion he scribbled the following Tennysonian lines and thrust them beneath the door:

I scatter curses by the row,
I leave off swearing never,
For men may come and men may go,
But Stoddard's out for ever.

In the standard collections of Stevenson's poems we find no verses associated with San Francisco; but the edition of his hitherto unpublished poems brought out some two years ago by the Bibliophile Society of the United States contains a valued contribution to our San Francisco anthology. Since the poem is not generally accessible, we present it in its entirety:

BESIDE THE GATES OF GOLD.

It's forth across the roaring foam, and on toward the West,
It's many a lonely league from home, o'er many a mountain crest,
From where the dogs of Scotland call the sheep around the fold,
To where the flags are flying beside the Gates of Gold.

Where all the deep-sea galleons ride that come to bring the corn,
Where falls the fog at eventide and blows the breeze at morn;
It's there that I was sick and sad, alone and poor and cold,
In yon distressful city, beside the Gates of Gold.

I slept as one that nothing knows; but far along my way
Before the Morning God arose and planned the coming day;
Afar before me forth he went, as through the sands of old,
And chose the friends to help me beside the Gates of Gold.

I have been near, I have been far, my back's been at the wall,
Yet aye and ever shone the star to guide me through it all.
The love of God, the help of man, they both shall make me bold
Against the gates of darkness as beside the Gates of Gold.

Beside the Gates of Gold R. L. S. is fondly remembered. His admirers have erected a monument to his memory in Portsmouth Square opposite the Hall of Justice, and around it they gather for a commemorative service every year. The tablet is crowned with a bronze galleon with bellying sails, and almost all the local poets and near-poets have sought to immortalize it in verse. One of the most successful attempts is

from the pen of a newspaper man, Mr. W. O. McGeehan, who indulges the fancy that the crew of the *Hispanola*, fresh from the pages of *Treasure Island*, nightly man the little bronze ship and scurry the sea of dreams. And in the morning,

Oh, the little bronze ship has returned to its place,
To the stone by the poplar trees,
And the little bronze sails, though they gleam in the sun,
Will not answer the morning breeze.
Now the ghost song has died on the pale phantom lips,
And gone are the master and men,
And the little bronze ship is back safe from the trip
Till it goes on a cruise again.

There it lies through the day till the noise dies away
And the moonshine is soft on the square.
Then its queer phantom crew take it out on the blue
And their chantey rings weird on the air:
"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum;
Drink and the devil had done for the rest,
Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum."

Joaquin Miller who for several years before his death lived in a picturesque cabin in the hills across the bay from San Francisco—his estate he perversely insisted on spelling "The Hights"—was intimately acquainted with the old city and the new, and he sang the mystery of the dawn at the Golden Gate and the flashing splendor of San Francisco Bay, and recorded the prophecies he read with a poet's eye "beside the mobile sea." His *Seal Rocks* narrates the baroque love story of two of the brown barking denizens of the ocean "from out the surge of Sutro's steep." Delicious in its bombastic humor is his description of the sentiments that agitated the heart of the heroine when her dripping gaze encountered the heroic form of the bull-seal, "a lorn Napoleon on his throne:"

What eloquence, what hot love pain!
What land but this, what love but his?
What isle of bliss but this and this—
To roar and love and roar again?

When earthquake and fire laid waste the city in 1906,

Miller sang a quickening song of the dread sight as he saw it from the Oakland hills, and conjured a new city rising from the old:

* * * *

This ardent, Occidental dawn
Dashed San Francisco's streets with gold
Just gold and gold to walk upon,
As he of Patmos sang of old.
And still, so still, her streets, her steeps,
As when some great soul silent weeps;
And, oh, that gold, that gold that lay
Beyond, above, the tarn, brown bay!

* * * *

Three days, three nights, three fearful days,
Of death, of flame, of dynamite,
Of God's house blown a thousand ways;
Blown east by day, blown west by night—
By night? There was no night. Nay, nay,
The ghoulish flame lit nights that lay
Crouched down between this first, last day.
I say those nights were burned away!

The catastrophe of 1906 inevitably moved other singers to song. First among them was the gentle Poet Laureate of California, the best loved of San Francisco's singers, Miss Ina Coolbrith, who had come to the Far West in the pioneer days a little girl with her doll, who read proof on the *Overland Monthly* when Bret Harte was editor, and who now, from her hillcrest home in the city of her love, has seen the scars of the great disaster gloriously healed. Others who offered the stricken city the consolations of poesy were Edwin Markham, the Oakland schoolmaster who some twenty years ago attained nation-wide fame with *The Man With the Hoe;* Herman Scheffeur, whose ability was first recognized in San Francisco by the acrid Ambrose Bierce; George Sterling, whose poetic fires have been often fed by San Francisco themes; and Nora May French, a marvelously talented girl who some ten years ago emulated the unhappy ending of Thomas Chatterton, her noblest songs unsung. The tragedy of her own young life seems uncannnily blended with the tragedy of the city she enshrined in her New Year's verses for 1907:

Said the Old Year to the New: "They will never welcome you
As they sang me in and rang me in upon my birthday night—
All above the surging crowd, bells and voices calling loud—
A throng attuned to laughter and a city all alight.

"Kind had been the years of old, drowsy-lidded, zoned with gold;
They swept their purples down the bay and sped the homeward keel;
The years of fruits and peace, smiling days and rich increase—
Too indolent with wine and sun to grasp the slaying steel.

* * * *

"They were stately walls and high—as I felled then so they lie—
Lie like bodies torn and broken, lie like faces seamed with scars;
Here where Beauty dwelt and Pride, ere my torches flamed and died,
The empty arches break the night to frame the tranquil stars.

"Though of all my brothers scorned, I betrayer, go unmourned,
It is I who tower shoulder-high above the level years;
You who come to build anew, joy will live again with you,
But mightiest I who walked with Death and taught the sting of tears."

Distinctive by reason of their mellow pensiveness and their discerning absorption of local color are the poems of the lamented Daniel O'Connell, a poet among poets and a man among men. His *Songs from Bohemia* contains a generous sprinkling of San Francisco verses. One of the best is *Only a Woman's Face*, the record of an impression caught in San Francisco's Latin Quarter. Another is *The Drayman*, casting into perfect form an aspect of city life which most writers would pass over unnoticed. And in the little poem from which the following stanzas are culled, O'Connell reproduced with reverent fidelity the atmosphere of the Mission Dolores:

Away from the din of the city,
From the mart and the bustling street,
Stands the old church of the Mission,
With the graveyard at its feet.

Here alone in the silence and shadow
The crumbling belfries cast,
Lies the dust of the Spanish founders
Who reared the pile in the past.

* * *

And sometimes a Spanish woman,
Veiled and dark-eyed and brown,
When the Angelus peals from the belfry,
By the graves of her people kneels down,

And tells her beads with devotion
For the sleeper's eternal rest;
Then noiselessly passes outward
With a flower from the grave in her breast.

Mr. Wallace Irwin, the premier writer of light verse in the United States today, first struck his stride in San Francisco. Banished from Stanford University as the result of a difference of opinion with a faculty committee, young Irwin traveled on foot up the peninsula from Palo Alto and secured a position on a San Francisco newspaper. His peculiar office was to write metrical introductions to local articles—a squabble at the City Hall, an intercollegiate football game, the arrival of a government official. And the work was so well done that a good many readers got into the habit of devouring the verse and ignoring the prose. Of course that happy state of affairs could not last indefinitely, for the clever jingles soon attracted more than local attention, and early in the present century Mr. Irwin hearkened to the call of the East. But he left his heart behind him. His delightful *Chinatown Ballads* are redolent of San Francisco, notably *Yo Sabe Me,* a dramatic recital of an earthquake episode which conveys with telling accuracy the friendly state of mind nowadays entertained by San Franciscans toward the industrious, unobtrusive and heroically faithful John Chinaman. Then there is his *San Francisco Fog* which merits to rank with *Mandalay* among the classics of homesickness. Fog is one of San Francisco's most esteemed assets—any real estate agent, despite his modesty, will tell you that; but it remained for Wallace Irwin to make of the fog at once a local glory and a national possession:

Morning, fellow San Franciscan! Here's my greeting to you! Shake!
I'm an exiled sort of relic from the Days Before the Quake,
When old Chinatown was greasy, when old Market Street was wood,
When half the town was restaurants, and all of 'em were good.

Come, you envoy from my Youthland, turn my memory back a
cog—
Can't you blow me up a hatful of that San Francisco fog?
Oh, that fog, fog!
How it used to fill my brain
With a frantic and romantic
Sort of Orient refrain.
O'er the hilly
Streets and chilly,
Energizing as a nog,
Blew the soul of San Francisco
In her fog, in her fog.

Over Hyde Street's lofty summit, on the northern slope of town,
We would hie us for a moment when the sun was going down,
Just to watch the mist-snake creeping, soft and merciless as Fate,
Through the fort-protected entrance of the distant Western Gate;
Down the bay it coiled and twisted, spreading whiteness many a
mile,
Till it sprang upon the City over Yerba Buena's Isle—
'Twas the fog, the fog,
By a sea-enchantment kist—
Not a fizzle of a drizzle
Like the dismal English mist,
But a fluffy
Powder-puffy
Veil that hid the Decalogue.
One could love or laugh or murder
In that fog, in that fog.

* * *

Foreign wines are better, maybe—though I love your native stock
From the Santa Clara claret to the Napa Valley hock,
But there's nothing alcoholic you can send me, if you please,
Not from Luna's-by-the-Peppers or from Coppa's-by-the-Frieze,
That will be to me more welcome as a soul-inspiring grog
Than a long, rare, ice-cold bottle labeled " San Francisco Fog."
In the fog, in the fog,
I can revel to the last,
Nor a headache nor a heartache
Will remain when it is past.
Here's the salt on wild Pacific
Where Adventure lurks incog—
Come, you ghost of Robert Louis,
In the fog, in the fog!

We are mindful, too, of Mr. Gelett Burgess, the creator of *The Purple Cow* and the expounder and popularizer of the sulphitic theory in his clever brochure, *Are You a Bromide?* In his early volume of verses, *A Gage of Youth,* occurs *A Ballad of the Hyde Street Grip: A San Francisco Rhapsody,* a half-dozen sprightly stanzas which, though admittedly not exalted poetry, possess so many felicitous mentions of spots familiar to those who know the California metropolis that they have brought tears to the eyes of exiled San Franciscans. The Hyde and O'Farrell Street cable line still lumbers sedately over the hills, and doubtless the present day gripman soliloquizes in much the same fashion as his predecessor who found so sympathetic a spokesman in Mr. Burgess:

* * * *

North Beach to Tenderloin, over Russian Hill,
The grades are something giddy, and the curves are fit to kill!
All the way to Market Street, climbing up the slope,
Down upon the other side, hanging to the rope;
But the sight of San Francisco, as you take the lurching dip!
There is plenty of excitement on the Hyde Street Grip!

Oh, the lights are in the Mission, and the ships are in the Bay;
And Tamalpais is looming from the Gate, across the way;
The Presidio trees are waving, and the hills are growing brown,
And the driving fog is harried from the ocean to the town!
How the pulleys slap and rattle! How the cables hum and whip!
Oh, they sing a gallant chorus, on the Hyde Street Grip!

When the Orpheum is closing, and the crowd is on its way,
The conductor's punch is ringing, and the dummy's light and gay;
But the wait upon the table by the Beach is dark and still—
Just the swashing of the surges on the shore below the mill;
And the flash of Angel Island breaks across the channel rip,
As the hush of midnight falls upon the Hyde Street Grip!

When the United States entered the World War in 1917 and thousands of young San Franciscans were called to the colors, the local muse waved a magic wand; and from training camp and recruiting office, from the Presidio military reservation and the naval training station on Yerba Buena Island, came metrical tributes from the heart of war-inspired youth. Some of them were awe-compelling; most of them were awful. But one little poem of this group deserves recognition here by rea-

son of its intrinsic excellence. It comes from the pen of Private Jack Burroughs, now in the engineering corps across the sea, formerly a reporter on the staff of the San Francisco *Bulletin:*

GOOD-BYE SAN FRANCISCO.

The fog looms gray in the offing;
The plaint of the baffled sea
Is borne from the shrouded shoreline
To the ears and the heart of me.
From her peopled hills, my City
Smiles through the leaden drift
Where she sheathes her ships in her harbored slips
And the gulls' slow pinions lift.

Her beauty fades in the distance
To merge with the sunset glow.
I drift from her flowered gladness
Whither—the gods shall know.
Good-by! And the wafted echo—
The shade of that last farewell—
Like the wrack that rides on the changing tides,
Swings back on the sobbing swell.

Do the wings of the dusk enfold her?
Surely my heart mistakes!
Surely the dawn's light fingers
Lie there as the morning breaks!
For the mist that seems to tremble
Where her masts and her hilltops rise,
Is the rainbow mist that sorrow kissed
And left in my heavy eyes.

It is possible to compile a fairly lengthy list of poems written in honor of San Francisco by men and women who were strangers within her gates, men and women who, perhaps precisely because they were poets, thrilled at the vision of her good gray hills and expanded in spirit under the robust caressings of her sun-warmed ocean breeze. Mr. Witter Bynner, Mr. Clinton Scollard, even Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, are among the many visitors to San Francisco who have written and written well of the city that met them and, in the most favorable sense, took them in. Mr. Bliss Carmen has added his metrical laurel wreath to the heap of poetic tributes piled upon the

Stevenson monument in Portsmouth Square, and that gifted Irish poet, the Countess Markiewicz, in her *Jaynill Father John,* a poem dedicated to the late Father John Nugent of San Francisco, suggests with appealing delicacy and infectious humor the atmosphere of "south of Market" and "the chapel of St. Rose."

The young English poet, Mr. Alfred Noyes, many moons before he visited San Francisco, with the vision of a seer, caught in spirit a glimpse of her fascination, and his pathetic little poem, *Old Gray Squirrel,* looks into the heart of a little English boy who burned with the unfulfilled desire to visit the distant shores of the Pacific:

A great while ago there was a schoolboy,
He lived in a cottage by the sea.
And the very first thing he could remember
Was the rigging of the schooners by the quay.

He could watch them, when he awoke, from his window,
With the tall cranes hoisting out the freight.
And he used to think of shipping as a sea-cook,
And sailing to the Golden Gate.

* * * *

And, before he went to sleep in the evening,
The very last thing that he could see
Was the sailor-men a-dancing in the moonlight
By the capstan that stood upon the quay.

He is perched upon a high stool in London.
The Golden Gate is very far away.
They caught him, and they caged him, like a squirrel.
He is totting up accounts, and going gray.

He will never, never, never sail to 'Frisco.
But the very last thing that he will see
Will be sailor-men a-dancng in the sunrise
By the capstan that stands upon the quay.

By no means does this complete the list of the poets and poetry of San Francisco. Charles Warren Stoddard, who spent his boyhood and much of his maturity in California and who was baptized in the old cathedral in California Street, now known as St. Mary's Paulist Church, brought out in San Francisco the first volume of his poems; and in more recent

years his friend and disciple, Mr. Charles Phillips, found there inspiration and congenial friendship. Louis Alexander Robertson wrote *Resurgam;* Charles Keeler, *At the Ferry* and *To the Builders of the New City;* Edward Rowland Sill in his *Hermitage* reproduced numerous scenes familiar to San Franciscans. And then there are Edward Pollock, Clarence Urmy, Harriet M. Skidmore, John Vance Cheney, Mary Lambert, Ella Higginson, Lionel Josephare, Robert Duncan Milne, Samuel J. Alexander and a score of others who in all manner of moods sing the praises of the city of St. Francis. Dr. Edward R. Taylor wrote verses while occupying the office of Mayor of San Francisco; and Mr. Lorenzo Sosso did likewise while attending to the gastronomic needs of patrons of the Goodfellows' Grotto. Verily, the winds of inspiration blow whithersoever they list.

But how does this mêlée of metre, this riot of song, this poetical efflorescence and effervescence reconcile itself with the blushing violet penchant of California and Californians? Might it not appear to the unsympathetic and therefore undiscriminating outsider, that San Franciscans have an abnormally good conceit of themselves? Might it not seem that the sweet singers of California have made unto themselves a pantheon of little tin gods—as the New England *literati* did in the days of Emerson and Transcendentalism—and enthusiastically burn before one another's shrines the intoxicating incense of mutual admiration?

I suppose the answer would be that when Far Western poets are moved to song they really cannot help it; the song is in their hearts, and, like the feathered warblers in the groves of Sutro Forest, they know no rest until they give it forth. Nature has been in their regard wantonly bounteous; she has blessed them with skies of sapphire and air like wine, a summer tempered with western winds, a winter without snow and sleet, a panorama of flashing ocean and poppy-spangled hills. And then, too, they have been richly dowered of the past. They are the heirs of the rich, fragrant traditions of the days before the gringo came, the days of Spanish occupation and Catholic glory, the days of *fiesta* and fandango, of brown-robed friar and Castillian *caballero*—the days when the lowing of the Mission cattle mingled with "the click of the clashing castanets and the throb of the hushed guitar." And I am sure that were a

vote taken to discover what the living poets regard as San Francisco's greatest poem, the unanimous verdict would be in favor of those sweetly sombre lines wherein Francis Bret Harte draped in the mantilla of exquisitely woven words the glowing vision of the splendid, idle forties:

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio;
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting
The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old—
O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness—
Break, falter, and are still;
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!

THE CHRIST OF THE GOSPELS.

BY CUTHBERT LATTEY, S.J.

PERHAPS the first thought that will strike even the Catholic reader when he sees the title of this article will be that it attempts too much, in treating of the Fourth Gospel along with the others. Well, in what follows there is no explicit discussion of the whole question of its relation to the Synoptic Gospels, yet a satisfactory solution, if in the main assumed, at least finds considerable support. For it is St. John who most clearly indicates the general trend of events, and in that sense is our best guide to the previous records. He himself lays tremendous emphasis on fact; it is fact that he has to tell us, and that is to make us believe,[1] even as it was fact that moved, or ought to have moved, the various characters in his gospel. It was hard fact that made Christ's disciples believe in Him,[2] that convinced Nicodemus that He was from God,[3] that so excited the multitude that they would have made Him King.[4] And at the end we see Thomas actually putting his fingers to the wounds of his risen Lord.[5] "Blessed are they that have not seen and have believed!" Christ was not so very enthusiastic about the belief that was only yielded at the compulsion, as it were, of the external sign;[6] but not to yield it even then was to be without excuse.[7]

To suppose, therefore, with Loisy and some others, that the evangelist is supremely indifferent to facts, is to do desperate violence to the internal evidence itself, which Loisy is so anxious to exalt at the expense of the external.[8] As a matter of fact, it is St. John that shows the solution at least twice to a difficulty in which the Synoptics, taken alone, would leave us. Why does Christ leave Galilee soon after the feeding of the five thousand? The full explanation is only to be had from John vi.; the great miracle was worked with a purpose, and to a large extent failed in its purpose. Christ proposed very explicitly the Sacrament of which it was a figure, and "after

[1] John xii. 18, 19. [2] John ii. 11. [3] John iii. 2. [4] John vi. 15.
[5] John xx. 27. [6] John iv. 48. [7] John xv. 24.
[8] *Le Quatrième Evangile*, Introduction, pp. 1, 52, 53.

that many of His disciples no longer walked with Him."[9] It was a crisis, and a crisis of failure. Yet St. John explains to us also the crisis of success; for surely the wild enthusiasm of Christ's entry into Jerusalem would puzzle us, if we knew nothing of the raising of Lazarus.[10] And so it is with regard to Christ's teaching also. The evangelist proclaims His Godhead openly enough in his preface and records St. Thomas' supreme cry, after the supreme sign at the end;[11] but he puts no such language as this into the mouth of Christ Himself. Nowhere, for instance, does Christ Himself say, "I am your Lord and your God!" And this is so much more astonishing in his case than in that of the other evangelists, if only by reason of the two passages already quoted, that here too we may justly feel that we have a clue of great significance. After all, if Christ tells us comparatively so little of His own Person in the Synoptics, there is also a marked reticence on the subject in the Fourth Gospel itself. And why? It is in the records because it is fact. But, we ask again, in reverent study, why did Christ choose that it should be fact?

The rationalist—at all events, the superficial rationalist—will have a false explanation ready, which it may be worth while to stop a while to brush aside. He will take refuge in a theory of sources, and reject what he can as being only in one gospel, or only two, with an implicit or open suggestion that, if only we would confine ourselves to the best and most reliable evidence, we should find that miracle and prophecy and the like had melted away, and might be treated as accretions due to the heated imagination of a later time. In answer to such a contention it may be enough, in the first place, to cite a couple of sentences from Dr. Sanday, whom no one familiar with his writings will suspect of exaggerating the evidence for miracles. He writes in regard of this evidence as follows: "In the gospels we have a convergence of evidence from every one of the larger documents or literary strata that criticism indicates. And the evidence, which is so considerable in quantity, is excellent also in quality."[12] And secondly, we may confirm this by an example, the feeding of the five thousand, already referred to above, an unquestionable miracle, found actually in all the four gospels. For an example of prophecy we may

[9] John vi. 66. [10] John xii. 18-19. [11] John xx. 28.
[12] Sanday, *The Life of Christ in Recent Research*, p. 213.

turn to that of the resurrection. "Nothing is so deeply imbedded in the gospel text as the prophecy of the resurrection; it is thrice repeated and, except that St. Luke does not give it the second time, it is narrated each time in all three Synoptics. St. John gives the prophecy as it was made at a different time (John ii. 19-22)." [13]

No, even in the case of the first three gospels we cannot explain any reticence as to Christ's Person by any general absence of the supernatural. How then? For there *is* a reticence, and the very proof of Christ's Divinity from the Synoptics, powerful as it is, only serves to bring it out the more. Almost unconsciously the prayer comes to our lips, "Tell us plainly!" [14] Why did not Christ state at once in plain and unmistakable terms that He was God? That is a question that must be met, if we are to discuss the part which He plays in the gospels; and it is not to be met by blinking obvious facts. Indeed, the gospels themselves in more than one place emphasize this reticence. In the very passage just quoted, what the Jews cry is, "If Thou be the *Christ*, tell us plainly." Thus, even in the Fourth Gospel we have evidence that Christ near the end of His mortal life still refrained from publicly claiming even to be the Messiah. Truly. "He did not trust Himself to them." [15] Early in the ministry the devils had been prevented from proclaiming Him such,[16] and so had the apostles after the confession of St. Peter.[17] Nay, even at the trial, as we gather from St. Luke, who appears to reproduce the critical part of the dialogue more fully, the first question put to Christ, apparently because even that could not be proved adequately by the witnesses, was simply this, "Art Thou the Christ?" And it was His answer to this, and the reference to Daniel, that brought the cry from all, "Art Thou then the Son of God?" Christ would not refuse to speak before the official judges of His nation, and His second answer they accounted blasphemy, never stopping to consider whether it might not be justified by its very truth.

We may infer from the incident of St. Peter's confession itself that it was by no means obvious even to those who believed in Him that Christ claimed to be the Messiah; it is not said that any thought Him such, there where we should most

[13] Note on Mark x. 34 in the Westminster Version. [14] John x. 24.
[15] John ii. 24. [16] Luke iv. 41; *cf.* Mark i. 34. [17] Matt. xvi. 20 and parallels.

expect to have the fact mentioned. It was a tremendous confession to make, even to call Him that—to say that in Him were definitely and finally fulfilled all those pent-up hopes, all those vast promises present to the mind and dear to the heart of Israel. To the apostolic age, indeed, more easily than to us moderns, that confession may seem to have embraced implicitly all that Christ could ever claim to be, and so in the first tale of Christ it may be that no more was said. But, as a modern exegete little favorable to Petrine claim confesses, it is characteristic of the First Gospel that in a matter of this kind it adds authentic details of its own. "The passage [Matt. xvi. 17-19] would seem to belong to that cycle of narratives peculiar to Matthew and specially connected with the name of Peter, *cf.* xiv. 28 *ff.*, xvii. 24 *ff.*, current among the Jewish Christians of Palestine of the writer's day."[18] St. Peter had done something more than repeat his first lesson.[19]

But Christ forbade even the lesser title; how much more the greater! The rationalist craves for evolution, in the teaching of Christ as in all else, forgetting that in things human there can be loss no less than gain, failure no less than success. So it was with Christ's ministry, which finds its climax in the gibbet of Calvary. In John iii. 18, where there is mention of "the only-begotten Son of God," we appear to have the evangelist's own reflections. But if in John v. 25, in the early Judean ministry we find Christ speaking of Himself as the Son of God, it ends in His leaving Judea by reason of the peril to His life.[20] We have nothing of this kind of Galilee; in the Sermon on the Mount, it is true, we have a striking assumption of an authority superior even to that of the Old Testament, but soon this language, too, is laid aside, probably a little before the crisis of failure in John vi. already spoken of, and the sincere must learn through parables, and the malevolent be baffled by them. The multiplication of the loaves is the last great chance for Galilee, though it is repeated before the final departure. After that there remains but outlying Jewry, in the north and across Jordan, and then Christ sets His face finally towards Jerusalem, to put forth His claim once more at the centre of doctrine and worship, and to be done to death for it, because it behoved not that a prophet should die out of Jerusalem.[21]

[18] *The Gospel According to St. Matthew*, edited by P. A. Micklem, M.A., p. 167.
[19] John i. 41. [20] John v. 18; vii. 1. [21] Luke xiii. 33.

No doubt there was a sparing of the weak. For one in mortal shape to come to the Jew and claim adoration from him as the Lord, the God of his fathers, would have been under any circumstances a terrible shock to the Jew, although, in the light of our growing acquaintance with apocalyptic literature, we must perhaps conclude that it would not be quite so great a shock as had been thought previously. But the gospels do not let us stop there; they show us violent enemies dogging Our Lord's footsteps, and working to discredit and destroy Him. The promises had been fulfilled beyond the wildest hopes of the chosen people, their God had come among them and lavished His mercy upon them, but they hardened their hearts. The Eternal Father could acknowledge His Son at His baptism, the opening of the public ministry, and at the transfiguration, designed to strengthen the most chosen of the apostolic body: the devils could proclaim Him, when they were not stopped:[22] but the God-man Himself must be largely silent, because open speech would mean a premature end, the curtailing of His appointed time.

Perhaps—and this is only a tentative suggestion—this may be the true explanation of a difficult incident, John x. 34-36. Even the title "Son of God" was not as plain as "God" simply, the expression had been used several times in the Old Testament of mere creatures,[23] and Christ Himself had applied it to peacemakers.[24] No doubt He chose it because it expressed truly His own divine Nature; but, in accordance with what has already been said, He may also have chosen it because it did not express it with absolute necessity, as the only possible meaning. May we not suppose, then, that He was reminding His opponents that He had not committed Himself to a clear and demonstrable claim to Divinity, that they had not sufficient warrant for accusing Him of the supposed blasphemy, that whatever the goal to which He was endeavoring to lead them, He had not as a matter of fact chosen to "tell them plainly?" How much meaning He would put into it they still had to see, and if they drew too hasty a conclusion He would check them. On this interpretation we could keep the double antithesis which the text itself seems to suggest; Christ had received a higher commission from the Father, but was content

[22] Mark iii. 11; v. 7, the latter with parallels.

[23] *E. g.*, Gen. vi. 2: Job i. 6.

[24] Matt. v. 9.

with a lesser title. In the end, it may be noticed—going back to the trial as in St. Luke—the Sanhedrin appear to have taken the term in its fullest significance,[25] perhaps because of the preceding reference to Daniel vii. 13, which we know from the Book of Enoch [26] to have been much emphasized in current apocalyptic.

Our Blessed Lord, then, did not set forth His own Person and mission to His hearers in terms adequate and easy to comprehend; in any case it would have been a shock to them, and under the existing circumstances it would have compromised His own safety—always supposing, of course, that it was not His mind to use miracle for His own protection. On the other hand, what he sought for was absolute faith in Himself, unconditional surrender. In this we notice that He is at one with His great apostle, St. Paul, whose characteristic standpoint and aim has already been explained.[27] The Apostle yields himself without reserve to Christ, and exhorts all others to do so; and Christ Himself is trying to win all to Him, to the same self-abandonment and utter confidence. Only there is a difference; the Apostle, as we have seen, was steeped in dogma, and his desire for union with Christ, his actual union with Christ, was that dogma in action. "I know Whom I have believed," he cried;[28] there was no lack of definiteness in the faith he held and taught. But in the nature of the case, such as He suffered it to be, Christ could not unfold all that His Apostle was to write and tell of Him; He asked for faith, and still more faith, and worked miracle upon miracle to prove His right to it, but the full and true content of that faith He did not clearly expound. An analogy crosses one's mind of Lord Kitchener in the early days of the War, when there was the first urgent call for recruits. There was a fine response, but ever and again a paper or a speaker would endeavor to draw from Kitchener what in very truth the full quota was to be that would finally satisfy him. And Kitchener would smile, and ask for more men, and still more, and would set no limit, so that we may well say and believe that he saw the need, not of any fixed number, but of all that could come. And Christ asked for faith, and encouraged faith, and was against all that could limit it; and Who could thus draw all men to Himself, save He to Whom alone all men belonged?

[25] Luke xxii. 70, 71.
[26] Chaps. xlvi., lxii.
[27] The Catholic World, *The Christ of Paul*, August, 1918.
[28] 2 Tim. i. 12.

Such is the purpose of Christ that we find in the gospels, and it is on this purpose that we can base our first contention, that the claim to Divinity is truly there, implicitly no doubt, but plain enough for us to understand, and plain enough, at any rate, to lead on those who heard and saw Him, if they would follow in good faith. Indeed, it is an interesting fact, not very convenient for the rationalist criticism of our time, that, judged upon the mere reading, the Christ of the Synoptics may be said to be more self-centred than the Christ of St. John. In the Fourth Gospel Christ is constantly referring all to the Father, partly in the intimacy of His disciples, partly in greater boldness of speech at Jerusalem. And to St. John such references were precious; the whole subject of Christ's Divinity was one of those which he wished to bring into fuller light so that he selected what suited his purpose. The other gospels contain a large amount of traditional matter; St. John's is entirely his own, deliberately undertaken to supplement the work of his predecessors, and Christ's Divinity is the main theme throughout. At a later time, when all eyes were upon him, and the veneration of the Christians even went so far as to deem him immortal in the flesh, he appears to have felt the need of another chapter to his gospel, to confute that legend—for Christ was already, as we may suppose, returned in judgment upon Jerusalem, the rehearsal of a vaster tragedy—and to point them to the see of Peter, to the abiding shepherd of the flock. But a better key to the gospel as a whole is found in what may well have been the original conclusion, the end of the twentieth chapter, where St. Thomas yields supreme homage, and the evangelist avows that " this is written that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God." " The Son of God " at the end, " The Word " at the beginning. This Sonship has after all a deep meaning of its own, and we can see that St. John was interested, not merely in Christ's Divinity as such, but also, if we may so put it reverently, in the manner of it.

But in the Synoptics, in the more popular tradition, little of this is recorded, and instead a certain self-assertion—for such it truly was—which would be little edifying except as the indirect indication of claims that could know no limit. The leper beseeches Him on his knees: " If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." [29] What a confession! Is language of this

[29] Matt. viii. 2 and parallels.

kind to be encouraged? Will not Christ say that He is but the humble instrument of the Almighty's power and mercy? Swiftly comes the answer, "I will; be thou made clean." And swiftly the deed too; the implicit claim is there, and the divine ratification. There is nothing like this in the lives of the saints; or if perchance some analogous incident might be found to the single cure, there is no case of a systematic attitude such as this. In the very next incident (following St. Mark's order) we have something stronger still. The paralytic is let down before Christ, Who bids him be of good cheer: "Thy sins are forgiven thee!" And at once the Scribes and Pharisees deem this blasphemy: "Who can forgive sins save God alone?" Surely here, if Christ knew Himself a mere creature, He would be bound to answer, as would every priest of God that hears confessions, that it was not in virtue of any power of His own that He had declared the sins forgiven, but as the representative of God. And He would have told the objectors that they were right enough in saying that God alone could forgive. What happens? "That ye may know that the Son of Man hath power to forgive sins!" Not a word of explanation or refutation. They say only God can forgive sins? Very well, Christ will assert emphatically none the less that the power is His, and once more work a striking miracle to prove it. Soon afterwards He claims to be "Lord of the Sabbath."[30] It is not necessary to pursue the story further. These episodes were not of a nature to furnish direct evidence of a claim to Godhead, but their cumulative effect upon the well-disposed Jew must have been the same as upon us. We notice this especially in the case of the gospel which at first sight seems the farthest from putting forward any such "metaphysical" views; the rationalist forgets that real dogma may be presented in a popular way no less than in a scholastic treatise. Dr. Dean, in his admirable introduction to St. Mark's gospel in the Westminster Version, has not hesitated to say, "The distinct purpose of the Second Gospel is to portray Jesus as 'Lord of all,' taking St. Peter's words in Acts x. 36-43 as the summary of the Petrine gospel. "The simple, unstudied narrative is left to speak for itself and to convince the reader that 'truly this man was Son of God.' His Divinity reveals itself as it were unconsciously and without effort."

[30] Matt. xii. 8 and parallels.

Nevertheless, as we have already seen, Christ was not left without witness of a more direct kind, and witness that in the circumstances could hardly be called ambiguous. His Heavenly Father acknowledges Him at His baptism and transfiguration; the devils acknowledge Him, and are silenced, not because they lie, but because they know;[31] His future vicar acknowledges Him, and, indeed, wins the office through that confession. The testimony of His Father and of the devils was little likely to be cited in court, and that of St. Peter was given in sufficient privacy to be followed by an injunction to silence; it remained only that Christ should bear solemn testimony Himself when the supreme hour came, and at the challenge from the high-priest He was silent no more. Need other passages be cited? "No one knoweth the Son save the Father,[32] a claim more significant than that of His own knowledge of the Father; the Father alone could plumb the depths of His Son's being. And in the Synoptics, no less than in the Fourth Gospel, Christ is more insistent in His claims as the end draws near, when all Jewry had been evangelized, and His work consummated, and there was left nought save to give Jerusalem the final call. The parable of the heir[33] says so little, and withal says so much! And it is pressed home by that pertinent question, "How then doth David call him Lord?"[34]

The resurrection set the seal upon all. And during the forty days that elapsed before His ascension Christ spoke to His apostles of the Kingdom of God—that royal supper, refused by those at first invited, but filled with the Gentiles, good and bad, wherein it was guilt to lack the festal garment of charity.[35] In a sense the Church may be said to have been begun when Christ first sent out His apostles, with authority only from Himself, to preach and heal: later He made them priests, at the Last Supper, bidding them do what He had done; but now He gives them power to forgive sins, and a universal mission for the world, only bidding them await the Paraclete and His final gifts. Much He has to tell them, but this was not the least lesson, that all power was given Him in heaven and on earth,[36] that He was to sit at the right hand of God,[37] that it was He Who should send forth the Promise of His Father upon them,[38] that it was well to call Him their Lord and their God.[39]

[31] Mark iii. 12, *et seq.*
[32] Matt. xxi. and parallels.
[33] Matt. xxii. 43. [34] Matt. xxii.
[35] Matt. xxviii. 18. [36] Mark xvi. 19.
[37] Luke xxiv. 49. [38] John xx. 28.
[39] Matt. xi. 27: *cf.* Luke x. 22.

"Verily thou art a hidden God!" [40] Be that our last thought, the cry of the prophet of old, true of Christ in His mortal life, and true of Him today. We may perhaps hope to persuade the rationalist that Christ could not announce openly and definitely His full claims, because it would have meant premature death. But, looking at the matter with the eye of faith, we see far more than this. The least act of Christ had an infinite dignity, could offer an infinite reparation of honor to His Heavenly Father, for outweighing any outrage from sinful man. But He suffered so much, not merely to impress upon us vividly the appalling horror of sin, but also to teach us that to live worthily is to suffer, that love craves for suffering, nay, that the Cross is God's most gracious gift. And who in this War has not strained for the sight of the Crucified, and of the Mother with the heart transfixed? If, then, we behold so great a mystery, Divinity itself manifest in word and work, yet so long hidden to human ken, and then cowering, as it were, from Its enemies, afraid, we almost say (and does not the gospel speak of that fear in Gethsemane?) to appear or to speak—where is the answer save in Love, Love proving itself, and proclaiming wherein it must ever be proved? So also it is in the Spouse of Christ, the Church, so hidden and suffering so much, and yet so manifestly divine in word and work; it is Christ suffering once more in His Mystical Body, and inviting His members to suffer with Him, to make up what still lacks. [41]

"For the Jews demand signs and the Greeks seek after 'wisdom;' but we—we preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Gentiles folly, but to those who are called, whether Jews or Greek, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." [42]

[40] Isaias xlv. 15. [41] Col. 1. 24. [42] 1 Cor. 1. 22-24.

A BOOKMAN'S YEAR IN A LABOR COMPANY.

BY FREDERICK PAGE.

SHALL we never shed blood?" sighed R. L. S. to W. E. Henley, and, indeed, I never wished to; for me, poor man, the British Museum Reading-room was dukedom large enough; but having had my adventures I am glad to have had them.

It may seem a far cry from the British Museum to the danger-zone in Belgium, but it will here be argued that it is precisely the bookman who found himself most at home in the army; and not alone from the contrast with his former sedentary life, but as giving him the opportunity to experience the adventures of which, hitherto, he had done no more than read. To make an instance of myself, I have thought that the difference between my own content and the "always bally well grousing" of my comrades (men from the Dorset coast-towns mostly) was that they have not read that hardship is the sauce, and danger the spice of life, that all food is sacramental, and other such fine sayings.

"Grousing, grousing, grousing, always bally well grousing," to the tune of "Holy, Holy, Holy:" we sung this in noisy derision of the noisily contentious, tented in discontent, their bone of contention oftenest the disposition of our feet around the tent-pole; our nightly struggle, our matutinal debate.

Another constant occasion of grousing was our food. We grudge if we be not satisfied. Before I came into the army I was told that they made good stews there: one is tempted to retort that the cooks make nothing else; but that would be unfair. We often have had pudding made of biscuits and raisins, and at one time, in lieu of potatoes, we had boiled chestnuts, and there have been other variations, not forgetting that from good stew to poor stew, and back again. "Not without swift mutation would the heavens be aught." In the beginning (our beginning) the grievance was a shortage of bread; we got but one loaf to a tent of fifteen men, but one learned to make the most of it by eating our bacon without bread, and the poor ha'porth of bread with a very tolerable deal of marmalade.

To recur to my theme. If reading is a necessary equipment for the happy warrior, it is reading not wide but deep: intensive culture. I have heard of a *savant* in the Post Office Rifles who swore by the *Odyssey* as the best companion-book for a campaign and a B. A. Londoner, in my own company, brought only one book with him into the army, the *Chanson de Roland,* and I believe from the analogy of my own experience that any one of the great popular books would do: The Bible, Shakespeare, Bunyan, what you will. Tested, as it were by exile, even by exile from the actual printed books, they reveal their perennial freshness and inexhaustibleness. One has them so by heart that "remembered in tranquillity"—the tranquillity of manual labor—they speak for themselves, "recurring, and suggesting still:" memory takes of their words, and declares them unto us, with a depth of truth they had not before. "Endure hardness as a good soldier:" one's soldiering reënforces one's reading, and one sees that for the Roman as for the modern soldier, the stress was rather on hardship than peril. Yet peril has its place, and once as dawn broke, and we marched and crouched and ran between the bursting shells, what my tricksy memory seemed to recall as a prayer of one of Shakespeare's soldier-kings, re-worded itself as a whisper of encouragement:

> Let not base fear infest
> My soldier's mind.

One then can have interior peace in the army: but there is also amusement, if one will follow in the matters of the intellect that "little way" which Sœur Thérèse recommends in the things of the spirit, that "little way" of nonsense and jokes and puns, followed by Lamb, and Lear, and Lewis Carroll and a living practitioner whose modesty I will not hurt. As for instance: there is a notice frequently to be met with in billeting areas, a notice I felt I could cheerfully obey: "Refuse to be dumped here in sacks before eleven A.M." This order I have carried out in its own sense often enough, but I was never called upon actively to make the great refusal. And elsewhere the army sign-writer is as unconsciously funny as his civilian brother in his punctuation and accents. "Growing crops keep off," made one wonder if vegetation were more docile than

Canute's tide. But I do not know that I have ever been more amused than with an astounding ethnological theory of one of my comrades, who doubtless had endured a Board School education. We saw a good deal of a negro regiment from Jamaica, and these spoke English with a precision of articulation and a sweetness of tone which my own Cockney upbringing obliges me to envy. My friend asked me what language these men spoke among themselves, and I said that they had no other language than ours. "Oh," said he, "then they have always been English, and it is only the climate that has turned them black?" The notion of a black population inhabiting the West Indies and speaking English, long before the coming of Columbus' crew, was so delicious that I could not undeceive him. And if I may offer yet another joke, I thought that if anyone should laugh at my inexpert handling of pick or shovel, I would reply that I was a literary man with a style of my own. A further *joyeuseté* occurs to me. Our pay-days seemed sometimes long in coming, wherefore we have a saying: "We haven't much money but we do see life:" and hearing this one day it flashed across me that the Little Sisters of the Poor and other nuns might like to adopt as their motto this corollary of the Gospel counsel of holy poverty. I commend it and ourselves to them.

It was with ironic fun that one remembered Mrs. Meynell's essay "The Tow Path," when, with others pulling and pushing, ankle-deep in thick mud, one towed a handcart laden with burnt tins through the deep ruts of muddy lanes on Palm Sunday morning; but with sympathetic fun one recalled the same essay, sharing Mrs. Meynell's active delights of one who is not athletic, pulling a ration cart through landscape as of the Weald of Kent one fine afternoon late in April: "an unharnessed walk must begin to seem to you a sorry incident of insignificant liberty."

For the bookman the essence of these "active delights" is that they leave the mind free for its own delights, active or passive. Except in the long summer evenings one had little time or light for reading, but "thought is free," "the mind is its own place," and one is Ferdinand carrying logs for Miranda's father, "for her sweet sake, not for her father's wrath." Work may be not only play but worship. One sets one's self the Psychean task of extricating the stones imbedded in a heap of earth, and this not only or chiefly as a "let's pretend" to be

Psyche, but as a rite in her honor, a "Do this in remembrance of her—the

> latest born and last
> Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy.

But Sœur Thérèse shall lead me back to deeper things for awhile. I have heard Mass with five other labor men and nearly a hundred fighting men in a barn usually dedicated to cinema shows. The altar was a draped piano, and for the Stations of the Cross and other sacred pictures there were advertisements of comedies, and sensational melodramas. "What humble things Thou hast borne for us, my God." The priest sat by the side of the piano, and we knelt at his side. We were reckoned, even we labor men, to be within the danger-zone, and by a gracious surprise the obligation as to fasting was remitted, and more than half of us received Holy Communion.

We left one front for another in mid-August and exchanged work under entirely safe conditions for similar work under conditions—for a mercifully short six or eight weeks, and at rare intervals afterwards—not entirely safe. "The moving accident is not my trade" and I prefer to speak, in these narrow limits, of life and work not under shell-fire. My year then was thus allotted. During the harsh winds of the last fortnight in February, 1917, we were at Salisbury, drilling and living in billets to which we looked back as to paradise. The greater part of March we were in tents "Somewhere in France" working in eight-hour shifts on a munition dump. This arrangement meant that we rose at two in the morning, and after tea, sometimes with rum in it, we paraded (as also in the danger zone in August and September) to confront that other more splendid parade of stars, and then marched to the dump to load and unload ammunition, often lying for two or three hours uncomfortably dozing with cold feet in cold railway trucks waiting for the lorries which would take the stuff up to the firing line. And as we had watched the stars so we could watch the dawn; then at ten o'clock "home" to our bacon and bread and marmalade. From April to mid-August our platoon—a hundred or so of us—was away on detachment, road-mending and shifting about from one place to another.

It was then I learned to shovel mud, out of the ditch onto a high bank, and off the road; to unload stones from railway

trucks, and later on to use the pick. It is with a pleasant sense of mastery that the penman finds he can command these unwonted implements and materials. And much else that Mr. Lucas' cloud of witnesses speak of in *The Open Road* is his also. But I must bear my own witness against Guido Guinicelli. In the sunny mornings of March and again in October, "The sun shone full upon the mud all day." "The mud remains vile," says Guinicelli. This warm-brown, mud vile? Never! A roadside sea of mud, with the sad glints on it of an October afternoon sun, has almost the beauty of a snow-drift. "It is not Death, but plenitude of peace;" it seems almost a desecration to disturb its calm levels with a scraper or shovel. Even the least observant and most forgetful of bookmen, may add to his joy for ever such things of beauty as these; that the stinging nettle has, for a brief while, a creamy flower; that, in wet and muddy weather, the hair on a mule's legs falls into ridges as beautiful as those of the bark of the sweet chestnut.

From the end of May to mid-July I reached an inner circle, the sanitary squad, and worked on easier conditions still, digging latrine pits and other such work, in small scattered groups of four or five, visited only at intervals by the corporal in charge, and at D—— I watched the daily progress of the gooseberries, only to leave them before their ripening for a pleasant place of orchards. There for three weeks or so I was the happy solitary angel of a purgatory all my own, where I cleansed tins of their animal and vegetable stains in a fire of refuse. I worked as I liked, finding much time for reading and writing. And yet I was happier still when I returned to the life of the open road at our next remove to a country of cornfields where we laughed and sang, the valleys standing so full of corn. But does one thought spoil it all? In the essay before mentioned is quoted, "the erroneous sentiment of a verse of Moore's: The joys of thinking hearts are few." Erroneous; ah, but in war-time? Have I been too unthinking of the lives so plentifully laid down in No Man's Land, of the hardships of the trenches, of the privations at home, of the awful contempt of all womanhood shown in the habitual conversation of my comrades? But the bookman cannot speak without balance: he sees that our pocket vocabulary of vile words (some three or four) only too faithfully correspond to those three or four so tiresomely reiterated by Shakespeare's

men. And though half of our jokes blaspheme the sanctity of sex, yet even so, perhaps they are no less than an inverted tribute to woman. She is "our life, our sweetness, and our hope," but one wishes that our recognition or confession of this could be made with reticence or chivalry: *Sancta Maria, mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc.*

We know, at least we readers of Henley know, that what has been was good, was good to show (as I have endeavored to show), better to hide (and I have hidden much), and best of all to bear (and there has been some of that). We are the masters of the days that were. We have lived, we have loved, we have suffered. Even so.

ANNUNCIATION.

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.

Now doth the chilly earth receive again
Release from her long servitude to pain;
For all the snows upon the frozen hills
Melt, and descend exultant to the plain.

Now o'er the world a dress of green is cast
Where'er the feet of Gabriel have passed;
The woods and hedges quicken with their bloom
Which winter had imprisoned and made fast.

Through every trunk to every budding shoot
The sap is rising into flower and fruit,
And prophesied by Sybil and by seer,
A rod is growing out of Jesse's root!

The annunciant angel bends upon his knee
Before the virginal maternity
That shall redeem the world! In equal joy
The new leaves burst from shrub and bush and tree!

For loveliness and laughter, these are hers—
The early blossoms and the wind that stirs
Among them and along the meadow grass!
The sun and moon are her bright ministers!

The lark for happiness that sings aloud,
The open sky, the white, soft-breasted cloud
Unite to praise her name with all the stars
That stand upon the heavens in a crowd.

Obedient to benignant Law's behest,
The mating birds build cunningly their nest
Wherein to welcome soon their unborn young—
And Mary walks with God beneath her breast!

Now nature joins with her in wondering
How could be brought to be this marvelous thing:
A child conceived of her sweet maidenhead—
Prime miracle of this miraculous spring!

Now from a thousand woodland notes there throng
The echoed notes of her celestial song,
Rehearsal of their own *Magnificat;*
"For He hath from their seats deposed the strong;

"Broken the bands of winter on the earth;
The humble hath exalted; filled the dearth
Of hunger!" Shall not all the world be glad
With Mary, hearing of the promised birth?

The whole creation rises up to bless
Its God in her amazing sinlessness
Crying, "My soul doth magnify the Lord,
Who looked upon His handmaid's lowliness!"

And if the waking spring shall symbolize
Her spirit's exultation and surprise—
If our eyes should be open, we may see
The Holy Ghost Who shines within her Eyes!

THE HARDY OPTIMIST.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

FRANKLY to make the pun and be done with it, we are hardy optimists—we whom not even the writings of Thomas Hardy, arch pessimist of English literature, can wholly becloud or depress. We can read Hardy and still be hopeful —of even him! In his later days, returning to the first love of his literary life, has he not actually sung? There are, as an English critic recently put it well, "gleams as well as glooms" in his pages: "moments of vision" (as he has called his latest volume of verse)—and we optimists unblushingly seek the gleams, and are glad of them on discovery. Browning's man in *Instans Tyrannus*,

> sprang to his feet,
> Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed!

And Hardy's, though he has not yet prayed, has undeniably "caught at God's skirts;" and he has sung! In *Something that Saved Him*

> The clock rang;
> The hour brought a hand to deliver;
> I upsprang,
> And looked back at den, ditch and river,
> And sang!

Thomas Hardy, the Wessex novelist, singing, or merely writing, lacks just one qualification to make him the greatest of all the imaginative authors of the age. He has not the Christian concept of life to make him a true—and therefore optimistic—interpreter of human existence. He seems to possess every other power and attribute—insight into human motive, a palpitating sympathy with the human heart, its dreams and its sufferings, and a style of expression so perfectly mastered, so clear and simple and direct, that a mistaking of his thought is hardly possible. But without the Christian philosopher's touchstone of pure truth with which to test and prove his interpretations and deductions, Hardy's conclusions concern-

ing life and its meanings invariably end, as they must inevitably end, in a question mark.

Of course, all human life is a question mark if men, with their finite minds, insist on probing the answer to the puzzle of existence to the last solution; and for each and every one of us it remains a question mark until we solve it through the mute and incommunicable equation of death. But this side the grave there is an answer too. Once man recognizes the finite limitations of his mind and acknowledges the Infinity above him, then the question mark vanishes: then man knows that the answer is the simple assurance that there is an answer. What that answer is, in its fullest, he must be content to leave to the Infinite—which is God.

This is what Hardy does not do, or cannot do; or is it still, will not? Is it intellectual pride that makes him set himself up as a disputant with the Infinite? True, he challenges It to appear, blind still to Its instant manifestations in himself; and yet, time and again he appears rather the pleader, the humble though baffled seeker, than the challenger. And yet, being blind, he is forever blaming God for the mishaps that befall humanity, because he, Hardy, is incapable of comprehending why those mishaps are permitted. This of course makes for a sad state of soul for Thomas Hardy—and for a sad state of confusion among those of his devotees who are as blind as he. But it keeps him, and them, let us hope, seeking, at least; and to seek God is, after all, a rather healthy form of faith in Him.

It is this seeking after God, this puzzling over the problem of life, that tones and colors all of Hardy's writings, and keeps his sympathies alive and active. Indeed, it is in this that his motive and his inspiration lie. He is so tremendously interested in humanity that he cannot leave it alone. He must go on studying it, puzzling over it, addling his poor finite mind with its intricacies, breaking his heart because of its tragedy. This is the keynote to his literary gift and the secret of his strength—his consuming interest in life.

His powers of observation are immense and exquisitely delicate and refined. Yet, though he sees with the photographic eye, he does not report or reproduce his observations photographically. Here it is that his art plays its part, putting the glow of intimate, moving life into his pictures, making them pulsate with warm blood, making them vivid and real. He is

a great realist; but he is not a stark realist. In the last analysis, the absolute realist in art—in writing, painting, sculpture, what you will—does not exist, outside of the photographer's gallery; and even the photographer retouches his prints.

An absolute realist is an impossibility in art, so long as it is a human creature that is producing the work of art in question, whatever it may happen to be: so long as the artist has a beating heart in his breast and blood in his veins. Hardy has the heart and the blood. He could not rebel as he does, against what he calls Fate, were this not true. And rebelling, he ceases to be a fatalist, for your true fatalist submits. Hardy does not submit. He remains absorbed in the puzzle of life; and the more it eludes him and baffles him, the more would he probe it and turn it over, and reconstruct it his own way, if only he might! No matter—he cannot work over it with frozen fingers or sightless eyes. He touches life with the life that is in him. The spirit of himself—the spirit of constant questioning, constant pleading—this he is bound inevitably to put into his interpretation of the everlasting problem. And thus rebelling, questioning, pleading, challenging, he may sound bitter and defiant at times, crying out in his impotency. Yet his challenging, his questioning, of God and life, nevertheless, still remains only a quest. Will he be a finder, a happy finder, yet? There have been others who sought and found; and if none ever complained quite so bitterly or for so long, neither did any ever seek more earnestly. Even Shakespeare had his period of gloom and despair; but in good time he emerged into the bright clear air of *The Tempest.*

Hardy's long experience as an architect explains his matchless literary workmanship. The true architect makes his creation, be it church or chapel, cottage or palace, a living unit. So does Hardy with his novels. One does not find mere imitation-life in his pages. There are many of his tales which read so unlike fiction that it is easier to believe that he has simply delved into old parish records and family histories for his material and written them down as they might be retold around a fireside in the evening, rather than that he has invented and imagined them. This is particularly true of his shorter stories—the tales we find, for instance, in *Life's Little Ironies* and *A Book of Noble Dames.* No one but Hardy himself (and perhaps not even he) could tell where actuality ends,

and where imagination begins its fine readjustments of fact and incident, working toward dramatic *dénouement,* in some of these stories. The art that conceals art was never better exemplified than in them.

Yes, they are pessimistic. So are the novels, all of them. Some have called *The Mayor of Casterbridge* the most pessimistical tract ever issued in the propaganda of hopelessness; because in that, even when the author seems to discover a purpose and an end for the lives of his created figures, "life's little ironies" at the last are once more revealed, playing their aimless game. But is it aimless? Is not *The Mayor of Casterbridge* really like *Tess of the D'Urbervilles,* and most of Hardy's other novels, a tract after all? And if a tract, is it not writing done with a purpose? What then may Hardy's purpose be, in challenging life and revealing its miseries, if not the hope of bettering it? And is not that a reaching back to God? Keats said that "we hate poetry that has a palpable design upon us;" and so it is that we resent and "hate" at times the tracty vein in Thomas Hardy. It is the only flaw in his art; but at the same time, it is the one element that contradicts his despair, refutes his own complaining and redeems him as a social being. He spoiled the ending of *Tess,* artistically speaking, when he made plain outspoken propaganda of it; but he recovered our faith in him as a man. He could not make such a plea did he not have hope of it being heard: did he himself not possess faith in man and man's better self. No one could read the story of *Tess* without being moved by Hardy's eloquence or touched by the heartbreak of his heroine's tragedy. Hardy himself must have wept over it; and if he did, the Good God Whom he may seem to deny, even formally and verbally, has surely registered those tears to his credit in the Book of Judgment. If the supreme function of art be to uplift and ennoble, by exciting pity for the unfortunate and stirring the heart to tenderness for the weak and ignorant and to indignation against their needless suffering; if it be art's purpose to arouse the better feelings of man's soul and awake him to high resolves (all of which may readily be made but another way to God), then Hardy has achieved art in *Tess.* And so also in *The Return of the Native*—apotheosis of external nature though that tale may be, with its unforgettable creation of Egdon Heath—we can find our way to God through its pages also (at

least we hardy optimists!). In all literature, in any tongue we know, there is no more memorable excerpt from life than that in which Hardy tells, in this novel, of the tragic sundering of mother and son through an unfortunate marriage. No man could read the passages which recount that scene without learning more of life than he knew before; without learning to be more considerate, more kind, more tender and filial to those to whom he owes love and reverence.

These are some of the things that the Hardy Optimist finds in the pages of this great living master of literature, things that he finds without effort or search; things that the soul of Hardy unmistakably has put there, wittingly or not. Of one thing we are sure: that as long as Hardy rebels, protests, yes, even defies and challenges in his, at times, white-hot zeal, just so long do we love him, though he be blind (though not for his blindness!); for just so long does he postulate and presuppose a better and a higher Power capable of regulating the affairs of suffering humanity, say what he will of ironical and malevolent forces toying with the pawns of life. He may do his best to show us that this world is the worst of all possible worlds, but it is not, so long as Hardy remains to stir us to the desire of a better; or so long as the Hardy Optimist, punster though he be, still lives to challenge the Arch Pessimist to his worst!

PROGRESS.[1]

BY MARCO FIDEL SUÁREZ.

JUST as truth is the goal of the intellect, and good that of the will, so the beautiful is the goal of sentiment. In all God's creatures we perceive something like an irradiation of that perfection which is in their ultimate nature; something by which the soul is attracted and captivated and touched in an indescribable and mysterious manner. When things in the beginning sprang forth from the divine hand, they came clad in beauty and had the beauty of harmony, and the Creator, as He beheld His work, approved it, for it was good. That goodness of things by which Holy Writ expresses with simplicity the divine approval, is the source of the beauty that shines in all creatures.

Art is man's power to give material form to the beauty he conceives. It is one of the high stages of progress, and therefore one of the aims of civilization.

The school that regards progress as a fatalistic process and denies absoluteness to science, consistently ascribes the same instability to art. According to it, beauty is but that property of objects whereby they affect the senses pleasurably; a coarse notion, scorned from old by the more spiritual school, which has never conceived beauty apart from truth and good; and a superficial theory which, subordinating the progress of art to the fickleness of taste and even to the frivolities of fashion, denies to it a fixed ideal, the very conception of a fixed ideal being denounced as a form of either fancy or affectation.

It is true that the concept of beauty is as obscure to science, as beauty itself is clear to simple perception, and that, therefore, a satisfactory definition of beauty may never be given. Yet, it is possible to discern some of the relations existing between beauty and universal order and good. It may be stated that wherever harmony is found, beauty is found therewith, and so the works of nature are generally beautiful. Regular

[1] Continued from the February issue.

geometric figures, harmonious sounds, rhythmic motions seem to bear out that statement. Even complementary colors, which are those that harmonize best, exhibit a law of proportion in the numbers of their vibrations. Sight and hearing, the only senses that perceive oneness in variety, are also the only senses that perceive beauty, and this seems to point to an intimate connection between beauty and order. As to moral beauty, it is so inseparable from good, that language, as if prompted by an innate conviction of the soul, has a tendency to use indiscriminately the names of the beautiful and of the good.

There must exist some type, ineffable and but imperfectly revealed, to which all beauty must conform. The necessity for such a type served the incomparable St. Thomas Aquinas as a proof of the existence of the Supreme Being, Who must be regarded as the Model wherewith the passing goods and beauties of this life should be compared. The existence of that ideal cannot be denied, unless, following in the footsteps of sensualism, we allow as much perfection to Mexican idols as to Greek statues, to the wretched hovel of the savage as the Parthenon of Athens, to the wearisome tune of a tribe as to the highest musical creations.

It is an error to assume that art can progress without following rules or precepts, and to proclaim an irrational independence as the foundation of so important a form of activity. If natural beauty is nowhere found independent of truth, good and order, to such an extent that it may be rightly said that one and the same thing is good to the will, truth to the understanding, and beauty to the emotions, why should man-created beauty revolt against all order and set aside all law? Why should literary and other artistic forms of beauty, simply because they are man's productions, be free from fixed rules? If, interpreting liberty in a spirit of exaggeration, we proscribe rule and precept and lead astray that faculty which, being an image of the power to create, makes man most like God, far from uplifting human dignity and the excellence of art, we shall belittle the one by severing it from reason, and lower the other by turning it into a mere instrument of emotion.

This does not mean that art should be stationary, nor that its sole criterion should be the infallible taste of certain schools and masters. Such a doctrine would be as harmful as the op-

posite extreme of making an unbridled imagination the sole judge of letters and the arts. Sentiment, in common with the rest of the mental functions, is highly educable; but it cannot be perfected by that unbounded independence which, disowning the past, has no point of support, and knowing no moderation, is incapable of leading to progress of any sort. If the great masterpieces are regarded with respect, it is because the approval they have always received makes it manifest that in them genius gave form to a natural law, and because they are regarded as works which, being good, are susceptible of being made better. In art, as in other provinces of progress, truth lies between extremes; and although perhaps no one will ever attain the just mean, which may be likened to a geometrical point, it is at least possible to avoid the abysses that mark the extremes.

Art is akin to creation. Matter, when touched by the hand of man, changes into the symbol of an idea and may be said to become spiritualized. Sometimes it is air which, flowing through a frail reed, opens heavenly vistas to the soul; sometimes it is speech which, cast in the mold of rhythm and measure, awakens ineffable emotions in the heart; now it is the coarse sheet which, touched by the pen, receives and keeps all the records and all the science of mankind; again it is the rough stone which cut by a master's hand, shares the breath of life, or the pliant cloth that bears upon its face images of divine visions.

Hence the great power of art, all the greater because it appeals not to the understanding but to the imagination. So active and effective a power, which molds customs and transforms opinions and beliefs, makes art's mission, like the mission of all that coöperates to the triumph of truth and the realization of good, eminently social.

This has led a great modern historian to classify literature and all its sister arts as branches of ethics. Art degenerates, as experience teaches, when it lends its pure forms to error or becomes an instrument of evil. It then becomes the slave of levity and selfishness, which make it fruitful of trifling works and barren of masterpieces. As the pernicious sway of those passions grows, the grandeur and nobleness of art decline.

Aside from beauty, their poetical aspect, the arts have another aspect, no less important and more practical; their use-

fulness as means of subsistence and comfort. This province of art constitutes industry, and human activity applied to industry is work.

The constant exercise of all their faculties is the cause of the progress of certain peoples. The spirit of independence by which they are distinguished and the freedom and well-being they enjoy are the outcome of the ever-victorious struggle they maintain. Science thrives in the atmosphere of industry, whence it derives both nourishment and encouragement. Thought, as it conquers, gathers new strength. Ownership being guaranteed, liberty, which is but ownership by another name, finds firmer supports, and thus all the fields of progress become richer and broader. As work is an indispensable condition of progress, it is absent among savages. They, like the brute, reap without having sown, and for that very reason are, like the brute, slaves: for it is a law that truth, good and liberty cannot be attained without continued effort. Work is effort; it is a climbing towards civilization; it is the law of activity operating in man; it is progress itself. Idleness, on the contrary, is the denial of that law and the cause of all decline; it is a stream which, cut from its source, becomes stagnant in unhealthful sloughs.

Industry aided by science constitutes material progress. In our day it has attained gigantic proportions. Industry draws upon the face of the earth the flaming chariot that imagination dreamed of for the gods alone; that, realizing ancient myths, levels the mountain and compels ocean to flow into ocean; that sends thought a-journeying upon the wings of lightning; that imprisons the sun's rays to bring forth the faithful image; that treads all the circles of the earth, and, not content with the soil of the planet, seeks to extend its power to the heavens. Industry changes even the physical aspect of the earth, making bounteous fields of what was barren dust.

And what shall be said of the social effects of industrial growth, of its influence on peace, of the facilities it affords to the spreading of knowledge and of the aid it renders intellectual progress? Traffic, exchanging the products of remote peoples, makes possible the interchange of knowledge, of opinions and beliefs and thus promotes the triumph of truth. Mutual assistance among men must naturally create bonds of friendship rather than enmity, as some philosophers claim;

and with increase of wealth comes the increase of the means with which charity relieves the necessary evils of society.

Industrial progress and consequent intercourse are indispensable to every nation that would advance. Today civilization either does not reach, or reaches with exceeding tardiness, countries outside of that intercourse. Progress must be solidary. Conquest and isolation, first condemned by Christian ethics, are now admitted to be contrary to the general, as well as the individual, interests of mankind.

It would be a most grievous error to oppose industrial progress, but it would be an error equally grave to assign to it the first place in civilization, and an even graver error to make it the sum of true progress. The life of society cannot be reduced, any more than the life of man, to material things. These must be subordinated to the spirit, wherein lies the principle of all activity. Nor is it true that men attain happiness when, heedless of the other factors of progress, they acquire great wealth and shine in the splendor of art. Industry is to science and morals what the flower is to the root and sap of itself. It has never prevented the fall of nations; it becomes even a harmful element when not sobered by the influence of good and truth.

If progress is a necessary forward movement having no end or fixed purpose, we must conclude that good is but an empty abstraction without a corresponding reality. Besides the culture derived from science, the comfort created by industry and the social well-being due to political improvement, what other end, real and not a mystical abstraction nor a religious fiction, can be assigned to our aspirations? The advocates of indefinite development answer this question by a bold assertion, contradicted by universal experience and the most deeply-rooted feelings of the heart, that good has no independent existence but is relative to the other ends of progress. They assert that good is but an aggregate of whatever means are conducive to knowledge, happiness and peace among men. This doctrine is the common foundation of all the anti-Christian ethical systems of our times. Such systems differ only in the extent to which they carry that doctrine. From the most refined idealism to the coarsest epicurism, all rationalistic ethical schools deny the reality of good.

To discuss those systems from the point of view of the

fallacies underlying them would be beyond the scope of this article. A study of the bearing that their teachings have on progress is sufficient to show that, far from fostering civilization, they are eminently reactionary.

Progress, although a law of human nature, is opposed by great obstacles, existing both within and outside of man. Instead of a peaceful and continuous journey, it is a painful pilgrimage, a hard climb; its road is not one of flowers, but a craggy path, often wet with blood and tears. Hence arises the necessity of training the will and strengthening its motives, that it may overcome the hindrances it encounters. Here, as in all other cases where resistance is to be overcome, a greater force is required than is demanded by appearances. Where man's will is prompted by no other motives than well-being, however lofty the form of well-being may be, it is already on the threshold of selfishness; nor can it fail to cross the entrance. The secret of the great civilization fostered by Christianity, and of its great influence on morals, lies in the sublime motives Christianity offers to the will and in the heroic qualities it creates in the soul. To enable the will to develop even the common virtues; to maintain in the world sufficient honesty to preserve social order, mere utility whether individual or collective will not suffice.

From Cicero to Castelar, utilitarianism has been scorned by nearly all great intellects. The Roman orator calls it plebeian; the Spanish democrat, despite his demagogical exaggerations, regards it as a corrupting influence, comparing it to the worm that attacks the healthy fruit. Noble sentiments naturally repudiate a doctrine which denies to the will its characteristic function and special perfection, and thus degrades it to the condition of a slave of the lower faculties. Life has always been considered as a struggle, and good as the object of the struggle. That is why the greatest and most active people that has ever existed, gave the same name to life as to victory.

The great achievements of mankind are nearly always the work of the few, a work often slighted if not opposed. Only too frequently the people cry for the flesh pots of Egypt, abuse Moses and despise his word, ere they have tasted the water from the rock. Men chosen for the high purpose of guiding others, have always realized the type of the just man

described by a great poet: the man whom the very overthrow of the universe could not swerve from his purpose, and whose motto is, "Let the world perish, but let justice be done." That pure and disinterested magnanimity Plato dreamed of, has inspired the prowess of heroes, the triumphs of martyrs and the work of sages; it made the character of St. Paul, of Hildebrand and of Savonarola; of Godfrey, of Sobieski and of Bolivar; of Christopher Columbus and of Galileo. When it is heaven's wish to do wonders, it seems to drop a spark of its infinite power upon men who sacrifice life for an idea, who even in defeat are sure of victory, and who conquer alike the fury of the ocean and the incredulity of centuries.

The principle that has inspired the leaders of progress has been, not utility, but the worship of good; that faith and that obedience to duty which make religion. It is not interested calculation that inspires the man of genius; for interested calculation would set before him, as the end of his effort, perhaps enslaving chains, the stake, or something worse; perhaps the ingratitude and scorn of his fellow-beings.

Man becomes the evil genius of the race when utility is his prompting motive. Louis XI., by saying that glory lies in gain, made his memory execrable; Machiavelli, by formulating the doctrine of political selfishness, became the type of perversity; Saint-Just, by shouting that the interests of the people are above justice, covered his country with blood; and Napoleon, impelled by his ambition to glorify himself and his country, became a torment to the world.

To prove that progress cannot be the result of utilitarian ethics, it would suffice to point out that that system obtains ascendency only during periods of social debasement. One searches in vain for its spontaneous growth in nations not yet decadent. It springs up nowhere but in societies threatened with dissolution. For this reason one of our writers has compared it to the parasites that thrive only on decaying trees, whose death they hasten by sucking the scanty sap. It is even more repulsive when the draining plant is fastened by extraneous hands, and not by nature, upon the trunk of a frail shrub; when men without patriotism, instead of striving after the true and real good, make their country a field for testing foreign utopias.

A doctrine claiming to be an ethical criterion and pro-

moter of progress must be applicable in all cases, in all circumstances and by all persons; a condition that utilitarian ethics can never fulfill. For utilitarian ethics wrongly assume that all men can foresee the consequences, often so uncertain, of their acts; it ignores the probable defeat of utility by passion; and, by making the individual both judge and interested party, dooms him to judge wrongly. This defect of the system explains why it leads the majority of men into selfishness and vice, for few are sufficiently prudent to keep within the bounds of a purely calculated morality. This pernicious effect is a deadly menace to progress, since it relaxes the moral fibre and kills aspiration in the heart withered by self-indulgence. This explains why there are so many barren souls and so many intellects blasted in the bud by Paphus' breath; why great models and great virtues are becoming rarer and rarer, as if the earth no longer produced the food that made the blood of heroes and of martyrs.

Fallacy directed against the ethics that all men admire and against the faith that upholds that ethics, is always and everywhere harmful, especially in young communities. When national customs and character tend naturally towards order, liberty and justice, utilitarianism may coëxist for some time with a well-established civilization. But when such a system gains ascendency in nations made unruly both by nature and by habit, not yet accustomed to order nor to the exercise of true liberty, and with no great preëstablished interests, it is a superadded agent of destruction. Factions and mean interests shield themselves behind it, with resultant disorder.

History is the surest criterion to determine the influence of the doctrine that regards good solely as a means and not as the end of progress. History teaches that such doctrine has not only proved always inadequate to prevent the decay of civilization, but is its efficient cause. Asiatic civilization, once the only civilization and source of all others, has disappeared under the influence of fatalism and sensualism. Of that culture nothing remains but fossilized relics, and today the epithet *barbarous* may be applied to all the land extending from Thibet to Sahara, and from the wastes of Siberia to the frontiers of Persia. A similar fate befell Greek civilization, so rich in poetry and strength; a civilization which produced immortal poems, profound systems, sublime eloquence, heroic bravery

and radiant grandeur, and which even now shines through the centuries. When Epicurus became its moral master, it too declined and fell. And that empire which ruled the world and was sustained by the courage and discipline of its legions, the eloquence of its orators and the wisdom of its laws; whose life was at first struggle and glory, and then pleasure and crime, saw its independence, its liberty and its greatness end in an ignominious fall.

Rob the tree of its sap, and its leaves will wither and its starving fruit will fall unseasoned. Let the sap remain, and the tree, surviving storm and frost, will some time put forth new verdure and new fruit. So with human communities: they can rise from their falls and resume their forward journey when character and virtue are their strength; but intellectual and artistic culture cannot save them if selfishness, whether public or private, has become their prompter and the end of their aspirations. Virtue is to men and nations a vase wherein are preserved hope and the germs of the future.

The doctrine of indefinite progress is no less harmful when applied to politics than when applied to morals. According to this doctrine the facts of history form a series of states that must necessarily change, however final they may seem, and human nature must keep in a state of constant transformation due to blind forces. As a logical result society, government, religion and law are contingent conditions arising out of transitory needs and destined to disappear.

Such principles are at the bottom of the social unhappiness produced sometimes by despotism and sometimes by anarchy: by despotism, when authority, no longer guided by duty and justice, consults only changeable interests, which can never be the interests of all; by anarchy, when the social state not being considered natural and indefectible, attacks against it are justified if they can be covered by that excuse known as the general good, which usually means the reward of unprincipled audacity. With social order thus undermined, nations live in constant danger of serious catastrophes: anarchy, working slowly and secretly, prepares revolution to overthrow institutions that have endured for centuries; and where revolution has become an almost normal state, anarchy is its faithful companion, and the gate of progress is closed.

"Law is an evil," said a Colombian leader whom one of

our parties, apparently prompted by faith rather than by conviction, has followed with blind submission for more than half a century. So flagrant an error not only betrays unbounded audacity, but is an affront to reason. To declare law an evil is to assert that order, harmony, work, progress are evils, for these are inconceivable where law is absent. Nature without laws would become chaos; thought, to attain truth, must respect certain principles. God Himself is the law of Infinite holiness. There exists so necessary a relation between order (which is intrinsic good), and law, that language has made the two words synonymous.

A thunderbolt sometimes occasions, in vast and lonely forests, a fire that spreads in awful conflagration, turning hoary trees to ashes, devouring all living creatures, and covering the expanse of heaven with a lurid veil. So, too, today from the high realm of ideas, from prevailing false notions regarding the nature of freedom, falls the bolt that threatens to destroy all things—tradition, principles, order and even society itself.

"Man is free"—so runs the argument—"therefore he ought to be independent, and therefore all law is irrational. Man is free; therefore progress must do away with those things that have been called government, religion, ownership, family." It is true that many who accept the premises, have not the hardihood to admit the consequences; but it is equally true that these consequences derive logically from the premises. It is vain to attempt to arrest the torrent after the dam has been torn down, and every philosophy is responsible for the fruit borne by the seeds it sows.

Nothing is more important to progress than the interpretation of freedom, which is its guide. Cicero left us a definition of freedom which is full of wisdom: the power to act and to live as the will wishes, not as appetite desires. In this the great orator shows a profound knowledge of our nature. Neither the understanding nor the will nor the other powers of man are independent. We are so constituted that when these powers do not follow the promptings of good and truth, we fall into evil and error. Absolute independence is as impossible in man as the absence of gravitation in matter, and even were it possible, it would be a denial of activity and therefore of progress. And what in this respect is true of man's soul, is true of society: both man and the community must serve

either reason, whose dictates constitute the will, or passion, which is blind appetite. In the one case they are slaves; in the other, they are free.

Freewill and liberty should be throughly understood and earnestly defended from the attacks of modern ethics. Freewill is the power to either seek or shun perfection; the exercise of it constitutes that struggle wherein lies merit. Liberty is the state of living under the laws required by civilization, removed from all that may hinder our tendency towards perfection. In proportion as the law of truth and good becomes clear and definite, liberty and progress grow.

What is the law of progress?

According to a certain theory, at present very much in vogue, man progresses by a necessary law, ascending from stage to stage in an indefinite scale. Others regard progress as a fatalistic repetition of historical events, so that the human race, moving in a circle from which it cannot escape, passes today through the state through which it passed yesterday and through which it shall pass tomorrow. And, according to others, progress is a tortuous journey wherein man, as if confined by two infinite parallels, moves from side to side and simultaneously forward, constantly gaining in virtue, knowledge and happiness.

Such hypotheses are the creations of favored intellects; but even the genius of a Leibnitz or a Vico is shattered when it clashes with truth. To show that these hypotheses are ill founded, it suffices to point out that they destroy the freedom of the will. Besides, they are *a priori* conceptions contradicted by experience. Experience shows that civilization grows, declines, vanishes and springs up again without obeying any necessary law. History is far from exhibiting that assumed regularity which would convert it into a sort of geometry of human acts.

The peoples occupying the easternmost part of the old world have been in the same state of culture for thousands of years, victims of moral paralysis, and motionless as lakes hemmed in by mountains. The Bedouin of the desert still pitches his tent upon the ruins of Babylon, Balbek and Palmyra; and the American savage lives on in careless ignorance of the import of the monuments raised by the Aztecs and the Incas. In contrast, the works of European civilization, the

temples of the true God, the schools of science and charity's hospitals rise today not far from the druidic stones whereon human beings were laid in sacrifice; and the same seas that not long since were infested by pirates or traversed by slave-laden vessels, now bear the fleets that carry light to barbarous lands and transport the men who go out to shed their blood for the civilization of their less fortunate fellow-beings.

The natural freedom that man has to rise, fall or remain stationary is greatly modified by external causes capable of influencing progress in different ways. Man's moral freedom may contribute very effectively to maintain, lower or raise civilization, but it is impotent to create. This is borne out by the history of all nations and by present experience, which nowhere shows savages emerging out of barbarism by their own unaided effort. Civilization is like light: once kindled, it may grow or dwindle, but it cannot begin without another source of light. Progress is also like a mysterious stream flowing through the human race and whose source is placed by all traditions within paradisiac barriers. It is a remarkable fact that, just as cosmology cannot explain physical activity without a first Cause, just as philology refuses to admit the invention of language; just as philosophy is impotent to account for the first idea without a certain mysterious light coming from without, so too history rejects that primitive savage state dreamed of by the advocates of indefinite progress.

Progress is affected by various influences, such as religion, systems of teaching, legislation, custom, and even physical environment. The aggregate of these influences constitutes education, a word having a profound import, for it means to *bring* out latent powers into activity.

Although man's progress has not always been a constant forward motion, during certain periods and among the peoples occupying certain territories, mankind has progressed in a persistent manner, as if some force outside of nature gave it impulse and lifted it up after seemingly hopeless falls.

The blow which struck European civilization during the northern inroads was such as to have perhaps warranted the belief that barbarism was destined to rule the world. Yet, contrary to all appearances, the effect was quite different; brute force, trained by the spirit of religion, changed into an element of moral strength; and the old culture flowed out of enervated

societies into the veins of young and lusty peoples, who, in the course of time, have become the leaders of modern civilization.

Later, there broke out the war between spiritual power and the power of kings. All signs seem to indicate that the priesthood which had restrained conquering might was on the point of losing, by becoming secular, the prestige it had justly won and which had been fruitful of so much good. Yet, from that clash sprang, to light the darkness of those ages, a spark of civil liberty: justice conquered vain pride, and the spirit asserted itself in opposition to force.

Afterwards came the struggle between Islam and Christendom. It seemed certain that the Caliphs, who were possessed of the greatest power, learning and industry of those times, would prevail against peoples who were ignorant and clumsy and lived in the disunited state of feudalism. Yet, Islam was conquered; from the scattered tribes of the victors arose great nations, and serfdom yielded to liberty.

It was later believed, when the wave of corruption had scaled the very mount where Moses prayed, that Christianity, torn by a profound schism, would perish, and that doubt would end a civilization founded on faith and tradition. Yet, that schism purified society, and religious doubt turned to scientific doubt, opening up new fields to intellectual activity.

And when philosophism undertook to drown in a sea of blood the things of the past—beliefs, laws and social order—it seemed to the world as if the end of progress were at hand. But enraged liberty is calming its anger, and although it still threatens new catastrophes, there is reason to hope that, guided by justice and embodied in representative government, it will in future be a remedy against both despotism and anarchy.

What hand checks nations on the brink of the abyss? What ferment prevents the decay that seems inevitable? What cause can thus bring caution out of rashness, harmony out of strife, liberty out of sedition, and order out of revolution?

Freidrich Schlegel, after investigating in the light of philosophy the causes of modern progress, concludes that the most potent is the influence of the Christian religion, both because it lays before man the loftiest ideal of perfection and because

it affords him the most powerful motives to imitate that ideal. This doctrine of the German thinker is borne out by the verdict of experience and impartial judgment.

Christian humanity marches onwards, even if at times its march is temporarily arrested or even reversed. Here the mighty stream flows in swift rapids, there it stretches into the semblance of a quiescent lake; its winding course sometimes bears east, sometimes west; but it ever goes forward, carrying at last to the ocean the tribute of its waters.

[CONCLUDED.]

I AM THE WAY.

BY JOHN H. COLLINS, S.J.

I CLIMBED the old, old hill today,
With its winding track and its red-brown sand;
And the March wind blew
As I nearer drew
To the summit topped with the fields I knew
And the old home tumbled and grey.
I watched the long blue shadows hide,
In their spirit-sweepings, the wood's green edge;
And a lone star white
Hailed the creeping night,
And I laughed at sorrow; my heart was light,
For a dear friend walked at my side.

I feel the black storm lashing strong,
With its rods of rain and its thunder deep;
And the leaping gleam
Of the lightning's stream
Shows the Cross-crowned hill of my young life's dream,
And the uproad weary and long.

I hear the wild wind's desolate wail,
And I feel the thorns all the rocky way;
Still I know not fear,
For a Friend is near,
And I follow the path that He opens here,
And a Love that never will fail.

BOHEMIA FREE.

BY OLDRICH ZLAMAL.

AFTER many centuries Bohemia is free once more, and in the royal castle of Prague, instead of the imperial caretakers, there now resides the first President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, Thomas Garrigue Masaryk. In the building formerly used as the meeting place of the Bohemian Diet, sits the National Assembly of the Czecho-Slovak people, making laws and working great changes in a country which was compelled for generations to accept its laws from foreigners, and in Paris among the seventy statesmen who are engaged in rebuilding the world there are two representatives of this newly emancipated people taking their share in the government of the entire world.

The whole thing is one of the most surprising overturns in history. Five years ago no citizen of Prague would have dared to dream of any such miracle as the winning of liberty and complete, unfettered independence. No more imperial and royal officials and gendarmes to send to jail national enthusiasts who dare to say a word against the rule of the German and the Hapsburg. The joy with which the news of liberation was received is best exemplified in the following account of a celebration in a Slovak village. The local priest began the celebration by saying: "This is the day which the Lord has made." And all the people responded: "We will rejoice and be glad in it." Then the people shouted: "Glory be to our liberator Wilson," and with bared heads all sang the national hymn, *Hej Slováci.*

It goes without saying that the tremendous change involved in the gaining of independence after centuries of oppression will involve many transformations. Not only was monarchy abolished and a democratic Republic established in its place, but all titles of nobility were done away with by one of the first acts of the National Assembly. Among the social reforms which have already been carried out should be noted the enactment of an eight hour working day, and other changes for

the benefit of the laboring classes are contemplated, although in Bohemia, with its fiery patriotism and an unusually large fund of common sense, there seems no danger of a violent economic overturn or even the experimenting with socialist utopias. The new order of things in the Czecho-Slovak Republic will naturally affect to a great extent the position of the Catholic Church.

Under the Austrian rule the Catholic Church enjoyed many favors from the State, and in return for them was used by the State and the emperor for their own purposes. The Church was recognized by the State; the parish priest was the official keeper of birth, marriage and death records, and for this work he received a small subsidy from State funds. It must, however, be stated that a number of Protestant sects, even Jews and Mohammedans, received from the State the same recognition as the Catholic Church. And in return for these doubtful favors the Austrian government claimed and exercised important rights of the Church which, from the American point of view, seem indefensible. Thus the emperor practically appointed all the bishops; the Holy Father could do little but confirm the nomination made by the emperor and forced through the chapter. In practice only noblemen could become bishops, and as the nobility in Austria was almost entirely German, the archbishoprics and the richly endowed sees in Czech dioceses were usually occupied by German counts. It can easily be imagined what evil effect this had on the loyalty of the flock to the Church, when their chief pastor was an alien, in fact one upon whom they looked as belonging to the enemy camp. There was also much discontent among the Czech parish priests who took it very ill that, however faithfully they might labor, they could never receive the reward to which they might be entitled, because the high places were all reserved for the ruling race. Even the canons' stalls in the archiepiscopal chapter of Olmutz (Olomouc) were reserved for younger sons of the Austrian nobility, that is to say Germans, although the diocese is overwhelming Czech. It may be mentioned here that the Archbishop of Olmutz was one of the richest land holders in all Austria, and that the noblemen who occupied this place seldom used their immense income for the benefit of the Church or of charity. Thus, in Bohemia before the War, the peculiar condition existed of the Church out-

wardly enjoying great respect and power, yet in reality alienated from the faithful.

All this will be changed, and some of the changes may at first appear to work a hardship upon our Church. Before President Masaryk left America, he was interviewed by a delegation of the National Alliance of Bohemian Catholics as to his attitude toward the relations of the State and Church in the new Republic. He was unconditionally for the separation of the State from the Church, but he assured the Bohemian priests that his ideal was the relations existing between the secular authorities and the Church in the United States. He disclaimed all unfriendliness to the truest interests of the Catholic Church. A free Church in a free State was his goal. And Masaryk may be trusted to keep his promise, especially as his influence, in the old country, was always thrown on the side of religion against infidelity. It may be, and in fact most of the priests in Czecho-Slovakia will urge it, that the great estates of some of the episcopal dioceses and a few abbeys will be expropriated; but there is no danger that the Church will lose any of its property, for the money obtained by the sale of rich endowments would be employed for the maintenance of the poorly endowed country parishes. As the pernicious meddling of the Austrian State in the internal administration of the Church ceases and the hostility which formerly existed to some extent has nothing fresh to feed on, I confidently expect a wonderful growth in the influence exerted by the Church upon the people who, before the War, especially in the cities, had become much estranged from their spiritual Mother.

Every Bohemian and Slovak priest in the United States watches with great interest and great hopefulness the orderly development of the Czecho-Slovak Republic.

SAN JOSE DE ACOMA.

BY MARGARET B. DOWNING.

OF the ten thousands of churches in the Christian world that have been placed under the patronage of our Divine Saviour's Foster-father, there is one, *San José de Acoma,* which can claim supreme distinction. Acoma, City of the Sky, stronghold of the Quères, a tribe of Pueblo Indians, is about thirty-five miles from the small town of Santa Ana in New Mexico, and is one of the most marvelous human habitations in the world. Miles from a railroad in a wilderness almost as unbroken as when Alvarado came upon it during his march from the Rio Grande northward in 1540, the Rock of Acoma, like an island in a sea of sand, rises nearly four hundred feet from a mesa which is itself no inconsiderable mountain, having an altitude of seven thousand feet. The summit of the rock covers little less than one hundred acres. Its surface is polished in wide area by the passing of moccasined feet during the centuries, but everywhere else it is wild and rough in contour like the coast of Norway. Precipitous cliffs, overhanging on three sides, rise straight from the plain and thus form for the Quères an impregnable natural fortress against hordes of the cruelest warriors in history—their foes on the mesa. Yet almost three centuries ago, a soldier of the Cross, alone and on foot, stormed the Rock and received its submission in the name of the Crucified, and his only weapon was the Sign of the Redemption which he held aloft during his perilous ascent.

A worthy disciple of the little man of Assisi, was this Fray Juan Ramirez, with an unquenchable desire to emulate his master's methods in dealing with souls. His story shows that he accomplished this laudable ambition with almost stupefying success. It is a most edifying application of the wondrous tale of the wolf of Gubbio to the spiritual condition which the Franciscan discerned when he set out to conquer the Rock of Acoma for Christ. Fray Juan came to the City of the Sky in 1629, and for forty years he swayed its destinies. He transformed the warriors into docile children of the Church and made them industrious, useful and respectable citizens.

Incontestable proof of what this early adventurer bearing the Gospel brought the savages of Acoma, may be examined today in the church and convent of *San José*, standing on the rock with a dignity and grandeur unsurpassed in this country and rarely equaled in any. How did this zealous missioner build this mighty house of God? The soil of the heights is poor and thin, barely sustaining superficial vegetation and entirely lacking clay for the *adobe*, or sun-baked brick, and the timber needed for a church which is one hundred and fifty feet long, about one-third as wide and forty feet high. Every pound of clay, every foot of timber was carried on the backs of men from the plain below up a steep, circuitous hidden path where the slightest misstep meant a horrible death on the crags. The timbers used for the rafters are nearly fifty feet in length and were cut from the great forests beyond the San Mateo mountains—and dragged through the valley by the Indians, who in that remote day were without the services of the faithful burro or the sturdy horse. How they brought them up the four hundred feet to the summit of the rock, no one today can explain. The modern pilgrim to *San José de Acoma* finds it arduous to steady his own weight unencumbered by luggage. The ages have been asking how the stones of the Pyramids were lifted into place. The labor which built *San José de Acoma* was equally stupendous, equally patient and fraught with more appalling danger.

A wise Roman Pontiff invoked the guarding care of the Foster-father in a special manner over the temporal needs of the Church. The devout Catholic deems him the saint *par excellence* to adjust all material difficulties. Thus St. Joseph continues from heaven the work which he performed so courageously, yet humbly, on earth. But where in all Christendom do we find a nation whose proud profession was rapine and slaughter, singling out the peaceful and home-loving spouse of Mary as its tutelary, and rallying its martial forces in his name? Have not the warlike nations always chosen saints of more dashing exploits whether real, like those of St. Sebastian, St. George, St. Theodore or imaginary like the attributes given to St. James and to St. Mark? So great, however, was the magic which clothed the tongue of Fray Juan that these blood-stained warriors of the Rock saw in San José a true protector. Gently their spiritual father led their thoughts from

excursions on the plains to rob and kill, to the building of better homes and the laying up of larger stores for the winter; and then, gradually and tenderly as St. Francis could have done, to that miracle of love and labor, the church and convent on the Rock.

When the great church was almost completed, Fray Juan dedicated it to the glory of God under the protection of St. Joseph, and then he set out for the City of Mexico to get relics of the saints and such works of art as the custodian of the Franciscans would bestow. He went, as he had come, alone, save for a guide across the valleys to the capital of Sante Fé, and then with the guide down the established trail due south to the river. From thence his way was comparatively without danger. Months later he returned, bringing on a small white horse a painting on canvas representing St. Joseph carrying the Divine Child, both in full figure. It was, as every worthy historian who has studied the subject confirms, the gift of Charles II., in token of the appreciation which that monarch felt for Fray Juan Ramirez and the work he had accomplished among the savages for God and for Spain. On that return journey, Fray Juan stopped at the Pueblo of the Lagunas, then without a spiritual head, for he could no more neglect an opportunity to preach God to the Indians than would St. Francis in his stead. The visit was destined to play a large part in the future of both Pueblos.

In good season, the shepherd returned to his flock on the dizzy heights and the painting of the saint was hung behind the high altar with grand ceremonial. It was considered the greatest of tribal treasures. When the Fray, worn with years of service and privation, felt his end approaching, he called his children and with his parting breath exhorted them to remain faithful to God and to put their trust in San José. They laid him to rest in their cemetery, the most wonderful one under the sun today, just as San José is the most wonderful church, considered from many viewpoints. For the soil, as before stated, was not of sufficient depth to bury the dead, and as the Fray had taught them dust to dust was the divine command, they built a wall of stone, forty-five feet high inclosing a square of two hundred feet, of easy approach to the church. Bagful by bagful they brought up earth from below and filled in that storm-swept terrace, to be consecrated ground for their people

during all time. Here Fray Juan Ramirez found sepulchre and surely, appraised in the spiritual sense, this world contains none more costly.

Fray Juan came to the Rock in 1629, eight years after the Pilgrims landed at their rock and five years before the *Ark* and the *Dove* anchored at St. Mary's. He is thus chronologically entitled to high rank among the permanent shepherds of souls who brought the truth to the aborigines. But to understand the stupendous nature of his triumph among the Quères, we must read backward among the adventures of the Spanish *conquistadores* and must study anew the beautiful parable of the wolf of Gubbio.

Fray Marcos Niza, the first adventurer of the Cross to enter the confines of what is now the United States, came in 1539 and heard from his guides of the mighty City of the Sky, Acoma, called by the natives, Ahucas. But he made no attempt to reach it, and to Alvarado belongs the honor of having first set foot on its heights. He was honorably received and remained for two days the guest of the warriors. They gave him food and guides to point out the best trails northward. Forty years later came Espejo with a band of followers, and he, too, was hospitably welcomed, fed and provided with scouts to see the explorers safely across the treacherous desert. But these men were only birds of passage, as the Indians well knew, seeking richer treasure afar.

But in 1598, Oñate crossed the Rio Grande at El Paso del Norte, with hosts of warriors, with women and priests and raised the flag of Spain over all the country and claimed it as his own. This was quite another matter. The Quères in council agreed they had foes enough already in the nomad tribes, and they plotted, in secret, the destruction of the new enemy, the Spaniards. Oñate passed through pueblo after pueblo, receiving no opposition of moment, and finally he and a choice selection of soldiers came to the foot of the Rock. Invited to scale the heights and confer with the chiefs, he did so, but clothed in armor and armed to the teeth. He was an expert Indian fighter. He and his followers were to be led into one of the rock houses, on the plea of finding an easier path to descend. and here they were to be butchered at leisure. But Oñate remained above, sternly on guard, the sun streaming on his armor, and his good Damascus blades so awed the chiefs that he was

permitted to descend in peace. Fray Juan de Rosas whom the custodian had assigned to the province of the Quères, was not permitted by the Captain-General to throw his life away among those menacing savages. Scarcely a week after Oñate's departure, young Juan de Zaldivar arrived. He had hoped to join forces with the main expedition. He and his fifty soldiers were invited to the Rock. Suspecting nothing, they were assaulted and all but four killed. These preferred leaping over the cliff to the fearful knives of the savages.

When news of the outrage reached the Captain-General, he was not only furiously angry but he faced a serious dilemma. If he permitted the treachery to go unpunished, his prestige in his new possessions was gone. Yet he had seen with his own eyes, that the Rock of Acoma was in the military sense well-nigh unassailable. In his tiny capital, St. Gabriel de los Espagnols, the second city founded in the United States—St. Augustine, in Florida, being the first—the commander faced many difficulties among the Pueblos whose chiefs had professed friendship. So he willingly ceded to Vincente de Zaldivar, brother of the murdered Juan, the task of punishing the assassins. Perhaps in some distant age the war of the Rock will find a Homer. It is an epic grand and sombre: the march of the commander of Oñate's little army, a few soldiers with ridiculous flintlocks, others with swords and lances, some in battered mail and some protected with jackets of quilted cotton. The artillery comprised a single gun roped on the back of a horse. It was a twelve days' tramp from San Gabriel to this Gibraltar of the mesa.

In the middle of a brilliant afternoon the soldiers halted near the Rock. The Quères knew from their runners that the Spaniards were coming and they awaited them, reënforced by the Navajos. The notary who makes so brave a figure in all the records of the *conquistadores,* stepped from the ranks, blew a mighty blast from his trumpet, and in a tremendous voice read the formal summons to surrender in the name of the King of Spain. The reply was a volley of stones and a storm of arrows, and then began the bloodiest and most memorable battle ever waged on the soil of New Mexico. There were almost three thousand Indians in the stronghold of Acoma when the battle began. Three days later when the old men came from the huts to plead for mercy, all their best warriors gone, there

remained a bare six hundred, many of them women and children. A terrible punishment inflicted by Vincente de Zaldivar for the treachery which killed his brother. The details are so gory that they make painful reading. The commander conquered the rock in the military sense, but he left behind sullen, bitter enemies, hating all the world and by all the world hated. Fray Juan's victory was altogether different.

Now, Fray Juan having read the story of the wolf as he had read most avidly everything which pertained to his beloved founder, St. Francis, began to see the Quères of Acoma from the standpoint of the hunted beast of Gubbio. Here, he argued with his superior in Santa Fé, for San Gabriel had been abandoned, were poor savages to whom not a word of the Gospel had ever been preached. Fray Juan de Rosas, had not approached nearer to the perch of the Quères, than he was that day when Oñate ascended the heights. Those who were appointed to the mission later, remembering the terrible deed of Vincente de Zaldivar, were not courageous enough to face the revengeful tribe. The Quères, according to Fray Juan, believed they were defending their rights when they killed Juan de Zaldivar, for to them, poor souls, the true difference between right and wrong had never been expounded. It may be surmised that the superior blessed the insistent Juan with a sad heart when he went forth alone with his crucifix to ascend the Rock, and that mentally his name was added to the list of Franciscan martyrs rolling up in the new world.

Spring was breaking on the world when Fray Juan after his lonely tramp with an Indian guide, first beheld the Rock. Tradition places the date within two days of the equinox, on the very day on which the Universal Church rejoices that its watchful guardian is enthroned in glory, March 19th. Runners from the mesa had scaled Acoma, and an angry group stood on the edge armed with stones and arrows as they had been when Vincente had led his hosts. The Fray might well have drawn back under the shelter of the overhanging ledge and stealthily crept away in the night, had not one of those wonders happened in his behalf, which are so frequently recorded in the lives of saintly pioneers. A young girl standing near the cliff, startled by the shouts of her people, lost her balance and plunged down the awful heights. She fell, not upon the crags but, by a blessed dispensation of Providence, upon a mound

of soft white sand such as the winds of the desert pile up ceaselessly against the Rock, and rolled unharmed almost to the feet of the crouching missioner. Very tenderly he soóthed her fright and then led her out in full view of the howling populace. A mighty shout rent the air but it was not of execration. The damsel was the daughter of a chief, and the stranger, surely not of the race of Oñate and the Zaldivars, was a good wizard, who had arrived just in time to raise her from the dead. A runner was sent down to bid the missioner ascend to the chiefs. He went up holding his crucifix and chanting the *Magnificat,* as he duly recorded in the message sent back by the guide to the anxious governor and his brother Franciscans in Santa Fé.

Reading again the fruitful story of Gubbio in juxtaposition with the spiritual tactics of Fray Juan on the Rock of Acoma, it becomes plain that it was an excellent thing for the reputation of the wolf that he died before St. Francis. The intrepid pastor of the Quères passed away in the forty-first year of his mission and was laid to rest in that most wonderful of all God's acres. Then Fray Luca Maldonaldo came to serve in his stead. But the advent of Fray Luca had nothing supernatural about it, and the church and convent being already finished, he had but little to hold the interest and zeal of his restless flock. The Quères began to wander again on the mesa and, being idle and somewhat discontented, the old story repeated itself and they fell into mischief. A crafty conspirator from San Juan aroused their old vengeful feelings against the Spaniards and against the Fray, whom, he declared, was not a good wizard as was Fray Juan who had brought them San José, but a spy who would deliver them over to the pale face. So Fray Luca received the martyr's crown which should by all tokens have been bestowed on his predecessor. The great church was burned and destroyed as much as possible in the time left before the Indians took the warpath.

But St. Joseph with the Blessed Child in his arms hung unharmed behind the altar and Fray Juan rested in the churchyard, two matters which had powerful influence in bringing about the speedy repentance of the tribe.

They drank deep of blood, it is true, and cast off in a night the pious customs of nearly fifty years. But all was well with them in the end, as their beloved father had predicted,

if they held, as they did, their fealty to good San José. The elders of the tribe counseled peace with the Spaniards, and an immediate return to their rock and restoration of the church. When in response to their prayers and promises, another missioner was sent, they received him as truly repentant children. It was their only revolt, though they were sorely tempted by Navajo and Apache and apostates from neighboring provinces. In the second great Pueblo rebellion of 1728, the first being in 1680, the chiefs of Acoma threatened to throw from the precipice the runners who brought news of it, if they did not depart at once with their sedition.

So the Quères clung to their rock as they had, except for brief intervals for many hundreds of years. Archæologists in a broad way suggest that the stone huts which Alvarado describes in 1540 had probably existed three hundred years previous and had been inhabited by the same sturdy race. Considering how little it has changed since the first Spaniard set foot on those precipices, it may have been six hundred years or even a thousand, previous to the coming of the Spaniards, that the Quères took possession of these domiciles formed by erosion in the dry clear atmosphere of the desert.

In the eighteenth century the Quères, now thoroughly domestic and converted to the holy Faith, grew to be the most conservative and opulent of the Pueblo tribes. They had been given a great state paper by Cruzate, Governor of New Mexico, when the rebellion began in 1680, confirming their ancient title to the rock and the fertile valley for ten miles beyond. Their flocks spread on the mesa and their corn and other grain grew well by the ditches and their tribe increased in power and numbers, just as Fray Juan had foretold, if they remained true to God and remembered San José. Their reverence for the picture grew with the years. Did they desire rain, they fasted and prayed before it and their prayer was heard. Did the Navajos or Apaches threaten, a fast and season of prayer brought the menace to nought. The sick were cured and all tribal disputes adjusted after a serious consultation with San José behind the altar.

The fame of the miracle-picture of Acoma grew in the pueblos and many were the pilgrimages to the rock. Especially from the Lagunas whom, as we have seen, Fray Juan had visited and to whom he had exhibited, for their reverence, the

treasure which made Acoma so prosperous. Once when ill fortune came, the Lagunas requested that the picture be loaned to them. When at the end of three months, the delegates were sent by Fray Mariana from Acoma to bring back San José, the Lagunas insolently turned them away and told them, that if the Quères wanted the holy picture, they would have to come with their warriors and take it.

Then began a series of sorties—of stratagems on the part of the Quères, always frustrated by the Lagunas. After a time the latter began to think the treasure was theirs by right, and it was counted among their tribal riches.

Seventy-five years rolled by, the Lagunas watching; the Quères waiting. Then Phil Kearney came over the mountains and a new political order began. An enterprising land agent endeavored to eject the tribe from its rock and the acres of fertile valley. The chiefs, by the advice of their priest, appealed to the new government, representing that they had come under the dominion of the United States as a free people; that they had existed for many hundred years with their public officials and permanent form of government and, moreover, they produced the state paper of Cruzate confirming their rights to the patrimony. It is good to record that the case being heard in both upper and lower courts of the territory of New Mexico the Judge, Kirby Benedict, confirmed their title to the grant of the Spanish King, and extended to them the citizenship which they claimed.

This success to which their priest had contributed in so large a measure, no doubt guided the Quères to the momentous decision of appealing to the same kind white father, Judge Benedict, to obtain the return of the miracle-working picture of San José. This case which also went through both territorial courts, and is unique in the legal annals of the United States, is known as the Pueblo of Acoma *vs.* the Pueblo of Laguna, and was filed in the second Judicial District of New Mexico in 1857. Judge Benedict, after hearing the testimony which was overwhelmingly in favor of Acoma, despite the frantic efforts of the defendant, gave a verdict for the Rock. The Lagunas who were exceedingly civilized, indeed, by this time appealed to the higher court. Meantime a tremendous mass of evidence was collected by both tribes, depositions from Madrid and from old Mexico figuring in the array of documents. But

again Judge Benedict decided for the Rock, and his verdict is so fair, so broad in every sense, it is worthy of reproduction.

> Having closed our view of the merits of this case, we may be indulged in reflecting, that of the highly interesting causes we have had to conduct and determine during the present session, this is the second in which this Pueblo has been the party complainant. One keenly touched the religious affection of these children of the Rock of Acoma. They had been deprived by their neighboring Pueblo of Laguna of the likeness in full painting of their patron and guardian, San José. However much the philosopher or more enlightened Christian may smile at the simple faith of these people in their supposed immediate and entire guardianship of their pueblo by the saint, to them it was a Pillar of Fire by night and a Pillar of Cloud by day, the withdrawal of whose light and shade crushed the hopes of these sons of Montezuma and left them victims to doubt, to gloom and to fear. The cherished object of the veneration of their long lines of ancestors, the court permanently restores, and by this decree confirms to them and throws around them the shield of the law's protection of their religious love, piety and confidence. In the other case, the title that Spain had given these people, confirming to them the possession and ownership of their land and the rock on which they have so long lived, was repudiated by those who claim to come of a superior race, and means were taken to use extortion and other unjust measures against this inoffensive people. It is gratifying to be the judicial agents through which an object of their faith and devotion, as well as the venerable manuscript through which is established their right to their soil, are restored to them in safety, and they are confirmed in the possession of their territory and picture for all time.

Both pueblos became bankrupt in paying the lawyers' fees, but surely St. Joseph has never received a like tribute. The ancient picture, so faded that one must follow carefully the many descriptions which were presented at court, to discern the outlines of the figures, still hangs behind the high altar, the most revered of all miracle-pictures of which the Indians have knowledge. The mighty church stands on the Rock as grandly as when the high towers were added as a finishing touch, the most marvelous of all the mission

churches of the desert. It is one of the few which have withstood the storms of time. It served as the model for the New Mexican Buildings of the Panama expositions at San Francisco and at San Diego, and more recently it has furnished a splendid inspiration to the artists and archæologists who have erected the New Museum and Auditorium of St. Francis at Santa Fé.

Acoma holds its great feast not in March, as it should occur, but in September when Fray Juan returned bringing the holy picture. St. Stephen's day it was, the second, and no more picturesque religious ceremony can be viewed in the new world. From early morning processions come across the mesa, some are Acomans who dwell afar and return for the feast, many are strangers from other pueblos. A chief of the Rock heads the line on a small white horse. The pilgrims are welcomed at the base and led to the Rock, the man on the horse receiving special homage. All enter the church, even the horse, and he is guided right to the railing of the altar. This because Fray Juan who went away on foot returned on a small white horse bearing the miraculous picture. Then a solemn High Mass is sung, the horse according to eyewitnesses bearing himself with as much piety and composure as any of the Quères. Truly the Foster-father cannot see on earth a more marvelous church or more devoted children than at *San José de Acoma.*

ACADIA.

(*RECONSTRUCTION OF A LOST CHAPTER OF AMERICAN HISTORY.*[1])

BY MARGARET P. HAYNE, M.A.

LONGFELLOW'S *Evangeline* has probably done more than any history to bring the story of the unfortunate Acadians before the reading public. There are few school children who do not know the famous poem, and most of us can recall the picture it gives of the Acadian village of Grand Pré at sunset, with its thatched roofed, gabled houses where the bright costumed women sat spinning the flax; with its happy, care free children leaving their play to crowd about the parish priest for his blessing; with its laborers turning cheerfully home from the field as the Angelus bells tolled softly in the deepening twilight.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers—
Dwelt in the fear of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics,
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

This little world of faith and innocent happiness was not to be a lasting one. The province of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, as the English called it, was finally, after several struggles between France and England for its possession, definitely ceded to Great Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. The Acadians, being French and of a religion contrary to that dominant in Great Britain, were looked upon with suspicion by their new masters during the almost continuous trouble between the two great Powers. Finally, the presence of the Acadians, because of their French blood and natural French sympathies, was deemed too dangerous for the welfare of England and the English colonies in the New World, and in 1755 six thousand

[1] *Acadie: reconstitution d'un chapitre perdu de l'histoire d'Amérique.* By Edouard Richard, with introduction and appendices by Henri d'Arles. Marlier.

Acadians were condemned to be exiled from their homes and scattered among the various English colonies.

The wholesale deportation of a happy and prosperous people, families separated one from another, torn from their homes and condemned to perpetual banishment, was condoned as a military necessity. It makes a dark page in British colonial history; but the records have always been incomplete in the case. Before 1869, the chief writers on the subject were Raynal, Haliburton, and Rameau. Thomas Haliburton's *Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia,* published in 1829, is the earliest general history of the province, but is based on very slight knowledge of the sources. He was, however, very sympathetic to the cause of the Acadians and writes: "I can discern a great rascality in this affair; nothing justifies the deportation of the Acadians according to the documents that remain." In 1869 the Legislature of Nova Scotia ordered the publication of a volume of *Archives* with a man for editor by the name of Thomas B. Akins. In the assembling and choice of documents to make up this volume the greatest partiality was shown, and to many it showed an ill-disguised purpose of reuniting everything of a nature to justify the deportation of the Acadians. Mr. Akins evidently hoped to turn public sentiment against the unfortunate colonists, hoping, as Edouard Richard says, "that it (the volume of *Archives*) would be the arsenal where one would come to get weapons, knowing well that few historians would give themselves the trouble to pursue their investigations further."

Richard feels that because of the prominence given these one-sided documents, writers since that time have been unfair in their discussions of the Acadian problem, and have come to look upon the deportation as one of the stern necessities of war. As Edward Everett Hale says: "It was a harsh act but it seemed to be an act necessary for self-preservation. Doubtless it is no more to be justified than is the slaying of many times six thousand in a great battle but on the whole, not much more brutal and inhuman." The same writer further remarks: "The Acadians were many of them secret enemies, and as a people they would not give the necessary assurance of being trustworthy friends." Such is more or less the opinion of Parkman, and in fact since 1869 it has come to be the one commonly accepted by English and American writers.

Acadie—The Reconstruction of a Lost Chapter in American History, recently given to the world by Henri d'Arles, is not a new work but a revision of an old one. Many years ago Edouard Richard, lawyer, philosopher and Acadian patriot, wrote the original manuscript as a tribute to his dearly loved people, but it was never published, owing to his unexpected death. During Richard's lifetime, an excellent English version was made from the unpublished French original by Father Drummond, S.J. This, however, being only a translation, could not adequately express the spirit of the original. It was not until 1913 that d'Arles was able to locate the French original, and after revising, correcting and annotating it, he has given it to the public, "thus creating a patriotic and national work dear to the Acadians and to all who possess a French soul, reproducing the text of the magnificent and powerful pleading where the iniquity of the treatment to which our fathers were subjected is presented to us with a startling clearness."

M. d'Arles had of necessity to make many corrections, for Richard was somewhat lacking both in patience and accuracy. His spirit loved large horizons and he was not used to the minute methods of research which characterize the modern school of historical investigators. He was too fond of quoting from memory and his references often lacked clearness. He wrote at white heat and failed to revise and, as a result, his sentences were often muddled and his thoughts repeated and confused. Richard's great claim to be remembered is as the special pleader of the Acadian cause. His life-long ambition was to defend the cause of his ancestors judicially and victoriously and to combat, with historical facts, the accusing documents piled high in the *Archives* of Nova Scotia by the prejudiced industry of Mr. Akins. On beginning his study, he found the papers in the *Archives* relating to the most important part of the history of the Acadians, had been either carried away or destroyed or simply lost. This fact had already been observed by an American author, Philip Smith, in his work *Acadia—A Lost Chapter in American History,* published in 1884. A happy chance put in Richard's way fragments of papers which threw light, if not on the secret details of this history, at least on the main lines and principal parts. Of very great assistance to him were the papers of Andrew Brown, Professor of Rhetoric at the University of Edinburgh, who lived

in Halifax from 1787 to 1795, and collected much material relating to the history of the province. This was published by the Nova Scotia Historical Society and the *Canada Français* of Quebec. Mr. Brown's original papers are in the possession of the British Museum.

In *Acadia* Edouard Richard has treated that particular period of Acadian history beginning in 1710, one hundred years after the founding of Port Royal by the French, and ending in 1755, the year of the deportations. That the reader may have a better understanding of the subject, he gives a brief sketch of Acadia under the French dominion. In 1604 the *Sieur de Monts*, patron and friend of Champlain, was in charge of the first colonizing venture of the French in the New World, and entered the Annapolis Basin in May, with about one hundred and fifty colonists, consisting of Frenchmen from all ranks in life. The place where they landed was named Port Royal and was destined to play in Acadian history a rôle similar to that of Quebec in New France. "It was at Port Royal that adventurers were to set on foot expeditions against New England, and it was against Port Royal that the attacks of the English against the French were to be directed. It was thus a field suitable both for attack and defence. It did not matter whether the two nations, England and France, were at peace or war." Any excuse was sufficient to start the blaze of hostilities. Later, special hostility existed between the Acadians and the people of Boston.

In 1613 Port Royal was besieged and taken by the English, only to be returned to France by the Treaty of St. Germain-en Laye in 1632. In Cromwell's time the country fell into the hands of the English and was again restored to France by the Treaty of Breda in 1667. Then followed peace for a time, during which period the country prospered; in 1685 there were nearly one thousand inhabitants. The colonists were a simple, sturdy type of people, mostly petty farmers, devoted to their homes, to the King of France, and with the most intense loyalty to the faith of their ancestors. They reclaimed the rich marsh lands along the water, building dikes to shut out the tides. "In the winter they were engaged in cutting timber and wood for fuel and fencing, and in hunting; the women in carding, spinning and weaving wool, flax, and hemp, of which their country furnished an abundance; these, with furs from bears,

beavers, foxes, otters, and martens, gave them not only comfortable, but in some cases handsome clothing."[2] They had herds of cattle; every man of property was a farmer. Their gardens were filled with all kinds of pot herbs and vegetables, and fruit trees brought over from France.

Richard says that it was the custom of France to found colonies with enthusiasm, only to abandon them to their own resources a few years afterwards; and this was true of Acadia. The Home Government felt no interest in them and did not wish to spend the necessary money to protect them from their English enemies. One million alone of the thirty millions squandered on the rock of Louisburg, would have sufficed to send enough people to Acadia to assure its permanent possession to France. During the latter part of the seventeenth century there was constant warfare and bloody raiding between the English and Acadians who were utterly unaided by the French Government. A brief period of quiet came with the Treaty of Ryswick in 1697, until in 1702 Queen Anne declared war against France and Spain, and Port Royal was besieged. In spite of the desperate appeals of Subercase, its governor, to the French Government, no assistance could be obtained. Two violent attacks of the British were beaten off in 1707; a special expedition under Colonel Nicholson landed three years later and finally starved the harassed garrison of Port Royal into submission, there being only three hundred defenders against three thousand four hundred besiegers. Finally, by the Treaty of Utrecht the whole colony of Acadia was ceded to Great Britain.

By the terms of the treaty, Article XIV., it was stated that the Acadians were to have the privilege of leaving the country, carrying their household goods and possessions within the period of one year after the signing of the peace. Those of the inhabitants, however, who wished to remain and become subjects of the King of England were to enjoy the free exercise of their religion, in so far as the laws of Great Britain permitted it. A few months later Queen Anne wrote a letter to Governor Nicholson saying that it was her will that the Acadians who wished to remain under the British Government should be guaranteed full possessions of their lands and inheritances, and that those of them who preferred to leave the country

[2] *Public Archives Canada*, Brown Collection, M-651a, 171.

to settle elsewhere should have permission to sell their property and household effects.

These terms on the face seem most reasonable and all that could be desired; but they were never carried out in fairness. For a period of seventeen years after the treaty every possible artifice and trick was employed to prevent the Acadians from leaving the country as had been agreed, and to force them to take an absolute oath of allegiance to the British Crown. This part of Acadian history had never been perfectly presented until Edouard Richard did so. As a result there has been a feeling on the part of students of the Acadian deportation that, after all, the sentence of banishment was deserved, and that in refusing to take the oath to England, they had displayed an unreasonable stubbornness which drew upon them a merited fate. This belief, as has been already said, is largely due to the one-sided collection of documents compiled in the *Archives* of Nova Scotia by Thomas Akins in 1869, which has become the main source and authority of all subsequent writers, such as Hannay, in 1879, and Smith and Parkman in 1884. Richard establishes by means of documents not included in the Nova Scotian *Archives,* that it was the almost unanimous intention of the Acadians to leave the country after the Treaty of Utrecht; that they notified the lieutenant-governor, etc., of their intention to do so, but that he forbade them to leave upon the pretext that Governor Nicholson was absent; that the latter, on being appealed to, by the French Governor of Louisburg, promised at first to allow the departure but finally refused, saying that he must first advise with Queen Anne concerning the matter. This, in spite of her letter granting the Acadians full permission to leave and dispose of their goods, which was in his possession.

The Acadians were then more bent on departing than ever. They asked leave to embark in English vessels, but this was denied; permission to depart on French transports was denied them also. They attempted to construct vessels of their own, but after trying in vain to equip them at Louisburg and at Boston, finally had to endure the confiscation of these ships. The papers proving these facts have always been in existence —the correspondence between Port Royal and Louisburg in which the French governor interceded on behalf of the Acadians, meetings, consultations, requests and orders, proving

the good faith of the colonists and their willingness to live up to the terms of the treaty and depart in peace from the country.

The zealous Akins has not only omitted these papers in his collection of documents on the subject, but has also done his utmost to make it appear that the Acadians made no effort to depart but lingered on under the name of "French Neutrals," hindering and annoying the English and aiding the cause of France whenever they were able.

Two years went by after the signing of the treaty, and the Acadians were unable to get away; the new Governor Caulfield gave the order to the people that they must take the prescribed oath of allegiance to King George; the Acadians of the region of Minas replied that there was no reason for them to take the oath as they intended to leave the country at the earliest possible opportunity. This reply is found in London in the *Colonial Archives of Nova Scotia;* in the Akins collection only the command to take the oath is found, and no mention is made of the answer. In 1717 a new Governor, Doucette, tried to have them submit to the oath but they were still resolved to depart, which resolve the English still stubbornly resisted. Finally, disheartened by the failure of their efforts, they consented to take a conditional oath of allegiance to the sovereign authority on condition that their civil and religious rights should be safeguarded; that they should never be asked to take up arms against the French, their brothers, or the Indians, their allies. The tribe of Indians known as the Micmacs had been particular friends and allies of the Acadians since the dawn of their history.

The fact was the Acadians were too valuable to the English at that time to be allowed to leave the country. There were practically no English in Nova Scotia then outside of the officers of the administration and the guard of the forts. If the Acadians left, who was to cultivate the ground and prevent the country from going to pieces? Their friendship with the Indians held dangerous enemies in check who would otherwise have overrun the colony and overwhelmed the handful of English. Furthermore, if they should go and reside elsewhere, they would naturally go among the French, their own people, and would prove a dangerous and valuable reënforcement to the ever-present enemy of Great

Britain. It therefore was the thoroughly determined policy of the British Government and the governors sent to Nova Scotia to insist on the oath of allegiance, and to prevent the departure of the inhabitants at all costs. In 1720 another order was made to the Acadians to take an absolute oath of fealty; they could depart if they chose, but, if so, they were forbidden either to sell or to carry away their property. Their reply to this was that even so they would depart, and at once, if allowed to. The *Archives* of Nova Scotia under the chastening hand of Akins do not contain a single document on the Acadian matter between 1722 and 1725. Their departure was still forbidden the Acadians, and in 1725 Governor Armstrong employed force to oblige them to take the oath; delegates who attempted to plead with him were thrown in prison. All his efforts to enforce absolute allegiance were unavailing, and all he could obtain from the Acadians was their willingness to take the conditional oath with the reserves before mentioned.

The long and short of the matter was that, in 1729, the Acadians finally subscribed to an oath which they believed to contain the desired exemptions: that they should never be forced to take up arms against the French or the Indians. On examination of the paper it is found to be without the exemption as the condition of their remaining in the country. Richard thinks the colonists, who were very unlearned, most of them being unable to read or write, contented themselves with verbal assurances on the part of Governor Phillips, and were hoodwinked into signing an absolute oath with no exemptions; Haliburton thinks these eagerly wished for exemptions were written on a piece of paper detachable from the main document, which the authorities afterwards removed, because he feels that the Acadians were not so simple as to be wanting in the first principles of prudence.

Again, for a period of fifteen years, between 1725 and 1740, Richard remarks that not a single note on the part of the Acadians or their priests appears in the *Archives* of Nova Scotia, although there is a great volume of complaints against them, some of which he believes to have been altered. There is ample evidence that on the outbreak of war between France and England in 1744, when Acadia was four times invaded and Annapolis three times besieged, only the faithful and strict neutrality of the inhabitants saved the day for England. Had

the simple farmers yielded to resentment at their treatment and desire for revenge, Nova Scotia would have again become a French province.

Meanwhile the Acadians' old enemies in New England were to be heard from. In 1746, Governor Shirley of Massachusetts submitted a plan to the authorities in London, whereby a determined effort was to be made to convert the Acadians to Protestantism; Protestant English were to be planted among them as a wholesome example, and were to be awarded the lands of the Acadians on which to make their homes. Parkman, who is decidedly biased against the Acadians and against their religion, speaks approvingly of these efforts of Shirley, saying that "the influences most dangerous to British rule did not proceed from love of France or sympathy of race, but from the power of religion over a simple and ignorant people," although he admits that the British had only very rarely had to remove or reprimand a priest for disloyalty. "A priest had occasionally been warned, suspended or removed."[3] Shirley proposed that, as a measure of urgent necessity, all the priests should be expelled from the province.

Parkman states that the most dangerous "of these clerical agitators" was Abbé Le Loutre, missionary to the Acadians' old friends, the Micmacs, and after 1753 Vicar General of Acadia. Parkman calls him a most violent zealot, "detesting the English and restrained neither by pity nor scruple from using threats of damnation and the Micmac tomahawk to frighten the Acadians into doing his bidding." Richard likens this portrait of Le Loutre to a caricature, drawn in the most exaggerated style. As to his immense egoism of which he is accused by Parkman, Richard says that no man who abandons home, friends and country to pass his life in wild, unknown forests, among cruel and treacherous barbarians, risking all for his Faith and the love of God can be said to possess "an immense egoism." He feels, however, that Le Loutre may have been indiscreet and thus irritated the British authorities against the Acadians; but Dr. J. E. Prince, in a lecture read at the University Laval, in Quebec, in 1909, will not concede this. He says that after studying the documents on the subject, Le Loutre seems anything but a malicious agitator, and that there is no proof whatever against

[3] *Half Century of Conflict*, v. 2, p. 195.

him. He further adds: "Would to God that the Acadians had had more like Le Loutre to govern them. It would be too long to recount the evil treatment to which the Acadians and their admirable missionaries were subjected."

It was now the intention of England to strengthen herself in Nova Scotia by establishing settlements of her own people. In 1749, Edward Cornwallis came over to be governor, with a fleet of transports carrying over twenty-five hundred colonists, men, women, and children. Many officers and disbanded soldiers came with the colonists; and the foundations of a new town, Halifax, were laid, which was to be a military stronghold, a naval base, and the seat of England's government in Nova Scotia. A concentrated effort was made in Europe by the British Lords of Trade to induce English, French and German Protestants to come to settle in Nova Scotia, in order that the Acadian Catholic population might be neutralized and assimilated. These efforts, however, failed of success. Cornwallis had instructions from the British Government to proclaim that the Acadians must take the oath of allegiance within three months. Trade between the French settlements and Acadia was forbidden. "No episcopal jurisdiction might be exercised in the province—a mandate intended to shut out the Bishop of Quebec. Every facility was to be given for the education of Acadian children in Protestant schools. Those who embraced Protestantism were to be confirmed in their lands, free from quitrent for a period of ten years." [4]

Cornwallis met with determined opposition from the Acadians in his efforts to enforce this high-handed policy. In vain he threatened confiscation of their goods. They still were thoroughly determined not to take the absolute oath. Seeing that it was useless, he wrote home to England that it was unwise to press them further, that he could use the colonists to advantage until new settlers arrived from Great Britain, and that when they came he would enforce the oath strictly and confiscate the property of all who did not subscribe to it. The Acadians, patient and peaceable as they were, were now thoroughly determined to leave the province, and by 1750, eight hundred Acadians had escaped through the forts and taken refuge on Ile St. Jean.

[4] *Canadian Archives Report*, 1905—Appendix C, vii., p. 50—quoted in *The Acadian Exiles* by Arthur Doughty.

The man finally responsible for the deportation of the Acadians was Lawrence, who came over to be governor in 1753. The keynote of his policy was that the Acadians must either subscribe to the oath of allegiance to the British Crown, without any reservations whatsoever, or leave the country. As matters stood, most of the Acadians had refused to take the unreserved oath, but the inconsistent part was that the British Government refused to allow them to depart. War was about to open again between England and France in the long, drawn out Seven Years' War which ended with the final expulsion of France from the New World. Shirley, Governor of Massachusetts, the old enemy of the Acadians, wrote feelingly to Lawrence on the subject of driving the French out of Nova Scotia. Fear, jealousy, and above all cupidity combined to bring the day of the great wandering upon the unfortunate Acadians; and yet to read the correspondence of Lawrence, one would imagine that the expulsion of the Acadians from their homes was one of the most glorious pages of England's colonial exploits in North America.

It is a question whether the final deportation was carried out on the authority and knowledge of the Home Government. Richard says that it was the act of Lawrence and his Council and that the British Government had nothing to do with it. Dr. Prince disagrees with him, feeling that where two great powers were in a death grip for the colonial supremacy of the New World, with the two cabinets at London and Paris following with breathless interest events in this New World, no such important project as the wholesale expulsion of a people would be concealed from the central authorities by governors who received their instructions directly from the Crown.

The orders for the expulsion were given on the last day of July, 1755, after a meeting of the Halifax Council. Lawrence ordered the deportation to be acted on simultaneously in the different parts of the province, and entrusted the different districts to various officers to carry out his instructions. No distinction was made between those Acadians who had consistly refused to take any oath and those who had complied completely with all requirements, and had been recognized by the Council as British subjects. All Acadians were to go, regardless of age, sex or condition in life. One of the officers, Colonel Monckton, was instructed by Lawrence to use some

stratagem to get the young men and heads of families into his power and detain them until the arrival of the transports which were to carry them away. In the meanwhile he was advised to destroy all the adjacent villages and "use every method to distress as much as can be those who may be tempted to conceal themselves in the woods." The adult males were then summoned to Fort Cumberland and informed that the Council had declared them rebels on account of their misdeeds; "that their lands and chattels were forfeited to the Crown," and that they were prisoners until they could be banished. Expeditions of officers and men were sent over Nova Scotia to burn all villages they came across, and take all prisoners whom they met. Everywhere English soldiers, torches in hand, laid waste the homes of the Acadians while pillage and loot were the order of the day. The transports finally arrived, and a fleet left for the South carrying nine hundred and sixty Acadian exiles to the wilds of South Carolina and Georgia.

Richard accuses Parkman of most unfair partiality in his account of the deportations; the latter has sought to whitewash Lawrence by failing to quote the barbarous orders issued by him to Colonel Monckton. In his letter to Monckton of the eighth of August, Lawrence further instructs him: "You will make every possible effort to starve out those who attempt to conceal themselves in the woods." And in truth, coming down to modern times, does not the letter of Lawrence to Murray, another officer, remind one strikingly of the commands issued to Prussian officers on their invasion of Belgium? "If the inhabitants conduct themselves badly, you will punish them at your discretion; in the case there should be any attempt to injure or molest the troops of His Majesty, either by the savages or by others, you have received my orders to punish those in the vicinity where the offence has been committed, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, in a word, a life for a life."

Truly history repeats itself. The letter to Murray was omitted by Francis Parkman in his history, and he would have us think that the deportations were carried out with humanity. The scene which took place at Grand Pré has been pictured to us in *Evangeline;* Colonel Winslow there summoned the people to appear before him at three o'clock in the afternoon, no excuse being accepted; and there in the church which was part of their lives, where they had experienced the great joys

and sorrows of their lives, was read to them the proclamation condemning them to exile and forfeiting their lands and tenements, their cattle and livestock to the Crown. Being held prisoners, they were not allowed to communicate with their families until Col. Winslow allowed a few, for which the others were held responsible, to break the news to them. There was a great delay in the arrival of transports, but finally they came and the heartbroken procession of men and women were divided among the different boats. Some of the vessels had sailing orders for Maryland, some for Pennsylvania. To complete the work, Winslow destroyed the villages, burning them to the ground. A nation had gone into exile:

Exile without an end, and without an example in story,
Far asunder on separate coasts the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant from the fogs that darken the banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city.
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas.

The English Lords of Trade complimented Lawrence on his work, and considered it most excellently managed. The correspondence between the officers engaged in the work of deportation, which is quoted in Richard's work, is coarse and cynical, treating it all as good sport. Colonel Winslow, being lodged in the presbytery, was congratulated. "It is to be hoped that you will discharge becomingly the office of a priest," writes one of them. After all, these blackguards must not be taken seriously. Richard concludes by saying: "Their jocose references to the Holy Scripture were not meant to be 'professions of piety' and therefore do not rise even to the dignity of hypocrisy, which is after all an indirect homage to genuine virtue."

The expulsion of the Acadians was a great crime committed against a virtuous people; and in refusing to live up to her agreement in regard to the treatment of the Acadians made by her at the Treaty of Utrecht, in deceiving them for years, in persecuting their Faith, in tricking them with false promises and finally destroying their homes and driving them into the lifelong misery of exile, England will always stand guilty at the

Bar of Nations. Edouard Richard has done good work in unmasking the studied attempts to whitewash the matter by casting aspersions on the loyalty and good faith of the Acadians, and by suppressing and omitting important documents giving their side to the accusations brought against them. He has shown the unbelievable knavery of Akins in his compilation of the papers in the *Archives* of Nova Scotia; he has proven, in spite of Francis Parkman, the cynical cruelty of Lawrence. It is no wonder, therefore, that an Acadian journalist said on reading Richard's work: "This book is our resurrection." "Happy are the people who have no history;" but Edouard Richard felt that to the descendants of the Acadian exiles, these sad memories might recall the worth and excellence of their forefathers, whose patience under suffering, whose unswerving faith and homely virtues have won them a never-to-be-forgotten place in the history of small and persecuted nations.

CUR DEUS HOMO.

BY TERENCE KING, S.J.

O CHILD Divine,
What wish was Thine
Our garb of painful flesh to wear?

Though Lord of all
In Heaven's hall,
No maiden-mother had I there.

PADRE GILFILLAN.

BY MAY FEEHAN.

A GREAT shock of red, red hair; a long body beneath covers tightly pulled across the bed in approved hospital fashion; a face that I could not see hidden in the hollow of an arm which terminated in the biggest hand that I have ever seen. Such was my first glimpse of Padre Gilfillan.

It was Lieutenant Carstairs, in the next bed, who enlightened me; "little Carstairs," as later we nurses by common consent affectionately called him. Until my arrival that morning at the hospital, there had been only four nurses in the ward; women, most of them, past their first youth and with a motherly affection for these youngsters which they were unable to show. A successful nurse must be sympathetic, yes, but not too tender hearted.

As I brushed his hair and put on the finishing touches incidental to his morning toilet, Lieutenant Carstairs gave me the news of the ward.

"You don't know who he is?" he asked incredulously, "don't know Padre Gilfillan?"

"Oh, I see," he smiled his forgiveness, "you are the new nurse. Of course he is not a priest, nor is his name Padre Gilfillan. Littlejohn, or something of that sort, I believe it was, but we changed it. Fancy a chap of that size with such a name; it just wouldn't do. I believe I originated it. He reminded me of a priest of the same name whom we met while on a walking trip in Ireland the summer before the War began. A big man, but better looking than this fellow here and decidedly more genial. We were not of the same religious beliefs—Sheffield, in the third bed down there, is a Methodist, and I am an Episcopalian, but that made no difference to any one of us and we had a fine trip.

"No, Littlejohn did not like the change of name a bit, even swore some; but we soon stopped that because this priest was a good friend of ours and we told Littlejohn he'd have to behave himself and be an honor to the family name. He's a queer

sort, infernally unfriendly, but he saved our lives, you know, and we're no end grateful and proud of him; would like to show our appreciation, but even I can't get him to talk." Which modest assertion favored less of conceit than would appear, for little Carstairs was one of those fortunate persons blessed with that irresistible something called charm.

"The nurses have tried to draw him out," my patient enlarged his story, delighted at having found an interested listener. "If a man will not tell his troubles, his love affairs and his whole past history to a nurse, if he can get her to listen, well—!" and the eloquent silence which followed made further comment unnecessary.

I looked across at the red, red head, and the long figure. So this was the man of whose heroism I had heard. Big and strong and powerful, he had saved the lives of his three comrades. When crawling back badly wounded himself, he had come on the three, desperately hurt and huddled in a water-filled shell-hole. Left alone he probably would have made our lines in safety, but the others, unable to stand long, would have fallen into the water and perished miserably. Between flashes he managed to carry them, one by one, to a hole some yards away; gave them first aid, found two dry places where he laid Lieutenant Sheffield and Sergeant Maude, then held little Carstairs, the lightest in weight of the three, out of the water until help came hours afterwards. And they had been so badly wounded. Of the four, Lieutenant Sheffield would be the only one to return to the front; the other two whose wounds rendered them unfit for further war service were to be invalided home and Padre Gilfillan's case was doubtful.

"That splendid body of his could overcome all the rest, but it's the heart," Dr. Roybet told me. "The others were just wounded, taken care of by this big fellow, but the strain on the heart, already overtaxed by nature, trying to make up for loss of blood and vitality has been too much. How he managed to carry them, badly wounded as he was, I do not know."

Adamant, indeed, was Padre Gilfillan to all attempts to break down his reserve but being endowed, happily, with a quality of sympathy that usually won out in time, I made him my special care. I really liked him and snatched precious minutes from my sleep time to make him comfortable; so it was during one of these times, when the lights were about to be

dimmed for the night, and the wounded boys, tired out from the long day, were dropping off to sleep, that Padre Gilfillan told me his story—at least as much of it as we were ever to know. Of his position in life and his former connections, we were never to learn, nor were we to know the reason for such secrecy, but that there was anything dishonorable in that secrecy, I refuse to believe.

His mother—well, she never had been married! "Thought she was, though, until two years after the wedding," he added hastily. When Padre Gilfillan was fourteen, she died—a brave pathetic little soul, one judged from the story. His father he had never known. "But don't tell the boys," he begged, and I promised to keep his secret, sensing something of the agony of mind that this sensitive man had been under all these years. By sheer force of will he had succeeded in getting an education of a sort, and through merit and the fact that promotion comes quickly in these days of war, he had worked up to his present position in the army. One point in particular in connection with his story remains with me: his intense love for his mother.

"It's childish," he told me pathetically, "but, do you know, I am afraid that my mother may not know me if I do get to heaven; may not find me in all that crowd up there. I was just a little shaver when she died, and now I've changed to this big, hulking son of a gun—"

"Nonsense," I interrupted, adopting a stern tone to hide the tremor in my voice and my shocked amusement at his language. "Trust a mother to know her own if he were gray haired. And don't you realize that heaven is a place of perfect happiness, how could you or your mother be happy under any other conditions?"

He squeezed my hand gratefully. "You're awfully good. I never could talk about these things before," and he smiled up at me as I helped him turn over on his good side and made him comfortable for the night. Then I hurried from the ward for my much needed rest, turning deaf ears to sibilant hists and whispers of "I say, Miss Warren, please tuck my back in." I was what is known as *easy* in the ward.

And so under the relief, perhaps, of having shared his secret, the infectious gayety of little Carstairs and the devotion of the other two whose lives he had saved, Padre Gilfillan unbent and grew in friendliness, cheerfulness and a certain love-

ableness that made the big fellow the favorite of the ward. We all liked him, doctors, nurses, everyone stopped to say a few words in passing and, once touched, Padre Gilfillan's starved heart responded and loved everyone in return.

The day he was decorated amid the intense excitement of the ward, proved to be the culmination of his happiness, as well as too much for his stoicism, for after the General had gone, as I went up softly with a soothing drink, fearful of the effect on a weak heart of such departure from routine, it was to find three boys, little Carstairs nearly out of his bed, and the other two, now able to be up for a time each day, standing by, distressed and embarrassed, while in their midst, face down, lay Padre Gilfillan shaking with sobs. And I, the hardened one of three years of horrors, inured, I thought, to every form of suffering, to the intense dismay of the three offering clumsy sympathy, joined in the weeping. Fortunately the humor of the scene soon struck us, and even Padre Gilfillan added his voice to the laughter that followed.

And so, all went well in our little world; our boys improving, even Padre Gilfillan, to Dr. Roybet's amazement, growing stronger each day. "For my sake, go slow, old man," little Carstairs implored, as, wrapped in robes and blankets, Padre Gilfillan was allowed to sit up for a few hours.

"First thing you know, Miss Warren, here, will run and tell Dr. Martin, Dr. Martin will run and tell Dr. Roybet, and together they will run and tell the *directeur-général.* You'll be shipped off to a convalescent hospital with a lot of chaps you don't know. We four must hold together just as long as we can, so crawl back into bed, old top, be a good fellow and wait for me. Miss Warren does not know her business getting you up this soon. Why, if it hadn't been for Dr. Roybet she would have had me sitting up the second day I came in here."

Which libel was considered quite a joke as it passed down the ward, for the difficulty lies in keeping these boys in bed once they begin to mend.

The desire for home caused many a fight for life that otherwise would have been a losing game, but when the trip to Blighty was discussed in happy tones from bed to bed, Padre Gilfillan lay subdued and silent under the covers. For him, it was evident, there would be no glorious homecoming. Just as the others received their packages and their letters, to Padre

Gilfillan nothing came and he appeared to look for nothing. This greatly worried little Carstairs, whose bed, on certain days, resembled Christmas morning, piled high, as it was, with letters and boxes of all description, so with my connivance and the aid of his faithful assistants, Sheffield and Maude, a box was made up, a wonderful box, and when mail time came, three heads propped up on elbows and three pair of bright eyes excitedly watched its reception from three near-by beds.

At first Padre Gilfillan refused the package, but the name on the box being convincing, he opened. The idea that he was being made the recipient of charity caused his anger to rise and I, realizing the temper hidden beneath that placid exterior and fearful of what he might do or say, hurried to him. I doubt if he had ever received such a talking to as he did that day, but my words bore fruit, for as I left him a low "thank you, fellows," was called across the beds, and mail time afterwards proved as interesting to Padre Gilfillan as to the others. He even enjoyed extracts from Carstairs' letters, and great was his pleasure the day little Cecily Carstairs wrote to him.

She was only ten, but her letters were quaint and amusing, and were passed around to be read by all in the ward. The answering of them took much time, for every man sent a message, and Padre Gilfillan's comments on the doings of the ward, his comical drawings of her numerous friends there and the importance he attached to the necessity of immediate answer, surely brought great joy to a little maid in England who was doing her bit to make the big fellow happy. Lady Carstairs, too, had written, a loving letter full of gratitude for saving the life of her boy and inviting Padre Gilfillan to make his home at Elton House for so long as he should care to remain. But as I watched him when this was under discussion, I wondered just what Padre Gilfillan intended to do. Of one thing I was certain: he would not live at Elton House. Foolishly magnifying the tragedy of his birth, he had brooded over it until he had become obsessed, while the three, bless them, were wholly unconscious of his origin and liked him for the man he was.

And then came the tragedy that was the cause of so much misery and of so much unnecessary suffering. Just a Hun aëroplane, in passing, playfully dropped a bomb on the roof marked with the big red cross that sheltered our wounded. The explosion killed several, our good Dr. Roybet among them, and

from the fire which followed, it was with the greatest difficulty that the patients were carried out, though everyone, doctors, nurses, stretcher bearers, even convalescent patients, proved heroes. I was off duty at the time, having gone to the little ruined village near-by, but when I saw the cloud of smoke in the sky my heart sank, and as I neared the place and saw the wrecked buildings I feared the worst.

"Everyone out," a nurse told me, "though some are badly burned. Padre Gilfillan? Yes, he is one of them. Saved little Carstairs again. They were hemmed in by the flames, but he bundled him in a blanket and carried him out. He's badly off," she called back to me as she hurried away.

Later, in a hospital further on I found them. Padre Gilfillan engulfed in bandages, bravely trying to smile, though his eyes with their expression of terrible suffering belied that smile, and by his side, pitiful in his grief, little Carstairs keeping vigil. It was only by promising to take his place that I managed to put him to bed where, under the influence of a sedative, Miss Wilson reported him quiet, though sobbing in his sleep. The doctor held out no hope, "Heart's just about given out," he said. "We can't tell, of course; he may live a few days, but I think he will sleep off quietly, perhaps very soon." And the good man seemingly hardened to suffering, went off violently using his handkerchief.

As I slipped into the chair beside the bed, Padre Gilfillan put out his hand and held mine tight. He spoke with difficulty, but as nothing mattered now, I let him talk.

"It's best this way," he said, "and I'm glad to go. You see," he explained, "I've been happy here, never knew what it was to be happy, never was so happy before; and I'm not their kind. Oh, I know," he added hastily, as I attempted to remonstrate, "they would always be the same. Carstairs, here, could not be any different, and I'd bank on the other two, but it's myself. I haven't been brought up as the others have, haven't gone with the same people and I never could get on with their grand friends. No, it is better as it is; I'd be uncomfortable and I'd make Carstairs unhappy because of that. We have talked it over; not that part of it, but this—I am to be buried in the Carstairs family lot when it can be arranged, and on the stone they'll put 'Padre Gilfillan,' nothing more. You see," he explained artlessly, "I like it that way. J. C. Littlejohn would

mean nothing to any of the fellows but, now, if they pass by and see a stone with 'Padre Gilfillan' engraved on it, they'll stop and laugh and say, 'Well, well, and so old Padre Gilfillan is buried here!' And Carstairs will bring his boy sometime, for he'll marry of course, and perhaps the kid will be learning to spell and he'll pick out the letters and say, 'Why, daddy, it's a priest!' and I can see Carstairs smile that funny smile of his as he tells him, 'No, son, not a priest; just a big red-headed son of a gun!' And Maude and Sheffield will bring their little girls, perhaps, dressed all in white with blue bows in their hair. And some of the other chaps will come on Sundays when people go such places. I am to lay right beside Carstairs; he is to send for a lawyer tomorrow and arrange it in his will—so near that I can reach over and say, 'Tag, you're it,' so Carstairs puts it."

Then as the Chaplain came into the room, I left him, as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, with that brave smile on his face and the medal on his breast gleaming dully under the dim night light.

And toward early morning when the ward was very quiet and no one was about, Padre Gilfillan slipped out to Blighty. To that great Blighty from whose shore no soldier returns; where were waiting a compassionate Christ and His loving Mother, and quite near, we may be sure, that other mother, who, with that curious something known to mothers, knew her boy, though he had grown from a little shaver to a big, hulking son of a gun!

New Books.

EVOLUTION OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA: ITS GOVERNMENT AND ITS POLITICS. By Edward Porritt. Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York: World Book Co. $1.50.

The first half of this volume tells of the struggle for "responsible government" in British North America and the establishment of the Dominion Government. The latter part of the book is an account of the distribution of power among the different branches of government and an explanation of the actual workings of Dominion and Provincial governments.

The two outstanding events in Canadian political history of the past century are the rebellion of 1837 and the confederation of 1867. Like our own revolutionary struggle in its beginnings, the rebellion of 1837 was not an effort to overthrow British authority but rather an attempt to bring to an end the vicious system of oligarchic and corrupt government existing in Lower and Upper Canada. The "dreary period" lasting from 1812 to 1840 "furnished abundant proof that British statesmen had not learned the lesson of 1776-1783, and were not disposed to learn it until forced to do so by the rebellions of 1837." "When concessions were made to the reformers of Upper and Lower Canada they were grudging and inadequate."

Growing out of the rebellion came the legislative union of 1840. This was an attempt, by throwing the two provinces together under the control of one legislative body, to prevent the French-Canadian majority in Quebec from attaining political control there. Although Lower Canada had at the time a larger population than Upper Canada, they were given equal representation in the legislature. The British minority in Lower Canada voting with the British of Upper Canada were expected to keep the whole legislature safely British.

Relatively few persons in British North America in 1867 had any positive interest in the establishment of the Dominion Government. The consolidation of the Maritime and United Provinces and British Columbia took place because that seemed to be the best way out of a disagreeable situation. Upper Canada had by 1867 become considerably more populous than Lower Canada, and was irritated because of the equal representation in the legislature enjoyed by Lower Canada since the union. A reform in representation was demanded. Lower Canada on the other hand felt

that an injury had been done to her at the time of the union and she was now disposed to insist on retaining the representation in the legislature which she possessed.

In the meantime the American peril loomed large. It was feared that the United States would help itself to the Western lands of British North America, and so British statesmen were friendly to the idea of a larger Canadian union which would include all of British North America.

It is interesting to note that the Canadians would have called the new government the "Kingdom of Canada," but British influence toned it down to the "Dominion of Canada" in order not to irritate American susceptibilities unnecessarily.

The author is a British journalist of liberal politics who has for several years resided in the United States. The story is well told, and its reading would no doubt furnish inspiration to British statesmen of today as well as to other lovers of representative institutions.

ROMAN LAW IN THE MODERN WORLD. By Charles Phineas Sherman, D.C.L. Boston: The Boston Book Co. Three volumes. $13.00.

Professor Sherman of Yale has written a most thorough and scholarly account of the history and development of Roman law, bringing out clearly its influence upon the laws of modern nations. It is a work designed to meet the requirements of the jurist, the publicist, the historian and the theologian—a work invaluable both to the law student and the law teacher.

Volume I. is an historical introduction to the development of modern law, beginning with the genesis of Roman law as a local city law. It describes its evolution into a body of legal principles fit to regulate the world, sets forth its establishment as a world law, and concludes with an account of the universal descent or reception of the civil law into modern law.

Volume II. contains the principles of the civil law, more especially private law, arranged systematically in the order of a code, and illustrated by means of its survivals in Anglo-American law and the modern codes.

Volume III. contains Roman and modern guides to the subjects of the entire work, an exhaustive bibliography of Roman law, and a good index.

Professor Sherman is a strong advocate of the study of Roman law, and has no patience with those superficial students who say it is of no use in the legal profession. He shows clearly that the Roman law is by no means dead—it survives in new, twentieth

century garments of various patterns such as the Roman-German law, the Roman-French law, and the Roman-English law. It ought to be studied, moreover, with a view to the betterment of our American law, which in so many respects—particularly by its lack of codification—is greatly inferior to other modern legal systems.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. By David Saville Muzzey, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

In a modest but well-written preface the author of this work disclaims any purpose of attempting to add an "original contribution" to the mass of literature on Thomas Jefferson and his times. His book does, however, correct some unfounded notions concerning the third President.

When the first Continental Congress assembled, September 5, 1774, in Philadelphia, Jefferson had completed in his own State a useful apprenticeship for the tasks awaiting him. Thenceforth, for five and thirty years, he constantly and ably devoted himself to the public welfare. This is the part of his career that is best known, but even before that time he had done worthy deeds and had meditated things of greater note. It is, therefore, unnecessary to treat either his authorship of the Declaration of Independence, the Magna Charta of democracy, or the reform of the Virginia Code. It was his desire that with other achievements there be engraved on his monument the fact that he was the author of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom. In relating the history of those eventful years it has been the custom to criticize Jefferson as war governor of his State. As the subject is treated by Dr. Muzzey, however, and his examination of this matter appears to the reviewer fully to justify the conduct of Jefferson, there is not much with which even an advocate of a strong government could find fault. In any estimate of this statesman, the political, the sectional, and the religious influences have often colored the conclusions of authors. Until there are other canons of historical criticism than those which now prevail, we shall not have anything like a definite picture of Thomas Jefferson.

Professor Muzzey makes it clear that Jefferson did not return from France infected by the "frenzy of Jacobinism," for the very good reason that there were at that time no Jacobins in France. He believes that Jefferson's attitude toward kings was due to the influence of Patrick Henry, Thomas Paine and the English Parliamentary leaders of the Puritan ascendency rather than to a reading of Rousseau. It is hinted that Jefferson's return to America was hastened by a desire to have his daughters once

more amongst American companions, "especially as the elder, Martha, had expressed the desire to take the veil and spend her life in a French convent." If more was not accomplished for American trade during his five years' residence in Paris, the fault was not Jefferson's, but rather a consequence of the troubled place and time in which fate had placed him.

The author carefully examines the question of Jefferson's loyalty to his colleagues in the Cabinet and to his chief. To us it appears difficult successfully to defend the whole conduct of Jefferson while a member of Washington's official family. As to his administrative acts after the Republican revolution of 1800, it appears to be impossible altogether to acquit him of the charge of insincerity, for the system which he condemned under Washington and Adams did not appear so hideous when he himself had become President. But, perhaps, he thought with Emerson that consistency is the vice of little minds, and he therefore hearkened to the admonitions of wisdom. Dr. Muzzey's book includes an interesting section on Jefferson as an expansionist.

By many readers the struggle for neutrality in the war between France and England, which became acute during Jefferson's second term, is the part of his career that is most difficult to approve. His good fortune, which had been fairly constant, forsook him soon after the splendid success of his second election. A concise and entertaining chapter, "Jefferson In Retirement," completes this interesting volume. From a consideration of the Jeffersonian studies which have hitherto appeared, one is forced to the conclusion that there are some facts yet to be discovered concerning this great American democrat. The world is just beginning to know of Thomas Jefferson something more than his name. In a library of American history the volume of Dr. Muzzey deserves a place.

INDUSTRY AND HUMANITY. By W. L. Mackenzie King. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.00.

"The existing attitude of capital and labor toward each other is too largely one of mistrust born of fear. If industry is to serve humanity, this attitude must be changed to one of trust inspired by faith."

In these, the opening words of the introduction to the volume before us, Mr. King summarizes both the evil and the remedy, as he sees them. His object is "to point the way to a change of attitude in industrial relations, and to suggest means whereby a new spirit may be made to permeate industry through the application of principles tried by time and tested by experience." His estimate

of conditions and his proposals of reform are based upon some three years investigation of industrial relations, and a comprehensive study of the literature in this field. While he undertook the work at the initiation of the Rockefeller Foundation, he publishes the book on his own responsibility. Those who have been suspicious of any industrial study fathered by the Rockefeller Foundation, as well as those who have looked upon Mr. King as a cleverly disguised agent of capitalistic autocracy, will be agreeably surprised to find that his analysis of industrial conflicts and unrest, places more blame upon the employers than upon the wage earners, and that his proposals for reform admit, as true, the greater part of labor's complaints against present conditions, and include a fairly thorough programme of social reconstruction.

The book contains twelve chapters which deal principally with industrial and international unrest; the human aspect of industry; the parties to industry; the basis of reconstruction; the underlying principles of peace, work and health; and representation and government in industry. The author is in favor of the legal minimum wage; social insurance against sickness, accidents, unemployment and old age; systems of scientific management and profit sharing which give adequate benefits to labor, instead of, as is generally the case at present, being devices for exploiting labor in the interest of capital; copartnership and coöperation; all the essential features of genuine trade-unionism; and the representation of both labor and the public in the management of industry. Space is wanting for a detailed presentation or discussion of these or any other of the many vital topics treated in the volume. The interested reader is referred to the book itself, with the observation that it carries conclusive evidence of the fact that the men who are best acquainted with our industrial conditions and tendencies realize that the day of capitalistic autocracy is gone forever.

CAN GRANDE'S CASTLE. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

In passing through the pages of Miss Lowell's latest book, the casual reader may be pardoned if he wonders, as Jeffrey did of Macaulay, where "she picked up that style." But the poet has anticipated one's marveling, and makes an explanation in the preface informing the reader that she has adapted the device of a French poet to English speech. Knowing this, one reads her work with less uneasiness as to whether it is prose poetry or poetic prose, or neither, or both. She herself calls it "polyphonic prose." There are four poems in the volume, entitled in order, *Sea Blue*

and Blood Red, Guns as Keys: and the Great Gate Swings, Hedge Island, and *The Bronze Horses.* They are all historical, telling the stories respectively of the achievements of Lord Nelson, of the modernization of Japan, of the various phases of English life as seen by the personified hedges, of the vicissitudes of Nero's bronze horses. Truly there is the stuff of poetry in these themes, and Miss Lowell handles her material in a rather remarkable manner. She is a realist, but also a romanticist, as her work will disclose; she is objective, but also subjective. Without further seeking to analyze her merits, we may say that she is a poet, for she can transmute beauty into rhythmic form. There are critics, no doubt, who will look upon *Can Grande's Castle* as one of the three or four best expressions of poetry of the year that has past. It is, indeed, a striking volume in many ways. But if the poet has an ambition to win the genuine enthusiasm of all poetry lovers, she will strive to cultivate more carefully the art of selection. It will be difficult for any poet to expect Catholic readers to react with a lively joyance to ill-considered playfulness about things holy, or to accept innuendo of false sacramental doctrine as the clever thing, be the satire ever so gentle, or the example of bad scholarship not more frequent than once. There is, indeed, so much to be admired in the art of Miss Lowell, that it would be a pity if devout Catholics could not enjoy her future poetry without reservation; as it would also be a misfortune if the judicious individuals of every faith could not read her works without being asked to contemplate the *non videnda* of life. It is possible that the poet will satisfy us all in her future work. We hope so, and she can if she so wishes. The gift of reticence plus the gift of the Muses equals genius. It is plain arithmetic, and we feel that Miss Lowell can do the sum.

SAFE AND UNSAFE DEMOCRACY: A COMMENTARY ON POLITICAL ADMINISTRATION IN THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTHS. By Henry Ware Jones. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2.00.

In the words of the author, the object of this book is "to set forth the fundamental and detail falsity of the partisan party system of administration now in use; to show the impossibility of producing the intended results of American self-government by the use of that system; and to outline a logical system of political administration." In his very earnest effort to attain this manifold object, Mr. Jones has produced thousands upon thousands of words. The discussion is painfully minute, diffuse, and to a great extent irrelevant. The remedy proposed for the evils of partisan

party government is an enormously increased control of administration by the masses of the electors. It is not convincing.

LIGHT AND MIST. A Book of Lyrics by Katharine Adams. Boston: The Cornhill Co. $1.00.

Seldom has a volume been more veraciously labeled than this, for the quiet glow of tempered light and the quiet, obscure envelopment of mist alternate throughout Miss Adams' pages. The *light* is evident in all such direct impressions as *Color,* or *The Hunt,* in the one arresting fragment of free-verse, *London,* and in the reaching out toward peace of *A Star Lit Hour.* The *mist* may be taken to include all that is a little trite, a little pretty, a little vague in the verses. Refinement of thought and expression and sincerity of feeling are perhaps the most characteristic notes of this tasteful little book.

THE SACRED BEETLE AND OTHERS. By J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60.

Genius is a magician. It can fashion dazzling, starry creations out of the most hopeless materials. Swift could write finely on a broomstick; Berkeley descanting on the virtues of tar-water, could hymn the harmonies of the universe; and Fabre excites our interest, if not our sympathy, in the most repellent and loathsome insects. The details are at times decidedly unpoetical, but the unerring taste of the biographer deprives them of offence.

The high literary character of Fabre's writing cannot be too much insisted on. His aim was to be understood, to avoid technical terms as far as possible, and to make the world at large interested in the puny creatures, whose life-story he had probed so thoroughly. In addition to his literary gifts, which won the admiration of Maeterlinck, he was an observer and experimenter beyond compare, so that he forced nature to disclose her secrets to him. One of his biographers says of him: "He placed the insects under the necessity of performing actions entirely new to them . . . he insinuated himself into their existences, and almost made himself a creator in his own way."

These gifts appear in profusion in the present volume, which deals with the Sacred Beetle and its congeners, the broad-necked Scarab, the Spanish Copris and others. Fabre describes what incomparable scavengers nature finds in these creatures; for the very refuse from which the mammals have drawn apparently all the nutriment, is a feast of Apicius to them. He explains also the minute and wonderful precautions taken by the beetles for the

laying of their eggs, and for the proper feeding of the larvæ; he shows how the larvæ are able to protect themselves against accidents and enemies. Instinct is a perfect artist, a faultless architect, an admirable altruist within its own narrow limits; but change the conditions or vary the problem in the slightest way, and the faculty becomes absolutely powerless. This was one of the reasons why the eminent entomologist could never accept the theories of the evolutionist school. The present translation is, in its own line, a work of art. Were it not for the occasional lines of French poetry quoted, one would think the book was an original composition.

THE DESTINIES OF THE STARS. By Svante Arrhenius, Ph.D. Translated by J. E. Fries. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Under the title, *The Destinies of the Stars,* the distinguished Swedish scientist, Dr. Svante Arrhenius, the President of the Nobel Institute and himself the recipient of the Nobel Prize in chemistry some fifteen years ago, has discussed in the light of very recent knowledge some of the problems of the universe as the physical scientist may now look at them. As his translator suggests, it was almost to be expected that a genius of his calibre would not limit his interests to the infinitely small, that is chemical atoms, but would gradually broaden it to compass the infinitely large astronomical details.

Two subjects in the book are of particular interest for the general reader. One is treated in the chapter called "The Mystery of the Milky Way," the other in that on "The Planet Mars."

Arrhenius' conclusion is that the canals on Mars correspond to the geological dislocation fissures on the earth. He quotes Antoniadi that "the complicated network of straight lines is probably illusory." The belief that the markings on the planet are the product of intelligent beings is founded largely on the geometrical form of these indications, but further investigation has shown that they are very irregular in form and the appearance of the planet reminds one of that of the moon. The geometry is a pure illusion. The theory that intelligent beings exist on Mars is very popular, he concludes, and it will explain nearly everything but it explains entirely too much, "and therefore, in fact, nothing."

It is always interesting to let scientists work out their own knowledge until they have solved the often supposedly insuperable difficulties which in previous stages of their knowledge, they were supposed to have raised in the path of religion and conservative philosophy.

THE WAR IN THE CRADLE OF THE WORLD. By Eleanor Franklin Egan. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.00.

Mesopotamia will always remain in the annals of British history as a record of both bitter defeat and unsurpassed valiance, with the latter preponderating. The capitulation of General Townshend at Kut was more than recompensed by the fall of Bagdad under General Maude. And General Maude's death, in turn, due doubtless to treachery, was balanced by the constructive work of the British in the territory. That is the general impression one gets after finishing Mrs. Egan's volume. The war in the cradle of the world was fought at tremendous cost, but the cradle of the world is richer for it, and English valor was once more justified in its endeavors.

It seems strange that a woman should give us this splendid survey of the British in Mesopotamia, yet there are few genuine reporters so well equipped as she. Experience on the western front schooled her for these observations and her experiences were unique. She had the unfortunate experience of knowing more than anyone else the cause of General Maude's death. For some days his guest at headquarters, she accompanied him one night to a native celebration. They were the only foreigners present and they were given seats of honor. Two cups of coffee were brought them, with a pitcher of milk. Mrs. Egan drank her coffee black, and General Maude poured in some of the milk. Mrs. Egan experienced no ill effects, but within two days General Maude was mortally ill with cholera. While she makes no claim that the poison was administered in the milk, the British authorities have no other evidences of the cause of his death. A sad and unique experience—and vividly told.

Out of the welter of war books this stands as among the most unusual and the best writen. Mrs. Egan is gifted with a seeing eye and a facile pen. She also has a sense of humor, which makes the volume pleasantly readable.

COLETTE BAUDOCHE. By Maurice Barrès. Translated by Frances Wilson Huard. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

"I am offering you here the work which I believe has best combined the pictures which I see when I close my eyes, and those I have taken from nature." These words of dedication to Frederic Masson give the gist of Maurice Barrès' novel, in which, under the guise of fiction, the author has written an account of the antagonism between French and German civilization in Alsace-Lorraine. The narrative element is of the slightest. In the ménage of Madame Baudoche and her daughter Colette at Metz, Mr.

Frederic Asmus, a young German professor, comes as boarder. The process of introducing Mr. Asmus to the sentiments and traditions of Alsace-Lorraine affords Maurice Barrès, who acts as impresario, scope for indulging in vivid memory-pictures of the environs of Metz and Nancy amid which his youth was spent. The partisanship of the author is responsible for an artistic flaw in the book. The reader, while admiring the mastery with which French finesse and artistry are set over against German uncouthness, feels that, for the purpose of the story, intemperate use has been made of this foil, and his sympathies are somewhat alienated from Colette because of her unceremonious flouting of Mr. Asmus' sincere devotion.

It is fitting that the English translation of this ardent novel should come from the pen of Madame Huard who has rendered such signal service to France.

JEFFERSON DAVIS. By Armistead C. Gordon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

This work is the second volume of the proposed series entitled "Figures from American History." Mr. Gordon writes entertainingly and may be suspected of being profoundly interested in the fortunes of the particular "figure" which he was requested to sketch. Even if no such calamity as the Civil War had interrupted the progress of the United States, Mr. Davis would have been a statesman worth knowing. The virtues which, in an era of comparative tranquillity, had aroused interest and respect and admiration were destined, however, to be tried on other theatres and to be examined under other lights.

Racial gifts of rhetoric and poetry do not explain Jefferson Davis. He had been acted upon by varied educative forces. Two years spent as a student of the Dominican school of St. Thomas, in Kentucky, were followed by a brief connection with Jefferson College, Mississippi. He also profited at an academy in Wilkinson County by the instruction of Mr. John A. Shaw, a scholarly Bostonian. Later he studied at Transylvania University, and completed his education at the United States Military Academy, from which, in 1828, he was graduated with credit. But what really made him ready and formidable in debate was the wide reading that followed his resignation from the army. There can be no doubt that he was intellectually superior to most of his colleagues in Congress.

Dreaming on the principles expressed in the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions, Calhoun had promoted Nullification. Though Davis never approved that remedy for Southern ills, he

would have torn up the commission which, together with his affections, connected him with the United States army rather than serve in any attempt to enforce in South Carolina the offensive tariff legislation of the time. In secession alone he perceived the true policy of the South.

An examination of the Secession movement, though both interesting and important, cannot be undertaken in the restricted space of a review. The conflict grew out of the difference between the unwritten constitution of the American people and the written instrument. If the latter seemed to favor the supremacy of the several States, and much may be said in support of this view, the former tended rather to conform to the teachings of political science, which regards a divided sovereignty as an absurdity. However, it does not appear that this branch of knowledge was generally cultivated in the United States before 1860. Pursued to its logical conclusion the secession proposed by Southern leaders would ultimately have led to anarchy. The author does not discuss the later secessions from the seceding States. The centrifugal force in politics was never better illustrated than in the war for Southern independence.

THE SILENT LEGION. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

Mrs. Buckrose once more sketches life in the English village of Flodmouth, now subdued and saddened by the War. Without any of the hysterical race-hatred or the sentimentalism that marks many of the war-novels, she shows very faithfully the effect of the great tragedy on the majority at home—"the silent legion." Despite the burden of their sorrows, the villagers go about their duties as they did in normal times. The readjustment of Mr. Simpson to the daily round after the death of his brother and his only son, and the love-affair of his daughter Barbara and a friendless wounded soldier are the incidents that concrete the general sentiment of the village in war-time. Notwithstanding the reality of a few of the other characters, *e. g.*, the intuitive Elsie and Miss Pelling the spinster, the novel is rather disappointing. The action and delineation are entirely too slight. Furthermore the book leaves the impression of hurried execution. In her haste Mrs. Buckrose has neglected possibilities of fine characterization, atmosphere and tone-quality such as one expects in a novel of English rural life. It is a pity Mrs. Buckrose did not write with more deliberation and intimacy, for in spite of her failure to pause and retouch, the book has an elusive suggestion of Mrs. Gaskell.

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS. By Booth Tarkington. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.40.

As an aid to the interpretation of Middle Western American life Mr. Tarkington's books are invaluable, and for this purpose *The Magnificent Ambersons* is of palmary importance. Not, of course, that Mr. Tarkington's work is to provide the investigators of a hundred years hence with what are called social documents. His proper business is to set down, in terms of art, human life as he sees it, with its passionate complications, its joys and sorrows, its large simplicities. Not infrequently the result is extremely distinguished. It is so here.

The trouble with the magnificent Ambersons is their magnificence. The Major is magnificent. In their varying degrees the other Ambersons were magnificent. But most magnificent of all, and most insufferable of all, was George Amberson Minafer, the Major's one grandchild and a princely terror. Nothing could be finer than the art with which the amazing George is presented. Mr. Tarkington knows George from his heart out, and builds up superbly his picture of the youngster's development from the day he invited the Rev. Malloch Smith to go to hell, down to the dark hour when, lying in the hospital, broken in body and spirit and knowing at last how cruelly he had lacerated his mother's heart and taken all joy out of her life, he asked George Morgan to forgive him. This is Mr. Tarkington's finest achievement so far.

FROM BAPAUME TO PASSCHENDAELE. By Philip Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.50 net.

Everybody who has read the daily print knows Philip Gibbs and the value of the service he has rendered during the fulsome years of the War in picturing for the world the swift moving events and scenes of the great conflict. One had only to read a few lines to feel the master touch, to know that here was a witness who did more than see the bare outlines of events in the theatre of war. There was a wealth of detail, a striking touch, a intimate characterization that made the picture real and complete and removed it from the pedestrianism of the newspaper article. Under the magic of his pen, there was revived in the dispatches the terrific clangor and bloodshed of battle, the utmost desolation of the devastated places, the whimsical bravery and utter abandon of heroic troops and the indescribable suffering of outraged peoples—things that make history, yet which few historians have been able to catch up and make permanent for future generations.

All this Gibbs has done in his articles from the battle front.

These dispatches covering the year 1917, the blackest year in the whole struggle, the author has collected in the present volume. They form an historical document of the greatest importance, because they embody the impression of a trained eyewitness who saw things as they were. Besides its value as a history, the book is of equal merit for its power to reconstruct the breath and life of the hour and minute of battle.

THE SOUL OF SUSAN YELLAM. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50.

Susan Yellam is not precisely Mr. Vachell's peak performance but it is nevertheless a charming story. It is his war-novel, and he dedicates it to the memory of his boy, Richard, who was captain in the Fifth Fusiliers. Mr. Vachell knows intimately his English countrymen and countrywomen and the fields and lanes of England. His skill in evoking their charm is not slight.

A Catholic reviewer, however, while recognizing and acknowledging such artistic quality as this book possesses, must enter protest against the statement Mr. Vachell makes on page 191: "Political consideration"—he says—"and expediencies kept the Vatican silent when a voice, thundering as from Sinai, might have awakened millions to a realization of the issues at stake." Mr. Vachell ought to know that the most learned and impartial non-Catholic students of contemporary history dissent vehemently from this point of view, and that many millions of people would resent his statement as a calumny against the Head of their Church.

JAPANESE PRINTS. By John Gould Fletcher. Illustrations by Dorothy Pulis Lathrop. Boston: The Four Seas Co. $1.75.

This daintily presented volume is composed of extremely slight lyrics purporting to illustrate the Japanese *hokku* (or short, symbolic ode) as practiced by the mystical Basho. Apparently, the idea is to produce a vivid picture of some particular impression or mood—then to leave the "universal application" to the fancy of the reader. To this trusting method we have been more or less accustomed by professed "Imagists" for several years: nor has the sum of poetic knowledge been notably increased by it. Because, of course, it is precisely in insuring the *true* application—the authentically beautiful "criticism of life"—that the eternal worth of the poet lies.

Mr. Fletcher's pastel-like "prints" are often very charming. Some of them seem worthy of a human and spiritual development: others, frankly, to the uninitiated do not! At any rate the burden

of proof rests obviously upon the "printer" himself. When the poet devotes an entire page to a three-line fragment of wholly detached impression, he is taking the same chance as the preacher who considers his work done after announcing the text of his sermon. If the humble "masses" do not carry away the desired and transcendental interpretation—if, by reason of a faulty or perverse imagination they conjure up something quite different, or nothing at all—so much the worse for them.

BEATRICE ASHLEIGH. By F. E. Mills Young. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net.

This well-written story describes the life of an Anglican parsonage of our day, and its influence upon the agnostic heroine who enters it on the death of her father. She is just beginning to like her new and strange surroundings, when she is driven forth to make her own living by the proposal of her cousin, the country curate. The man she really loves is an English army officer, whose immoral conduct in India has deterred her from accepting him. The *impasse* is solved by the World War. Her hero goes to the front, and, as happens in many a French war tale, his immorality is washed clean by his bravery under fire. He had faced death gladly because he had given up all hope of future happiness. In the end the marriage bells ring out, and the past is forgiven and forgotten.

THE BUSINESS OF THE HOUSEHOLD. By C. W. Taber. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The primary aim of this book is to place in the hands of the upper high school and college student a comprehensive idea of home economics. It is a scientific treatise on those mysteries of home life, so essential yet seldom mastered. It is a book that cannot be read. It must be studied. Its basic principle is that household management is a profession and should be run along scientific lines. It explains the budget system for the home, lays down a number of very sensible rules concerning the family income, the bank account, and family financing. It contains some valuable information concerning the fuel problem, taxes, fire insurance, weights and measures and clothing. A splendid chapter gives rudimentary yet comprehensive ideas of the legal and business status of the family, explaining mortgages, wills, and the transfer of property.

The book is a truly valuable one, because it is based on sound common sense and a sensible practicability. It teaches many lessons that are learned otherwise only by experience—and experience has always proved a costly teacher.

RICHARD STRAUSS: THE MAN AND HIS WORKS. By Henry T. Finck. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Naturally, there is more concerning Strauss' music than his individuality in this volume. The items of a personal nature are meagre and not, in themselves, especially interesting. The critical study of the musician's achievements is, however, exhaustive, including an analysis of Lizt's works and their influence upon the younger composer of "symphonic poems" and "programme music." The author gives some space to the question of Strauss' standing, whether it is that of a genius or a charlatan; a futile query, not to be decided by writings or debates. The tone throughout is informal and conversational, with detailed accounts and anecdotes of the productions of Strauss' operas. The book gains little of interest or importance from the rather hysterical "Appreciation," by Percy Grainger, which precedes the main content.

ONE OF THEM. By Elizabeth Hasanovitz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.00.

The subtitle of this book is "A Passionate Autobiography." It is well chosen. In fact, the word "hysterical" might have been substituted for "passionate" without serious danger of exaggeration. The volume describes in the first person the experiences of a Jewish emigrant girl in the garment-making shops of New York. It is a pathetic story, as are all narratives of the struggles of underpaid and exploited women wage earners, but it would have been much more effective had the author written more calmly, and especially if she had compelled herself to avoid the strident note of self-pity that she sounds so persistently and tiresomely. Nevertheless, she has considerable literary ability.

ESSAYS IN SCIENTIFIC SYNTHESIS. By Eugenio Rignano. Translated by J. W. Greenstreet, M.A. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.

Dalton, to whom we owe the atomic theory, was color-blind but discovered the fact which no one had ever done before him. He was a Quaker and found that many Quakers were color-blind, which is interesting, since it is a tenet of the sect that members must not wear colors. Manifestly, they do not appreciate colors as others do. A good Quaker elder, having bought a bright red waistcoat, thinking it was gray, wore it to church and forthwith was condemned as a heretic. One who wants to teach others, above all, if he differs from the great majority of mankind, should bear these facts in mind. He is probably lacking in some power of perception. For this lack of perception, however, he may be re-

sponsible by having made up his mind to think certain things and by refusing, consciously or unconsciously, to look at the other side.

The author of the *Essays in Scientific Synthesis* has a number of what a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* recently called "scientific prepossessions." He is color-blind to anything beyond the material.

For him, what he calls "The Religious Phenomenon" is the result of the chief or ruler of a tribe or people recognizing "the necessity for keeping his vanquished and subjugated fellows in a state of healthy terror." He thus explains the origin of religion: "And in this there is not always a question of pure astuteness, for as he himself believed in the animism of nature around him, he could not do less than attribute his own success to the propitious aid of this cosmic force or that, his ally and protector, and therefore he must believe in his intervention and must have recourse to it at every serious conjuncture of life."

It is easy to understand how far-reaching would be the conclusions that such a writer would draw with regard to Socialism, and of course he draws them in the last of his essays. He quotes Herbert Spencer as if he were as much of an authority today as he was twenty-five years ago. He quotes Haeckel as if his thorough discrediting before the War had not been emphasized by the War itself, which was the culmination of that doctrine of struggle for life and the survival of the fittest which, to German university men, justified their entrance into the War.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE REICHSTAG. By Abbé Wetterle. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.00 net.

The story of Alsace-Lorraine is always an interesting one, but it becomes particularly so when told by one who has given all his talents and energies to keep alive the great protest of the lost provinces, who suffered imprisonment for publishing the truth, who carried the fight right into the German Reichstag, and who did more, perhaps, than any one else to combat German rule in subjugated France. It is a stirring, absorbing story that the Abbé tells. He was the publisher of a journal devoted to the cause of Alsace and dedicated to the struggle against the German control of his country. In 1898 the author was elected to represent Ribeauville in the Reichstag, not as a German representative, but as an Alsatian, who accepted his seat solely in protest and not renunciation.

For sixteen years he was in intimate contact with the leaders of political Germany and therefore immune from the baneful in-

fluence of German Kultur. Because he was with them, but not of them, he had unparalleled opportunities to study the men responsible for the nation's policies. Their pictures he presents to us in this volume etched in by the critical hand of an onlooker rather than a friend, a judge rather than a sympathizer. This is especially so when he attacks the leaders of the Catholic Centre who, holding the balance of power in 1898, sold their place of power to become supple agents of the Imperialists.

After reading Abbé Wetterle's book contemporary history takes on a new aspect. He has supplied bodies and characters to what have been mere names to many. Future generations will find in it vivid portrayals of those men whose names will stand out in history, not for the good but for the evil they performed.

SOLDIER SILHOUETTES ON OUR FRONT. By William L. Stidger. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

There is something fine and noble in this volume of impression by a Y. M. C. A. worker. It has a basic spirituality—a deep insight that makes it strong in its interest and appeal. The reason for this is to be found in the author's sympathetic understanding of the American boy and true interpretation of the momentous events at the battlefront. He was able to look beyond the exterior into the souls of the men fighting in France and see what was mirrored there. He took the happenings he witnessed not in their material values and measurements but in their deeper and truer significance.

Soldier Silhouettes are a worthy tribute to the spirit that animated our troops abroad. It is also a splendid memorial of the unselfish work done by those who labored behind the lines.

WHAT IS THE GERMAN NATION DYING FOR? By Karl Ludwig Krause. New York: Boni & Liveright. $1.50 net.

This is a severe condemnation of Germany by a German, who after beginning his denunciation of those responsible for Germany's policies was forced to continue his writings in Switzerland. The book is strong in its protest at what the Prussian warlords had done in their wanton execution of Pan-Germanistic ambitions. However, it is so unbridled and unrestrained in its denunciation as to lose much in force and power.

Many of the chapters might have been of interest before the signing of the armistice but are now antiquated. The book is poorly written and of no value, except perhaps to add a German's evidence against Germany.

THE LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER: EVANGELIST, EXPLORER, MYSTIC. By Edith Anne Stewart. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The author of this new life of St. Francis Xavier is a latter-day Protestant. Her misconceptions of history, religion, the Church and of almost every phase of her subject are quite beyond classification. The point of view, from which the book is written is very ingenuously revealed in the chapter on the *Spiritual Exercises*. "On the whole," she says, "it is difficult to approach these pages (of the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius) without prejudice and to read them without searching for 'Jesuits' between the lines. And the book has that quality of genius, it gives us that for which we seek." Instead of attempting to get at the real objective meaning of events or penetrating to the genuine significance of the activities, aims and thoughts of St. Francis Xavier, her whole effort has been to read her own Protestant prejudices into everything connected with him. In the preface we are informed that "Xavier, as a Protestant, would not have been very different from the Xavier of the Company of the name of Jesus." The fairly consistent result of such a contention is that we are presented with an impossibility, instead of the true Apostle of the Indies. There never was or could be such a saint as the one described in these pages. The motives imputed, quite gratuitously or in a spirit of modern misinterpretation, are glaringly inadequate to account for the heroism of the deeds they are supposed to have actuated. In some instances, the Saint is not even allowed the privilege of having known his own mind, and this for no other reason, presumably, than that his account of himself cannot be made to tally with any data to be found in William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*. Were the author in future to place less trust in German and Protestant would-be authorities, and strive to gain some conception of the true Catholic doctrine on obedience and conformity to the will of God, her next venture into the difficult field of hagiology might possibly prove a success.

CHRISTIANITY AND IMMORTALITY. By Vernon F. Storrs, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.

This treatise is vitiated by the modernistic assumption that doctrinal development requires revision and reinterpretation to meet the advancing thought of the age—and of course that implies in our author's mind denials of the most fundamental truths of Christian philosophy and theology. With the cocksureness of an ultra-dogmatism, the examining Chaplain to the Archbishop of

Canterbury tells us the future life cannot be demonstrated; that eternal punishment is incompatible with the love of God; that our Saviour was mistaken in predicting the Parousia in the first Christian generation; that His clear prophecy of a General Judgment must be rejected no matter how reluctant we may be; that universalism may be held as a hope, even if it cannot be enunciated as a dogma; that we cannot think of God as beginning to create at a definite point of time, for creation is an eternal act.

LIFE OF PIUS X. By F. A. Forbes. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.25.

Giuseppe Melchior Sarto, son of the postmaster of Riese, a little village in the Venetian plains, was born on June 2, 1835. The boy studied at Castelfranco, traveling to school every day with his shoes slung over his shoulder, and a piece of bread or a lump of polenta in his pocket. His family was too poor to educate him for the priesthood, but his pastor managed to obtain a free scholarship for him, at the Seminary of Padua, from the Patriarch of Venice. He was a brilliant seminarian, his favorite studies being the Bible and the Fathers of the Church. He advanced steadily from the time of his ordination in 1858. In 1884 he became bishop of Mantua, and for seven years ruled that diocese with conspicuous ability. In 1893 Pope Leo XIII. made him Cardinal and Patriarch of Venice. For sixteen months Cardinal Sarto was unable to take possession of his See, as the Italian Government, claiming the right to name the Patriarch, refused to sanction the Papal appointment. The Government, however, at last gave way before the growing indignation of the people of Venice, and granted the *Exequatur,* or confirmation of the Papal bull.

While Patriarch of Venice, Cardinal Sarto always managed to keep on good terms with the Government, although firmly maintaining the rights of the Church. He insisted strongly on religious instruction for both adults and children, did much to reform Church music, was indefatigable in his diocesan visitations and most generous to the poor. He was ever ready to fulfill the duties of a simple parish priest.

Cardinal Rampolla was the favorite candidate in the conclave of 1903, but the veto of Austria made the election of the Patriarch of Venice certain. His return ticket was never used, and he became Pope under the title of Pius X. His motto " to restore all things in Christ " was ever in mind. He will be remembered in history for his firm stand in defending the rights of the Church against the masonic, anti-clerical French Government, although it

meant the breaking the Concordat; his condemnation of Modernism, "the compendium of all the heresies;" and his codification of Canon Law.

Mother Forbes' interesting study of Pius X., brings out clearly his piety, his zeal, his kindliness, his love of the poor, his love of children and his love of the Eucharist. Some good stories are told of him. A layman once asked him to give a friend of his a Cardinal's hat. "I cannot," said the Pope, "for I am not a hatter, only a tailor (Sarto)." When someone criticized his French policy, and spoke of the Church's financial loss, he said: "They speak too much of the *goods* of the Church, and too little of her *good*."

FRANCE, ENGLAND AND EUROPEAN DEMOCRACY—1215-1915. By Charles Cestre. Translated from the French by Leslie M. Turner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The chief purpose of this book, in the mind of the author, was to help his fellow countrymen to a fuller understanding of England and of England's contribution to civilization. It was written during the earlier part of the War, before America had fully joined in the cause of the Allies. Hence there is little or no reference to American Democracy. As regards the two countries under consideration we are told in the preface to the French edition that "only known facts are used in the text; from these facts an effort has been made to deduce a few leading ideas." This promise, however, is not very well borne out in the body of the work. The author's mind was far more intent on conciliating the minds of the English and French readers whom he was particularly addressing, than on accurate historical interpretation. The result is that his perspective in his presentation of the past has been considerably vitiated. Writing for the average Protestant Englishman, he has taken the latter pretty much at his own valuation. The Reformation, therefore, inaugurated by Henry VIII. and established by Elizabeth is, despite better recent accounts, described as the dawn of modern liberty. In his treatment of France on the other hand, he has omitted practically all mention of what to the unprejudiced foreigner, whether Protestant or Catholic, is her chief glory: her religion. The reason for this will easily appear to the discerning reader. The author belongs to that dominant minority in France which has had far too great and exclusive a share in shaping the destinies of the French nation. He is one for whom the history of France apparently begins with the Revolution of 1789. At times, moreover, there is a tendency on the part of the author to read into the past some of the healthier dispositions that were not aroused until after the shock of German

aggression. He speaks repeatedly as though France and England had been gradually moving away from Germany for some time previous to 1914. In this he overlooks entirely the dangerous inroad that was being made by German thought and philosophy in both these countries. His own admiration for Kant makes him an instance, in point, of the contrary. Because of some one or other of the many *obiter dicta* that have no logical place in his philosophical system, Kant is mentioned frequently in connection with Goethe as one of the benefactors of humanity. Treitschke is condemned for holding that "the state engenders right by means of force," without our author seeming to be aware that this is a direct logical conclusion from what he calls "the noble Kantian doctrine of autonomy." In his much-vaunted treatise on "Perpetual Peace," Kant explicitly subscribes to this very principle. Closer examination, moreover, of the ethical system of the philosopher of Königsberg will reveal this principle, exactly as stated by Treitschke, to be fundamental to Kant's whole theory of the state.

With all this, however, M. Cestre's work is not without real merit. As an attempt to make use of outstanding current prejudice, in order to bring two peoples closer together, the book is cleverly written. Much of his criticism of England and English ways is very well taken. The chapter on, "England's Spirit in her Literature" will be found especially interesting for those who are either curious or skeptical of the future possibilities of a closer national sympathy between the French and the English.

A ROUMANIAN DIARY. By Lady Kennard. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25 net.

The thirty-two months between September, 1915, and June, 1917, which saw Roumania's entry into the War and her first efforts to whip her resources into shape, are covered interestingly in this little journal. Lady Kennard is the daughter of the British Minister to Roumania during this critical period, and hence was in a position to obtain perhaps the best information available to an outsider as to the situation of the brave little Ally in the Balkans. The fact that Roumania's most serious reverses occurred after the date of the closing of this volume, in no way detracts from the interest of the sketches which it contains, dealing as they do with the evacuation of the Roumanian capital, and, later, hospital and relief work at Jassy. The diary contains much that is pathetic and much that is terrible. One is left with a feeling of admiration for this small and obscure people who bore a tragic lot so bravely.

EVERYMAN'S LAND. By C. N. & A. M. Williamson. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Williamsons have long since reduced their novel writing to a science. Their annual literary output has about the same consistency each year—one part of love, two parts adventure, one-half part suspense, three parts local color, two parts history; thoroughly mixed and finished with a dash of sugary sentiment. *Everyman's Land* is made according to that receipt—and yet it is a very readable story, pleasant, easy-going and providing genuine relaxation to the day's work.

It is a series of letters addressed to her "Padre" by a young nurse, a Miss O'Malley, who before the War had a fleeting day's romance with the son of an American millionaire, James Beckett. The War comes and young Beckett joins the French air forces. He is reported killed. His parents come from America to France. Miss O'Malley and her war-blinded brother Brian, attach themselves to the Beckett party under the pretext of the girl having been engaged to their son. Then follows the tour of the front, the elements of mystery and suspense, the inevitable protagonist in a brother and sister by the name of O'Farrel who daily threaten to reveal Miss O'Malley's perfidy. Naturally the book ends happily and the horror is taken from war.

But the amazing nature of the story is the color, the history and the ready dialogue with which the pages are sprinkled.

FROM THEIR GALLERIES. By A. Donald Douglas. Boston: The Four Seas Co. $1.25 net.

The sketches that form the content of this small volume are classified by the author as "dreams." He has indicated and sustained their phantasmal character with skill, and he possesses the gift of adequate expression, but the material is not worth the pains expended upon it. It is artificially unpleasant, futilely conveying a tone of vague unhappiness and mysterious menace that gives momentary discomfort. It fortunately lacks strength to make a more lasting impression.

THE DARTMOOR WINDOW AGAIN. By Beatrice Chase (Olive K. Parr). New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00 net.

The public that received *From a Dartmoor Window* with enthusiasm, will doubtless welcome the appearance of a second volume of friendly confidences about the home and the environment Miss Parr loves so well. It is improbable, however, that the present work will duplicate the success of the former, which had a breadth and freshness that are lacking in its successor. The

author early strikes a personal note that is of prolonged triviality, seldom superseded by matter of deeper import.

HIS LUCKIEST YEAR. By Francis J. Finn, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.00.

This sequel to *Lucky Bob* will find plenty of eager readers. The story chronicles the ups and downs of life in a closely united parish, where everybody seems to know everybody, and to take a violent interest in everybody else's concerns. The mystery centres in the hero, who is the victim of a plot which very nearly succeeds in wrecking the life of his mother. But "all's well that ends well," and Bob has many stanch friends.

THE PROTESTANT. By Burris A. Jenkins. Chicago: The Christian Century Press. $1.35 net.

This flippant, vulgar, illogical and innane volume is a slangy indictment of modern Protestantism, which the author wishes reformed by a modern Luther, who will throw aside all the dogmas of the Catholic Church that Protestantism still retains. It is full of cheap sneers at the Episcopalians for lack of unity, the Methodists for their skill in the art of politics, the Presbyterians for their intolerance. The author dreams of a Christian Church possessed of a creed that would satisfy equally a Catholic, a liberal or an orthodox Jew, and a Protestant of any school.

DOCTOR DANNY. By Ruth Sawyer. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.35 net.

All that is most winning in the native Irish character is brought out with delicate and sympathetic charm in these tales. They are not so much realistic sketches as whimsical transcriptions of the Irish spirit in its most childlike and elusive element, touched with just the right measure of belief in unearthliness and fairy-lore. The saints and the "little people"—quite characteristically—blend harmoniously here, in that romantic atmosphere which still so closely enfolds the Irish peasantry. There is plenty of human material, too, handled with a tenderness of touch that recalls some of Katharine Tynan's work.

NIGHTS IN LONDON. By Thomas Burke. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.

Scarcely any praise can be too high for the romantic force, beauty and sincerity of this book. Its nineteen papers deal each with some phase of London life by night. Now it is "round the halls" that Mr. Burke takes us. Now we spend a Jewish Night

with him in Whitechapel. Then he wafts us to Clerkenwell and we spend our evening in Little Italy. Anon we visit Limehouse and under Mr. Burke's expert guidance discover what a Chinese Night is like. (Indeed, it was a recent book of his, having for sole theme the beauty and squalor, the fragrance and the tragedy of Limehouse—*Limehouse Nights*—that won for Mr. Burke the considerable following he now has among American readers.) Interspersed among the studies are nineteen lyrics, some of exquisite loveliness. So we have here a book of glorious prose and the contents of a slim volume of rare verse—all in one. Mr. Burke believes in giving good measure.

In spite of his undoubted interest in the foreign quarters of the great city, no writer could be more English than Mr. Burke. *Nights in London* is as English as Pickwick. In these genial chapters as much good food and good liquor are consumed as ever at Dingley Dell or under the Frankeleyn's hospitable rooftree. And he loves these Londoners of his: London workingmen, London barmaids, clerks, music-hall performers. For, with them he can be hale and glad and free—a plain man without trimmings. He has shrewd and searching things to say about the pretence of the would-be Bohemians. On London bars, inns and eating-houses, Mr. Burke pours forth a flood of the most exciting and valuable information. Mr. Belloc himself knows not more accurately or exhaustively where in London to eat a chop or drink a glass of ale.

But what stays with us is the immense and engrossing humanity of the book. It is full of beauty and pity and tenderness and wholesome fun. There is not a leer or a sneer in it from start to finish. Writers like Mr. Burke ought to be encouraged. Like Denry Machin they are identified with the great cause of teaching us all to be more cheerful.

THE HAND OF GOD: A THEOLOGY FOR THE PEOPLE. By Martin J. Scott, S.J., New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.00 net. Paper, 35 cents.

This brief manual of apologetics is called *The Hand of God* because it shows God's work in the world, and His guidance of it by His Church. In a score of chapters the author treats of miracles, faith, the Immaculate Conception, indulgences, purgatory, intolerance, the salvation of the unbaptized, the problem of evil, and divorce. The volume is well written, the doctrine clearly set forth, and the arguments solid and effective. It will give Catholics a better knowledge of their faith, and help non-Catholics on their road to the City of Peace. We know of at least one con-

vert in New York City whose conversion, under God, was due to the perusal of Father Scott's simple pages.

GIRLS' CLUBS. By Helen J. Ferris. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00 net.

Miss Ferris has prepared a manual for club leaders that should be of great practical value to those desiring to enter upon this work. It goes comprehensively into the details of organization and management, showing sympathy and peneration in the suggestions given as to the manner of meeting the various problems that is conferred by experience, as she is head of the John Wanamaker Girls' Clubs, and is one of the first in the social movement.

THE *Message of the Trees* is an anthology of prose and verse for the lovers of forest and wood and tree. It will be a delight to every reader for, as Braithwaite says in his foreword, there is no mortal who hates a tree. The author has labored long and carefully and searched the best corners of English literature for the treasures she sets forth. Of course, the volume includes Kilmer's classic, but we were disappointed not to find Lanier's classic also—*Ballad of Trees and the Master.* The book is published by the Cornhill Company of Boston, and the compiler is Maud Cuney Hare. Price $2.50.

THE CORNHILL COMPANY of Boston has published *A History of Halifax County* by W. C. Allen. Halifax County is situated in the northern portion of North Carolina. The volume will be of interest to those interested in such local histories, and to students who seek different sidelights on events and personages of national importance. Price $2.50.

Recent Events.

Peace Conference.

The Peace Conference which opened its sessions at Paris on the thirteenth of January has, so far as is known to the general public, not decided upon any one of the terms to be imposed upon the enemy, a fact which is beginning to excite no little criticism and dissatisfaction. The members of the Conference influenced by President Wilson and supported chiefly by the British members of the Conference, put foremost the formation of the League of Nations, by means of which they hope to secure, for all time, the deliverance of the world from war. Many Commissions to examine the infinite variety of questions which the world is asking them to solve, have been appointed. None of these have, so far, made any report except that which was appointed to draw out the Constitution of the World League. This report took a definite shape and received the unanimous approval of the representatives of the fourteen nations who made up the Commission, and it was read at a plenary sitting before the whole of the delegates. It is not, however, the final and definite constitution. This has still to be made, the present plan forming the basis of discussion by a plenary meeting of all the delegates, to say nothing of jurists, statesmen and politicians the world over. Thus it would seem that a long time must intervene before the plan as read by President Wilson will take final shape.

Space does not permit of anything like an adequate discussion of the published draft of the League, nor even an analysis. It is meeting with both favorable and unfavorable criticism, and seems to have been received with less favor in the President's own country than it has met with in the rest of the five countries—especially in Great Britain. The truth seems to be that it is in the latter country that it is meeting with a larger measure of support than in any other. In France it is clear that a fairly strong opposition to it is growing. Not to the League itself, indeed, but to its insufficiency. The belief that the League will not form a strong enough means of defence against possible future attempts of Germany, and will require to be supplemented by special measures in addition to those it provides, seems to be generally held. Amendments, however, may be proposed before the draft takes its final shape. Drafting the plan of the League of Nations has not been the only work which has been done by the delegates assem-

bled in Paris. A large number of Commissions and Sub-Commissions have been appointed to consider the difficult and numerous questions which have been brought before them. Among these may be mentioned especially the Commission which has been formed, with Mr. Samuel Gompers as its head, to inquire into the questions which concern the well-being of workingmen in all parts of the world, and to endeavor to draw up a code of regulations for securing to them recognition of their just claims. It is to be hoped that this Commission may succeed in finding a way to regulate soberly and sanely the relations between capital and labor, and thereby frustrate the attempts of the Socialists' meeting at Berne, which threatened by violent methods to disturb the peace of the world.

Poland.

Reports appearing in the newspapers represent the situation in Poland, as bordering upon anarchy, while the hostilities which are being carried on in Galicia and in Bosnia, as well as in Silesia, against the Czechs seem to indicate a disposition to take up arms not quite in accordance with the desire of the Western world to put an end forever to all armed conflict. It appears clear now, however, that so far as the warfare in Galicia is concerned, the Poles were fighting there in self-defence, the aggressors being the Ruthenians. Lemberg, the chief scene of hostilities, is a Polish town to all intents and purposes, but one which the Ruthenians were anxious to possess. As to the merits of the conflict between the Poles and the Czechs for possession of a district containing valuable coal mines, it is impossible to give a judgment. A commission, acting under the authority of the Peace Conference at Paris, called upon the warring forces to put an end to hostilities. This has been done. One of the last acts of the Conference at Paris has been to call upon the Germans to refrain from an attack upon the Poles. From this it may be inferred that the Germans were the aggressors, although perhaps the Poles in Posnania were somewhat premature in acting before the decision of the Conference. By the terms of the armistice just signed, a line of demarcation has been drawn through German Posen, which gives to the Poles the greater part of that province and also its strongest fortresses, and secures to Poland the much desired outlet to the Baltic. By it Poland also holds the fertile districts from which the Germans used to derive valuable supplies of food. Both parties it is understood are called upon to refrain from any military action which would transgress the limits laid down to Germany. From Germany there is reserved the right to pass over the district assigned

to Poland in order to defend East Prussia, which at the present time is in danger of a Bolsheviki invasion.

It is impossible to describe in full the serious economic difficulties in which the country is involved, due to the action of the Germans while they were in occupation. As in Belgium and elsewhere, they took every means of destroying the facilities of manufacturers and for disorganizing the industrial situation. As a consequence, Bolshevik principles secured many adherents, and these adherents caused serious trouble in various parts. Their numbers, however, have been greatly exaggerated, for in the recent election not a single adherent of Bolshevik principles was returned to the National Assembly. General Pilsudski's weak government has been succeeded by that of the distinguished pianist, M. Paderewski. He has proved himself as great a master of harmony in the political world as in the domain of his art. It was thought General Pilsudski might offer opposition, but he yielded at once, and the former prime minister having resigned, M. Paderewski accepted the premiership and speedily formed a coalition cabinet upon which even some of the Socialists' parties look with complacence. When it is remembered that there are already in Poland no fewer than fifteen political parties, M. Paderewski's success will be the more appreciated. The whole country is not merely satisfied but full of joy, anticipating a future which promises united action for the good of the country.

The first act of the new Government was to call for a general election of an assembly to decide the form of government of the reconstituted Polish nation and to draw up its constitution. This election has already taken place, and has resulted in the choice of two National Democrats, thirty-two Populists, thirteen Socialists, eight Jews and two Germans. Among those elected were two women.

The constituent assembly is now at work drawing up the constitution for the nation which, after so long a period of subjection is now to be restored to a place among the sovereign states of the world. Its claim for sympathy has been responded to by the Peace Conference, which has sent a commission to examine into the difficulties which have to be surmounted. The practical help so much desired will doubtless follow. It is of supreme importance that a strong barrier should be erected between what was once the Russian Empire and Germany, which would be only too willing to prey upon it. The report was circulated that the army under General Haller, of some fifty thousand men which had been serving in France, had arrived at Dantzig; but this report seems to be without foundation.

Russia.

Changes in Russia are so frequent and news items are so disjointed, no very reliable statement can be made of the actual situation there.

For what it is worth, however, a general survey of the situation may be given. One of the most puzzling questions is: what part of the former Empire is still under the domination of the Soviet Government at Warsaw? On the authority of a well-informed student of Russia affairs, this area comprises generally the provinces stretching from Petrograd southwest to Dvinsk, Minsk and Homel, thence south to Kursk, Vobenya, Saratoff, Samara, and so by Perm and Vologda back to Petrograd. These boundaries change from day to day, following the principle laid down by the Bolsheviki at the beginning of their *régime* which gave to every province the right of self-determination. The Bolshevik Government, nevertheless, in defiance of its own principle continues its effort to control by invasion and by treacherous propaganda several of the provinces which have acted upon this right. The rest of Russia has either freed itself from the rule of Lenine and Trotzky or is endeavoring to do so. From what has been said, it will be seen that the new states now seeking their freedom, constitute the major part of what was once Russia. The expeditions sent by the Allies into Russia are therefore coöperating with the main body of the Russian people, even assuming the willing submission of the entire population in the Bolshevik area to that government—an assumption far from the real facts of the case. The Allies, therefore, by making war upon the Bolsheviki are acting in the interests of by far the greater part of the Russian people, and with justice cannot be said to be interfering with a nation's right to manage its internal affairs.

But even if the Allies' action involved such interference, the character of the government at whose overthrow it aims would render it not only permissible but imperative. Irresistible evidence proves the methods and aims of the Bolsheviki to be as great a peril to existing civilization as was the Prussianism which has just been overthrown, perhaps an even greater peril. The lady, who is somewhat foolishly styled the grandmother of the Russian revolution, stated recently that she had spent forty-two years of her life in an effort to overthrow the government of the Tsar, but that now, in view of the state to which Russia had been reduced by the Bolshevik Government, she would, if it were in her power, devote another forty-two years to its reëstablishment.

The freedom the Revolution promised, so far from having been realized, has been transformed into a tyranny much more far-reaching and oppressive than was ever dreamed of by the

Romanoffs. The dissolution by force of arms of the constituent assembly which had been elected on a truly representative basis and a substitution of the council which now sits at Moscow is a mild specimen of the arbitrary character of the acting government. As an example will be taken the state of things in Petrograd. Its population, by arbitrary decree, has been divided into four classes: heavy workers, brain workers in the Soviet and kindred offices, lesser *bourgeois*, and *arch-bourgeois*. The privileges and rights of free citizens and even personal liberty are bestowed upon the members of the first and second classes. The universal corruption that prevails enables members of the two latter classes, who have the means, to purchase certificates, stating they belong to the manual workers. Without this certificate, everyone not belonging to theproletariat, unless he is a German, is liable to arrest. In some places the prisons are so full that executions take place in order to make room for the newly arrested.

In Petrograd " there is a sort of Jacobin Court, which meets in a street now infamous in Russian ears—the Gorokhovaia, or ' Street of Peas.' The chief Judge is an obese Jewess, with oiled locks, who lolls on the seat, while all around her press a crew of Soviet delegates, and especially of more or less self-designated members of the Extraordinary Committee for Fighting the Counter Revolution, Speculation, and Sabotage."

As a means for perpetuating their control, organized efforts have been made for the destruction of all religious teaching. By Trotzky's directions " in all the schools compulsory lessons have been organized, beginning with the youngest children, to train them in the non-existence of a Divine being. The courses are pompously termed ' Atheism courses.' A tax has been established upon icons, the sacred images of the Russian Church. Divorce and marriage have been made a matter of ten minutes before some vague official in the Soviet offices designated for the purpose. Incompatibility of temper secures divorce." Church property was confiscated long ago. One bright spot is found in the fact that the persecution which has become the lot of the Orthodox Church of Russia has already restored to her freedom, and the fact that she is no longer a state institution insures a greater respect being paid to her by all. There is a possibility, indeed, that she may become the rallying point for the best intellects to be found in the Republic.

Trotzky, now more influential than Lenine, lives in luxury characteristic of an Eastern despot, guarded by six thousand Lettish and five thousand Chinese troops.

He is active in forming an army which not long ago numbered

about two hundred thousand, and a further report credits him with the purpose of enlisting enough men to overrun the western frontiers of Russia. This will require between two and three millions of men. Such a project seems ridiculous, but in view of the transformation which has taken place in Russia, it may be more serious than it looks. The attack on Poland and Lithuania is only a foretaste of what may be expected if power is left in Trotzky's hands.

Among the schemes for consolidating his *régime* and extending it, are comprised not only an awful warfare but inhuman methods of torture. It would not be fitting here to give the details of what has been done in this way even outside the prisons, but it may be mentioned that there are proven instances of persons, obnoxious to the existing *régime,* being nailed to trees and flayed alive. In economic spheres the state naturalization of industries has proved a complete failure, so much so that Lenine has felt it his duty and interest to call to his assistance members of other political groups, and by so doing has met with the disapproval of Trotzky. Many unverified reports are current, but a divergence between these two worthies seems to be fairly well authenticated.

It was, therefore, a surprise to learn that after repeated refusals to treat in any way with the Bolsheviki, the British Government had tried to influence the French Government to favor a conference with all the different factions now existent in Russia, including the Bolsheviki. To this proposal of the British Government, the French foreign minister returned a somewhat curt reply to the effect that he would have no dealings with such criminals as the Bolsheviki. A further surprise, however, was in store. The delegates assembled at Paris for the Peace Conference, addressed an invitation to all the governments in Russia to meet delegates from the five Great Powers assembled in Paris, on an island in the Sea of Marmora, called Prinkipo, or Princes' Island. This invitation was accompanied by the condition that there should be a cessation of hostilities throughout Russia. That such an invitation should have been issued occasioned bitter disappointment to all who are looking forward to the restoration of good order in that country. Help had been given to the Omsk Government and to that of Northern Russia by Great Britain, Japan, Italy and this country; possibly also by France. The latter country almost alone had taken action in the Ukraine Republic. This help given to those fighting against the Bolsheviki was inadequate; in fact the Allies in Northern Russia were being driven back, the Bolsheviki threatening their complete expulsion. Within the last few days, things seem to have taken a better turn. In Paris, a number

of Russians, distinguished for their services to the country, including M. Sazonoff, Prince Lvoff, and the late Ambassador to Washington, have made earnest appeals for assistance not so much by sending troops as by permitting and encouraging volunteer enlistment throughout Europe of men willing to lend their help in restoring Russia. All this, however, produced no effect. The invitation to Prinkipo was sent, putting the Bolsheviki on the same level as the Russian governments associated with the Allies. Most of these governments, at least the more important of them, have refused to take any part in the Conference. The Soviet Government has tardily accepted the invitation. At the present writing, it is doubtful whether the Conference will be held at all. At the present moment the Supreme Council at Paris is considering this question which is the most difficult and the most important of all the questions to be decided, excepting, possibly, the terms of peace to be imposed upon Germany. If no solution can be found and no way designated of bringing about a stable and civilized government, there is danger that Russia will form a source of strength for Germany in the supply of men and of raw material, thereby making Germany again a menace to the peace of the world.

The danger of the Baltic States, especially of Esthonia and Lithuania, being overrun by the Bolsheviki which seemed serious a short time ago, has been averted by the help rendered the people of those districts by volunteers from Finland. Sweden was appealed to by the Esthonians but turned a deaf ear to the call. Poland also does not seem to be as seriously menaced on its eastern border by the Bolsheviki invasion, although the danger cannot be said to be entirely removed.

Recent newspaper reports from the Ukraine Republic are so contradictory and so confused that any mention of the state of affairs in this district is difficult. The account given by the minister appointed to represent that state in this country, of conditions there, should be worthy of credence, and claims our sympathy on the ground of all it has so long suffered from the oppression of the dissolved Empire. At the present time, it is being attacked by the Bolsheviki on the East, the Poles on the West, and the Rumanians on the South. Regrettable incidents, he admits, have taken place, with reference to the division of the land which hitherto has been owned by Polish and Russian landlords, possessing property amounting to hundreds of thousands or even a million acres.

Germany.

A determined effort was made by the Spartacides to obtain possession of Berlin. A conflict of several days between the troops,

which placed themselves at the disposal of Herr Ebert's government, and the insurgents, who had seized the newspaper offices in Berlin, resulted in the defeat of the latter and in the violent death of Doctor Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. The renewed efforts of the Spartacides to obtain control in several towns have failed of success. On the other hand, the provisional government has grown in strength and has realized its purpose of calling together, at the earliest possible date, the National Assembly, which is to make a definite constitution. The elections took place on the nineteenth of January throughout what was the German Empire, with the exception of Alsace-Lorraine and those parts of Posen where the Poles were in possession.

As a result of the elections, the Majority Socialists obtained one hundred and sixty-four seats, having had in the Reichstag on March 1, 1917, eighty-nine. Thereby they became the most numerous of all the parties in the National Assembly. Next to them come the Christian People's Party which secured eighty-eight seats. This party is the successor of the Catholic Centre, that is no longer exclusively Catholic in its membership, having opened its doors to all who wished to support religious interests in the New Republic. On March 1, 1917, the Centre numbered ninety-one, so that it has lost three seats. The party who style themselves the Democrats in the recent election obtained seventy-seven seats. This newly-named party represents the Progressives and Radicals of the past, who numbered forty-six in the Reichstag in 1917. What is styled the German People's Party, a new name for the amalgamation of the Conservatives and the German Party, obtained thirty-four votes. Their former strength in the Reichstag was seventy-one. The National Liberals numbered forty-four in the former Reichstag and in the new National Assembly found themselves reduced to twenty-three, while the Independent Socialists, who split off from the Social Democrats, and set up a somewhat violent opposition to Herr Ebert's government, have in the National Assembly twenty-four representatives as against nineteen on March 1, 1917. The three other parties in the new National Assembly it is not necessary to mention, their numbers being insignificant.

From this it will be seen that no one party would be able to control the National Assembly and that therefore it would be necessary to form a coalition. A great deal depended on the course which would be taken by the parties in the New Assembly which represented the Liberals and Radicals of the old Reichstag. If they could have formed a coalition with all the rest of the parties, or a sufficient majority of them, against the Social Demo-

crats, the latter, strong though they are, would have been unable to mold the destinies of the New Germany, but these Liberals and Radicals have taken the opposite course and have entered into active coöperation with the Social Democrats, as also has done the party which succeeds the Catholic Centre. The Government decided that the meeting of the National Assembly should not take place in Berlin, a city under present circumstances not at all suitable for deliberation on such important matters, but in the capital of the grand-duchy of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, which on account of its associations with Goethe and other German writers and thinkers, has earned the name of "The German Athens." On the sixth of February, accordingly, the National Assembly met for a sitting and proceeded to elect the first Provisional President of the new German Republic. Its choice fell upon Herr Ebert. A Provisional Constitution was adopted to be in force until the elaboration of the definite constitution. A member of the Majority Socialists, Herr David, was elected President of the Assembly, and members of the Catholic and of the Conservative Parties Vice-Presidents of the Assembly.

The newly-elected President, Herr Ebert, appointed as Chancellor the leader of the Majority Socialists, Herr Schiedemann. The latter proceeded to form a cabinet. This cabinet was made up of seven members of the Majority Socialists, three members of the Democratic Party which represents the Progressives and Radicals of the past, and three members of the Christian People's Party which represents the Centre Party with the modifications above mentioned. Herr Mathias Erzberger is a member of the Cabinet without portfolio and Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau, anti-Socialist, will be Foreign Minister. The preponderance of power is possessed by the Social Democrats allied with the Liberals. This record will show that the New Germany has made a good beginning and that the prospects for establishment of a stable government are fairly bright. It cannot be said that all danger of a Bolshevik Government is over, but it would be a surprise if Germany took further steps in that direction. The new government is very likely to propose measures of a Socialistic character, but there is little danger that it will go to the extreme to which the Soviet Government of Russia has gone. With the establishment of order, the tone of the government towards the Allies has become not exactly defiant, but exceedingly firm. The decision to raise a voluntary army to defend (it was said) the country against the Bolsheviki and the Poles, and retention under arms of at least some part of the old army, have contributed to the anxiety felt in France. It is feared in France that the League will not afford suf-

ficient protection against a reviving Germany. The tone of the speeches of the Foreign Secretary and even of the President, showing a revival of confidence in Germany's strength, has contributed towards this. The hesitation in signing the extension of the armistice conditions was proof of this attitude, but after some delay, Germany felt herself unable to resist the demands of the Allies. The precise terms of these conditions have not been published at the time this is written, but they are said to include the dismantlement of Heligoland, the opening of the Kiel Canal to commerce, the surrender, and not merely the internment, of the German navy and the disarmament for twenty-five years of Germany. The dissatisfaction felt at these terms by the Foreign Minister has led to his resignation, or at least to a rumor of his resignation.

The New National Assembly will proceed to the reörganization of Germany; what form this reörganization will take, is, of course, still undetermined. Some advocate the re-distribution of the whole territory into seven equally large Republics. This re-distribution would involve the cutting up of Prussia and would put an end, once and for all, to a power which has had a career so disastrous to itself and so injurious to the world. The separation of the southern German states which some little time ago was much talked of seems to have met with little favor, and those who advocated it, or who are said to have done so, now disavow the project.

Newly Formed States of Austria-Hungary.

Of the events which have taken place in these newly formed states, a few notes may be made. In the AUSTRO-GERMAN REPUBLIC in the last few days, the elections for the Assembly which is to settle the future of what was once Austria proper and the other states brought in by the Germans have been held. They proceeded in an orderly manner and resulted in the victory of the Social Democrats in the large cities, including Vienna. This was also the case at Innsbruck and the Tyrol. No party, however, secured a victory so complete as to be able, by itself, to control the government, and consequently, as in Germany, the formation of a coalition is probable. The returns show that one hundred Social Democrats were elected, eighty Christian Socialists and seventy Liberals. Of all the states which formerly made up Austria-Hungary, that which, alone with the Magyars, dominated the rest, is now in the worst position. It is cut off from supplies of food and of coal by the action of the neighboring states, and as a consequence the suffering among the poor

is of the most acute character. So great has this been that means have been taken by the Allies to supply their wants at least to some extent. This has been done not merely in response to their need, but as testimony of the appreciation felt for the fairly good treatment which the prisoners of war experienced there during the recent conflict. The question of the adhesion of Austro-Germans to the New Germany, and union with it, is still in abeyance. Nor are all of the people in favor of it. The Tyrolese, as also the inhabitants of the Vorarlberg, having manifested their purpose to achieve independence, have passed to the CZECHO-SLOVAK REPUBLIC.

The chief thing to be noted is the energy characterizing the new government. This has shown itself in a way which almost justifies the fear expressed by Mr. Balfour when he spoke of the anxiety he felt lest the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire would lead to the further "Balkanization" of Europe. Troops were sent at once to the frontiers and both Hungary and Poland were attacked, the latter for the purpose of securing a frontier which would give to her new Republic certain coal fields which had been claimed by the Poles. The conflict, however, has been averted by the intervention of the Peace Conference at Paris. It has issued a warning that any attempt to secure territory by force would be likely to prejudice any claim to that territory when the time for adjudication came. There is reason to believe that it was in defence rather than in offence, that the Czecho-Slovak Government acted in this instance, for the new President is the last man in the world to do anything to alienate the Powers who have so readily recognized, and even fostered, the birth of the New Republic. France was the first to see the importance of the Republic for the Allies and for Europe. Italy, England, our own country, Japan, Serbia, Belgium, Greece and Cuba have formally recognized the new *régime*. The Washington Government will send a Minister to that country. The speech which Doctor Masaryk made at his inauguration as President shows his grasp of the situation and of the work to be done. It did not deal in rhetorical flights about liberty and freedom, but was full of practical suggestions as to the use to be made of that liberty and freedom.

The REPUBLIC OF HUNGARY seems to have made little progress in the way of Catholic organization. Of all the states recently formed she seems to have suffered the most both internally and externally. Territory has been lost on the north to Czecho-Slovakia, on the east of Rumania and on the south to the New Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes; while in internal

affairs a series of strikes have taken place that have seemed to portend a general disorganization of society.

As to the KINGDOM OF THE SERBS, CROATS and SLOVENES, the thing of most importance noted is the fact, if it be a fact, that an agreement has been reached with Italy about the line to be drawn between the New Kingdom in the regions bordering on the Adriatic. If a settlement has really been made, it will remove one of the most serious difficulties which the Peace Conference has been called upon to settle. Some members of the new Royal Government were so exasperated, that a determination was expressed to carry on war with Italy to the bitter end, rather than acquiesce in the claims which that country was making. The resignation of the veteran statesman Nikola Pashitch who has for so long directed the policy of Serbia, caused fear that a crisis involving disorganization in the policy of the new Government had occurred. This, however, proved to be unfounded for he had resigned the Premiership only because his presence at the Paris Conference was looked upon as absolutely necessary

Italy.

A great deal might be said and perhaps ought to be said about the course of events in Italy, should space permit. One thing, however, cannot be passed over, and that is the reconstruction of Signor Orlando's Cabinet. This was due to the acute question of the adjustment of Italy's claims with those of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. The Foreign Minister Baron Sonnino, who may be looked upon as Italy's strong man, is, it is well known, not so favorable to the claims of the Slavs as the Premier, while several members of the Cabinet were even more favorably disposed to those claims than was the Premier. So acute was the difference that four members gave in their resignations. This led to the necessity of a reconstruction, but as Baron Sonnino remains in charge of the foreign affairs of Italy, it would seem likely that the reported settlement of the question has not really been made.

Spain.

Of all the countries that remained neutral during the War, Spain will doubtless find less favor in the eyes of the Allies than any other, although Sweden's course will be far from meeting with any warm appreciation. A large proportion of the people of Spain seem to have been hypnotized by fear of the German power, and by admiration for the Kaiser's frequent appeals to the Supreme Being. The German Ambassador carried on, during the War, an

almost open propaganda in which the eighty thousand Germans who found refuge in Spain actively coöperated.

There is reason to think that the German submarines found refuge in the ports of Spain itself, and it is all but certain that they did so in the zone of Morocco which is under Spanish influence. During the whole course of the War many violations of neutrality were permitted by the Spanish Government as represented by the many Cabinets that came and went. In the Morocco arms, ammunition and funds were supplied by the Germans for the purpose of inciting the tribes against those living in the French zone. Leaflets were distributed by German agents. The notorious robber-chieftain, Raisuli, became master again of the situation and in the end deprived the Spaniards of control. German submarines found shelter, resources and information in the inlets of the Spanish-Moroccan coast, and discharged in unrestricted freedom their cargoes of arms and other contraband of war. Such a course of conduct cannot have failed in disturbing the good relations between France and Spain, and the Moroccan question is likely again to become one of the most acute that will have to be settled. The one redeeming feature in the conduct of Spain has been the work done by the King himself on behalf of the prisoners of war of all the various nations. He formed a bureau under his personal supervision to ascertain the localities to which these prisoners were confined, and to communicate the knowledge thus obtained to their relatives.

Portugal.

The course of events in Portugal during the War have been far from tranquil, many governments have come and gone—and even in the Presidency several changes have taken place. In the end while remaining nominally republican, the methods of the exercise of power became almost absolute, and the President, more of a dictator than a constitutional ruler. His way of government, however, seems to have been more honest and capable than were those of his predecessors. He was, unfortunately, assassinated. His successor was chosen, but had not long been in power before an attempt was made to restore the monarchy. For a time it seemed as if there was a likelihood of success, and had this been the case a member of that Hohenzollern family—which has been the pride of the throne of Germany, might have succeeded to the throne of Portugal, King Manuel having married into that family.

February 19, 1919.

With Our Readers.

TRUE poets point the way both to song and to sanctity. Music of earth is but borrowed, and sooner or later must confess its Owner. They who sound its chords arouse the hunger for the music that faileth not. Song carries with it its own power of purification, forcing the soul to release itself from the lower and less worthy and to seek the true and beautiful. So Francis Thompson urges us to encourage the art of poetry, saying that our children would sing and that we must teach them to sing around the foot of the Cross. We necessarily interpret every relation of life in terms of music, because it is another term for order and order is the reflection of God's law. Love sings; friendship has its melody; "in every voice lives its own music." Joy, suffering, passion, triumph—all are known by the human heart in terms of music and of rhythm, whether such music be expressed or not. In fact we know that in the greater experiences of the soul, music and song and poetry are but the inadequate attempts at expression. Whereas the soul was made for God, a measure of its experiences as its destiny is being achieved, can be expressed to no one but God. Human lips are powerless and human vehicles of communication are found wanting. The secret is God's and the individual's: like Moses he can tell it to no man. Thus in prayer man withdraws within this sanctuary of his own soul, a true sanctuary, because God dwells therein. He must depart from the company of other men. He must withdraw from the voices of earth. He must enter into the silences because there Truth is most eloquent. The silences are not silent; but it is the only word in contrast to earth that we have to describe the soul's converse with God. The process is as old and as stable as the eternal hills. It is what the psalmist spoke centuries ago when he put into the mouth of God this invitation: "I will lead him into the desert and there I will speak to his soul."

* * * *

CERTAINLY the world was never more crowded with its own sound, more distracted by the clamor of its own voices, than it is today. Is there not proportionate need of our withdrawing into the silences; there to learn the fuller meaning of those truths which we have all been taught; there to ponder and make our own through conduct the eternal verities, which when all else suffers shock, alone endure? Do we not worry and fret about many things

—when one thing alone is necessary. Again does the Church at this season of Lent beg us to live closer to Christ; to keep our souls safer in faithful prayer; to learn that the discords of earth are not the music of heaven; to seek the silences where are ever found refreshment, light and peace.

* * * *

LATELY there has been published the journal of one Arthur Middleton, entitled *The Forgotten Threshold.* It is an intimate account of his spiritual experiences. We know nothing of him except that he went out from the world into a solitary place and there sought the silences, that the silences might speak. He was a Catholic and would have wished, says his editor, "to have disclaimed any word in his journal which conflicted with the intimacies of the truth of the Roman Catholic Church." The journal is impersonal, revealing but little of the history of its author, giving now and then, however, certain hints that speak of antecedent spiritual tragedy. Perhaps one is wrong in interpreting what are only suggestions, but the curiosity is justified in order to gauge faithfully the measure of critical statements.

* * * *

THE journal will be found to be the experiences of a soul on the upward journey. It is mystical because it sees clearly and simply the eternal, all-inclusive meaning of Christian Truth. Dogma is both the foundation and the justification of this man's hope, and the reason why he may interpret the catastrophe of earth in terms of personal and immortal triumph. Steeped in poetry, with an imagination of strong wings he soars upward, grasping the mighty vision that helps him hear all creation singing the music of God. Self-denial, withdrawal from the pleasures of earth—these must his soul learn. He must keep that soul so closely and so intimately with God that he can be conscious of His presence even among a crowd. By meditative prayer on the truths of the Redemption, he learns to discipline his will, so that seeking the better way he may bring it into accord with God. The song his conduct sings is to join the eternal chorus of heaven. In the silences nature thunders to him God's purpose, and his eye becomes so single that he can see the mystery of the Redemption in the heart of a strawberry blossom. He makes us realize how eternity inspires the commonplace; "the highest dream is less worthy than the simplest deed;" how submission bestows the perfect peace.

The journal is an extraordinary experience of an extraordinary soul. With wonderful poetic gift, brought oftentimes to white heat by the intensity of spiritual fervor, he puts before

us the captivating beauty of Catholic truth. He shames our poor appreciation of it. We marvel at our indifference to our inheritance. We are lifted out of ourselves with a great desire to attain to this perfect peace. The journal is no connected study in the usual acceptance of that word. Its high appreciations are clear cut; caught by an eagle eye loaded with wisdom, they provoke thought; and perhaps the reader will bring to them a different and greater measuring than the writer himself saw.

Were one to judge it piece by piece he would find statements that might warrant criticism. The sensuous imagery seems now and again almost banal. The mood at times expressed is purely personal and does not win sympathy. That the intellect is an ebb-tide from God is not true. As this soul advanced in knowledge, he walked towards God, and this is the only true spiritual philosophy. "Love," says St. Catherine of Siena, "follows the intellect and the more it knows the more can it love." Faith precedes, preserves and stimulates charity. But we have chosen to dwell upon the excellencies rather than the defects of the volume.

* * * *

NO modern poet spoke more of the holy silences than Lionel Johnson, and the indebtedness of Arthur Middleton to Johnson is very great. He confesses it if in no other way than by the tender personal title of "Lionel." The latter wrote of silences:

> I have not spoken of these things
> Save to one man and unto God.

And again speaking of his spiritual intimacies Johnson wrote:

> Ours is the silent eloquence of love.

So lived at the last this other man who knew the roar of Broadway and the silence of God. And in the western isle he wrote "life is turning inward to the heart of silence and out of it will come the beauty of my dream if life is willing." Johnson sang:

> But life grows fuller with each hour,
> Full of the silence that is best.

* * * *

MIDDLETON felt the music of nature and later found that the music could be interpreted only by the high harmony of God. "The great message of future poetry will be to proclaim that nature is the expression of man; and thus to reveal the essential nobility of man as the image of God, rather than the image of nature."

Johnson wrote:

> O sun and stars! O glory of the rose!
> Yet eyes of light, voices of music! I
> Know, that from mortal to immortal goes
> Beauty: in triumph can the whole world die.

No poet has sung of human friendship as loftily as Lionel Johnson.

> Ah! dear our friends, ours past the mists of death!
> Ours, where the loved disciple, great St. John,
> Pillows his head upon
> The only rest
> God's breast!
> Ours, in the strength of that enamoured breath
> Which rang from Patmos' exile guest,
> God is love! and of all men he knew best,
> Who lay upon that Breast
> And heard the beating of the Heart of God.

And this spiritual journalist writes: "The saints are pure poets and those who have died for friends are the image of the Sacred Heart, and in them at moments of pure reflection there is naked light and the vision which is insupportable."

* * * *

JOHNSON speaks of the vesper silence and this man exclaims: "Tonight I desire only silence to love." He speaks of writing a spiritual volume entitled "Flame and Dew." Flame as the symbol of time and dew as that of eternity. So does Johnson speak of "the medicinal dews of grace; the dew of tears and

> Dew of the morning sweet, and the evening falls,
> Falls cool and sweet upon the scarlet flames,
> The furnace of each heart.
> * * * * *
> And yet Thou hast a perfect house of light.
> Above the four great wings, a house of peace:
> Its beauty of the crystal and the dew
> Guard Angels and Archangels.

Middleton speaks of the four great syllables; Johnson of the the four great winds. The latter of white souls, of the White City of God; of white sweet fires; and the former of white magic and white light.

The thunders of the tide and the moon and the wind reverberate as the great music of God in Middleton's soul. They urge him on to the identifying of his will with the will of God. So Johnson wrote:

Thine hounding winds rush by me day and night.
Thy seas roar in mine ears. I have no rest,
No peace, but am afflicted constantly,
Driven from wilderness to wilderness.

The stars are the eternal reflection of God's patience. That patience of which Johnson sang:

Thy long sweet patience
That allows no let
Though with disdain her powers be met
Saying: They shall be yet
The captives of the Everlasting Love.

Middleton found experiences too great for expression. Music, pure music, was not sufficient, and Johnson asks, when his soul is most moved by eternal thoughts, that music should make silence simply a melody.

* * * *

THE comparison might be pursued further. Middleton is no plagiarist. We have written the paragraphs to show how great is the Catholic inspiration to be found in the work of Lionel Johnson.

THE facts that have been brought to light concerning the excesses of Bolshevism ought to be known and considered by every one.

These excesses are not the exaggerations of otherwise worthy tendencies, they are the absolute subversion of all moral principles, the destruction of religion and the overthrow of civilization. In our own country many apparently worthy journals have given themselves to a defence, or at least a plea for the merits of Bolshevism. They have pictured a down-trodden Russian people making their upward way under the guidance of Bolshevism to liberty and self-government. But such journals and their writers have not told the facts: they have either not known or purposely refused to tell the truth, and it now appears that the truth is such as to stagger the world.

* * * *

THE London *Tablet* recently stated that the facts ought to be published in every paper in the country and brought home to the mind of every woman. When one has learned the fact it is tragic to think that Bolshevism has received from some supposedly Christian sources the word of sympathy, of toleration, and even of encouragement.

It must further be borne in mind that the propaganda of

Bolshevism is backed by large sums of money. Where the money comes from, is a mystery. In Russia, it may perhaps be money stolen from the former government, or from individuals. It may be that the Russian officials of the movement have had enough to support the movement, in a measure, throughout different countries.

The attempts made to further the propaganda here are supported by large sums of money. Bolshevism is looked upon as a movement among and of the poor. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is supported by money, large sums of money; it finds its followers not so much among the laborers who have too little, as among those who want more.

A recent convention held in New York City which sent congratulations to the Bolsheviki cost $2,147. The treasurer reported he had on hand only $1,585, and asked for a collection to make up the shortage, $562. Those present immediately subscribed $572.

* * * *

THE very plea therefore under which Bolshevism makes its most effective appeal is usually found to be without warrant. While there is apparently small fear of any widespread growth of Bolshevism in this country, indifference to any of its manifestations is foolhardy. Forces are at work defending it and propagating it. Subsidized journals, well edited, are championing it. The National Socialist party is doing all in its power to further the acceptance of its ends by such methods as the demand of the release of all industrial and political prisoners; a general industrial strike, persuading soldiers to sympathize with them, to continue wearing the uniform while preaching its doctrines.

The most complete exposé of Bolshevism yet to be made public is found in the testimony given by R. E. Simmons, a former agent in Russia of the United States Department of Commerce. When Mr. Simmons' testimony was completed, Senator Overman, the Chairman of the Senate investigating committee, told him that no American had rendered a greater service of late than he had, in bringing before the people of this country the real story of the chaos, anarchism, and immorality that prevail in Russia as a result of Bolshevik domination. Mr. Simmons testified to an absolute reign of terror and tyranny by the Bolshevists in Russia. Men and women were compelled to work by force of arms at the labor designated. The old, the infirm, the physically unfit are thus driven at the point of the bayonet. One young woman whose family was robbed of all they possessed by the Bolshevik Government, had to work with a pickax breaking the frozen snow in the streets in order to keep herself from starving.

The Red Guards systematically robbed everyone they could. The so-called government has insisted on a "leveling of intelligence." Any one judged to have a mental equipment beyond his "right" is thrown into prison; frequently he is put to death. The Bolshevik "leaders" are judges of how much intelligence a man or woman ought to be allowed to possess. With such judges there is little chance for a normally sane, civilized person.

* * * *

"IF the facts regarding the nationalization of woman by Bolshevism were understood in the United States," said Mr. Simmons, "the propaganda trying to justify Bolshevism before the American people could not possibly stand before public opinion." Mr. Simmons submitted two official decrees of the present Russian government. One was dated March 15, 1918, and was issued by the Anarchist Soviet charged by Lenine and Trotzky with the government of the city of Saratov.

Another decree was that issued by the Soviet of the city of Vladimir. This decree states that it is based on the "excellent example of similar decrees already issued in Luga, Kolpin, and other places."

We print below the two decrees that our readers may know what Bolshevism really means:

DECREE OF THE SARATOV SOVIET.

This decree is proclaimed by the free Association of Anarchists in the town of Saratov in compliance with the decision of the Soviet of Peasants, and Soldiers, and Workmen's Deputies of Kronstadt, the abolition of the private possession of women.

MOTIVES.

Social inequalities and legitimate marriage having been a condition in the past which served as an instrument in the hands of the *bourgeoisie,* thanks to which all the best species of all the beautiful women have been the property of the *bourgeoisie,* which has prevented the proper continuation of the human race. Such ponderous arguments have induced the present organization to edict the following decree:

1. From March 1st the right to possess women having reached the ages seventeen to thirty-two is abolished.

2. The age of women shall be determined by birth certificate or passports or by the testimony of witnesses, and on failure to produce documents their age shall be determined by the Black Committee, who shall judge them according to appearance.

3. This decree does not affect women having five children.

4. The former owners may retain the right of using their wives without awaiting their turn.

5. In case of resistance of the husband he shall forfeit the right of the former paragraph.

6. All women according to this decree are exempted from private ownership and are proclaimed the property of the whole nation.

7. The distribution and management of the appropriated women in compliance with the decision of the above said organization are transferred to the Anarchist Saratov Club. In three days from the publication of this decree all women given by it to the use of the nation are obliged to present themselves to the given address and give the required information.

8. Before the Black Committee is formed for the realization of this decree, the citizens themselves shall be charged with such control. Remark: Each citizen knowing a woman not submitting herself to the address under this decree is obliged to let it be known to the Anarchists' Club, giving the full address, full name and father's name of the offending woman.

9. Male citizens have the right to use one woman not oftener than three times a week, for three hours, observing the rules specified below.

10. Each man wishing to use a piece of public property should be a bearer of certificate from the Factories Committee, professional union or Workman's, Soldiers', and Peasants' Council, certifying that he belongs to the working family class.

11. Every working member is obliged to discount two percent from his earnings to the fund of general public action. Remarks: This committee in charge will put these discounting funds with the specifications of the names and lists into the State banks and other institutions handing down these funds to the popular generation.

12. Male citizens not belonging to the working class in order to have the right equally with the proletariat are obliged to pay one hundred rubles monthly into the public funds.

13. The local branch of the State bank is obliged to begin to reserve the payments to the National Generation Funds.

14. All women proclaimed by this decree to be the national property will receive from the funds an allowance of two hundred and thirty-eight rubles a month.

15. All women who are pregnant are released of the direct State duties for four months, up to three months before and one month after childbirth.

16. The children born are given to an institution for training after they are one month old, where they are trained and educated until they are seventeen years of age at the cost of the public funds.

17. In case of the birth of twins the mother is to receive a prize of two hundred rubles.

18. All citizens, men and women, are obliged to watch carefully their health and to make each week an examination of urine and blood. Remark: The examinations are to be made daily at the laboratories of the Popular Generation Health.

19. Those who are guilty of spreading venereal disease will be held responsible and severely punished.

20. Women having lost their health may apply to the Soviet for a pension.

21. The Chief of Anarchists will be in charge of perfecting the temporary arrangements and technical measures concerning the realization of this decree.

22. All those refusing to recognize and support this decree will be proclaimed sabotage, enemies of the people and counter anarchists and will be held to the severest responsibilities.

(Signed) COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF SARATOV, RUSSIA.

DECREE OF THE VLADIMIR SOVIET.

Every girl who has not reached her eighteenth year is guaranteed by the local Commissary of Surveillance the full inviolability of her person.

Any offender against an eighteen-year-old girl by using insulting language or attempting to ravish her is subejct to the full rigor of the Revolution Tribunal.

Any one who has ravished a girl who has not reached her eighteenth year is considered a State criminal and is liable to a sentence of twenty years hard labor unless he marries the injured one.

The injured dishonored girl is given the right not to marry the ravisher if she does not desire.

A girl having reached her eighteenth year is to be announced as the property of the State.

Any girl having reached her eighteenth year and not having married is obliged, subject to the most severe penalty, to register at the Bureau of Free Love of the Commissariat of Surveillance.

Having registered at the Bureau of Free Love she has the right to choose from among the men between the ages of nineteen and fifty a cohabitant husband.

Remarks: (1) The consent of the man in the said choice is unnecessary. (2) The man on whom such a choice falls has no right to make any protest whatever against the infringement.

The right to choose from a number of girls who have reached their eighteenth year is also given to men.

The opportunity to choose from a husband or wife is to be presented once a month.

The Bureau of Free Love is autonomous.

Men between the ages of nineteen and fifty have the right to choose from among the registered women, even without the consent of the latter, in the interests of the State.

Children who are the issue of these unions are to become the property of the State.

A SPECIAL correspondent writes from Rome of the K. of C. work there: "In the famous Piazza Minerva close to the Pantheon a very large signboard placarded on the front of the Minerva Hotel bears the words: 'Knights of Columbus—entrance by the Via—' Having read and heard of the K. of C. work,

especially in London where Cardinal Bourne has lent the Knights his palace grounds to dig themselves in, and burning to make the acquaintance of the same, we boldly marched in at the address given. There the courteous commander (Mr. Ryan we think) explained his work, and showed us over the rooms. It's as nice a 'Welcome for American boys' as could be imagined. A portion of the Hotel Minerva has been annexed and is locked off from the rest of the hotel. In includes bedrooms and bathroom, rooms downstairs for reading, writing, playing games, billiards, etc. There is a side room on the ground floor where chocolate, coffee, etc., are given out at almost any hour. Cigarettes are provided and, in fact, everything the American soldier can require. Cinema pictures and other entertainments are provided in the evenings. Everything is first class and the commander at Rome is untiring in his work for the boys who pass in and out. Thirty had been in the evening before and about fifteen had slept there. He is well known at the Vatican where he goes personally to get the rosaries, medals, etc., blessed by His Holiness for the soldiers who specially ask for them. Mr. Ryan told us that there was some idea of starting similar 'Welcomes' at Padua and Treviso. The Knights of Columbus have done a fine work and nobody at home can do better than send his dollars along to help them on with it."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Meditations for the Use of Seminarians and Priests. By Very Rev. L. Branchereau, S.S. $1.00 net. *Your Neighbor and You.* By Rev. E. F. Garesche, S.J. 75 cents.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
Catholic Poems. By Condé Benoist Pallen. $1.25.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
Doctor Danny. By Ruth Sawyer. $1.35 net.

BRENTANO'S, New York:
Pioneers of the Russian Revolution. By Dr. A. S. Rappoport. $2.25 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
A Scholar's Letters from the Front. By Stephen H. Hewett. $1.50 net.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
The Poems and Plays of John Masefield. 2 vols. $5.00 net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
The Forgotten Threshold. A Journal of Arthur Middleton.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:
Ten Years Near the German Frontier. By Maurice F. Egan. $3.00 net.

AMERICAN BOOK Co., New York:
Webster's New Handy Dictionary.

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY, Maryknoll, Ossining, New York:
For the Faith—Life of Just de Bretenières. From the French of C. Appert by Florence Gilmore.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven:
Colonel John Scott of Long Island. By W. C. Abbott. *Dutch Landscape Etchers of the Seventeenth Century.* By W. A. Bradley. $2.00. *Dante.* By H. D. Sedgwick. $1.50. *Currents and Eddies in the English Romantic Generation.* By F. E. Pierce, Ph.D. $3.00.

THE FOUR SEAS Co., Boston:
Poems of New England and Old Spain. By F. E. Pierce. $1.25 net.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
Wild Youth and Another. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50 net.

CATHOLIC MUSIC PRESS, Wilton, Wis.:
Catholic Hymns for the People. Edited by James M. Baker.

ABBEY STUDENT PRESS, St. Benedict's College, Atkinson, Kansas:
Laying Up Treasure in Heaven. By F. J. Remler, C.M. Pamphlet. 5 cents.

PRDF. CHAS. W. MYERS, San Antonio, Texas:
A Minister's Surrender, or How Faith Conquered Prejudice. By Prof. C. Myers. Pamphlet.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:
The True Church. Why Catholics Go To Confession. Christ and the Christian. Our Common Christianity. Folks with Children About Foreign Missions. By M. Ward. *A Christmas Vigil.* By Mother St. Jerome. Pamphlets.

ST. BENEDICT'S, Warrington, England:
The Benedictine Almannac and Guide. 4*d.*

BLOUD ET GAY, Paris:
Sous la Rafale. Par A. Schmitz. *Ceux qui Saignent.* Par A. Retté. *Lettres aux Neutres sur l'Union Sacrée.* Par G. Hoog.

LIBRAIRIE LECOFFRE, Paris:
Études de Liturgie et d'Archeologie Chrétienne. Par P. Batiffol.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:
Questions Théologiques du Temps Présent. Par A. Michel. 3 fr. 50. *La Palestine et les Problèmes actuels. L'action de Benoît XV. pendant la guerre.* Par P. Dudon.

PONTIFICIAL PRINTING OFFICE, Rome:
Primato di S. Pietro e de' Suoi Successori in San Giovanni Crisostomo. By Niccolò Card. Marini.

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